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THE

MIRROR.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS
1779 and 1780.

—Veluti in ſpeculo.—

THE NINTH EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. STRAHAN, AND T. CADELL IN THE STRAND;
AND W. CREECH, AT EDINBURGH.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE concluding Paper of this Work contains a very genuine account of the origin of the MIRROR, of which the LOUNGER was a continuation. The Members of that Society in *Edinburgh*, in which ſuch a Publication was firſt thought of, and by which the MIRROR and LOUNGER were afterwards carried on, were Mr. *R. Cullen*, Mr. *M'Leod Bannatyne*, Mr. *Geo. Ogilvy*, Mr. *Alex. Abercromby*, and Mr. *W. Craig*, Advocates, (the two laſt of whom have been ſince appointed Judges of the Court of Seſſion in Scotland,) Mr. *Geo. Home*, one of the principal Clerks of that Court, and Mr. *H. Mackenzie* of the Exchequer at Edinburgh. Of theſe Mr. Ogilvy, though with Abilities and Genius abundantly capable of the Taſk, never contributed to the MIRROR, and the Society had to lament his death before the appearance of their ſecond publication. None of its members, Mr. Mackenzie excepted, whoſe name is ſufficiently known as an Author, had ever before been concerned in any publication. To Mr. Mackenzie therefore was entruſted the conducting of the work, and he alone had any communication

with the Editor, to whom the other Members of the Society were altogether unknown. Secrecy was an object of much importance to a work of this sort; and during the publication of both these performances it was singularly well attained.

At their first appearance in Numbers, the Papers had no marks affixed to them; on their publication in Volumes, those written by any Member of the Society were distinguished by some of the Letters of a Syllable appropriated to him. The Papers, or parts of Papers, contributed by Correspondents, had no distinguishing mark. In this Edition it has been thought proper to furnish the Reader with the following Table, (and a similar one is annexed to the LOUNGER,) by which he is informed of the Author of every Number, except the few which were furnished by Correspondents neither known at the time, or ever afterwards discovered, and who chuse still to remain unknown to the Public.

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THE

THE

MIRROR.

N° I. SATURDAY, *January* 23, 1779.

Quis novus hic hoſpes? VIRG.

WHEN a ſtranger is introduced into a numerous company, he is ſcarcely ſeated before every body preſent begins to form ſome notion of his character. The gay, the ſprightly, and the inconſiderate, judge of him by the cut of his coat, the faſhion of his periwig, and the eaſe or aukwardneſs of his bow. The cautious citizen, and the proud country-gentleman, value him according to the opinion they chance to adopt, the one, of the extent of his rent-roll, the other, of the length of his pedigree; and all eſtimate his merit, in proportion as he ſeems to poſſeſs, or to want, thoſe qualities for which themſelves wiſh to be admired. If, in the courſe of converſation, they chance to diſcover that he is in uſe to make one in the polite circles of the

metropolis; that he is familiar with the great, and ſometimes cloſeted with the miniſter; whatever contempt or indifference they may at firſt have ſhewn, or felt themſelves diſpoſed to ſhew, they at once give up their own judgment; every one pays a compliment to his own ſagacity, by aſſuming the merit of having diſcovered that this ſtranger had the air of a man of faſhion; and all vie in their attention and civility, in hopes of eſtabliſhing a more intimate acquaintance.

An anonymous periodical writer, when he firſt gives his works to the Public, is pretty much in the ſituation of the ſtranger. If he endeavour to amuſe the young and the lively, by the ſprightlineſs of his wit, or the ſallies of his imagination, the grave and the ſerious throw aſide his works as trifling and contemptible. The reader of romance and ſentiment finds no pleaſure but in ſome eventful ſtory, ſuited to his taſte and diſpoſition; while, with him who aims at inſtruction in politics, religion, or morality, nothing is reliſhed that has not a relation to the object he purſues. But no ſooner is the Public informed that this unknown Author has already figured in the world as a poet, hiſtorian, or eſſayiſt; that his writings are read and admired by the Shafteſburies, the Addiſons, and the Cheſterfields of the age, than beauties are diſcovered in every line; he is extolled as a man of univerſal talents, who can laugh with the merry, and

and be ſerious with the grave; who, at one time, can animate his reader with the glowing ſentiments of virtue and compaſſion, and at another, carry him through the calm diſquiſitions of ſcience and philoſophy.

Nor is the world to be blamed for this general mode of judging. Before an individual can form an opinion for himſelf, he is under a neceſſity of reading with attention, of examining whether the ſtyle and manner of the author be ſuited to his ſubject, if his thoughts and images be natural, his obſervations juſt, his arguments concluſive; and though all this may be done with moderate talents, and without any extraordinary ſhare of what is commonly called learning; yet it is a much more compendious method, and ſaves much time, and labour, and reflection, to follow the crowd, and to re-echo the opinions of the critics.

There is, however, one ſubject, on which every man thinks himſelf qualified to decide; namely, the repreſentation of his own character, of the characters of thoſe around him, and of the age in which he lives; and as I propoſe, in the following papers, "to hold, as it were, the MIRROR up to Nature, to ſhew Virtue her own "features, Vice her own image, and the very "age and body of the Time his form and preſſure," my readers will judge for themſelves, independent of names and authority, whether

the picture be a juſt one. This is a field, which, however extenſively and judiciouſly cultivated by my predeceſſors, may ſtill produce ſomething new. The follies, the faſhions, and the vices of mankind, are in conſtant fluctuation; and theſe, in their turn, bring to light new virtues, or modifications of virtues, which formerly lay hid in the human ſoul, for want of opportunities to exert them. Time alone can ſhew whether I be qualified for the taſk I have undertaken. No man, without a trial, can judge of his ability to pleaſe the Public; and prudence forbids him to truſt the applauſes of partial friendſhip.

It may be proper, however, without meaning to anticipate the opinion of the reader, to give him ſome of the outlines of my paſt life and education.

I am the only ſon of a gentleman of moderate fortune. My parents died when I was an infant, leaving me under the guardianſhip of an eminent counſellor, who came annually to viſit an eſtate he had in the neighbourhood of my father's, and of the clergyman of the pariſh, both of them men of diſtinguiſhed probity and honour. They took particular care of my education, intending me for one of the learned profeſſions. At the age of twenty I had completed my ſtudies, and was preparing to enter upon the theatre of the world, when the death of a diſtant relation in the metropolis left me poſſeſſed of a handſome fortune.

fortune. I ſoon after ſet out on the tour of Europe; and, having paſſed five years in viſiting the different courts on the continent, and examining the manners, with, at leaſt, as much attention as the pictures and buildings of the kingdoms through which I paſſed, I returned to my native country; where a misfortune of the tendereſt kind threw me, for ſome time, into retirement.

By the aſſiduities of ſome friends, who have promiſed to aſſiſt me in the preſent publication, I was prevented from falling a ſacrifice to that languid inactivity which a depreſſion of ſpirits never fails to produce. Without ſeeming to do ſo, they engaged me by degrees to divide my time between ſtudy and ſociety; reſtoring, by that means, a reliſh for both. I once more took a ſhare in the buſy, and, ſometimes, in the idle ſcenes of life. But a mind habituated to reflection, though it may ſeem occupied with the occurrences of the day (a tax which politeneſs exacts, which every benevolent heart cheerfully pays), will often, at the ſame time, be employed in endeavouring to diſcover the ſprings and motives of action, which are ſometimes hid from the actors themſelves; to trace the progreſs of character through the mazes in which it is involved by education or habit; to mark thoſe approaches to error into which unſuſpecting innocence and integrity are too apt to be led; and,

in general, to inveſtigate thoſe paſſions and affections of the mind, which have the chief influence on the happineſs of individuals, or of ſociety.

If the ſentiments and obſervations to which this train of thinking will naturally give riſe, can be exhibited in this paper, in ſuch a dreſs and manner as to afford *amuſement*, it will, at leaſt, be an innocent one; and, though *inſtruction* is, perhaps, hardly to be expected from ſuch deſultory ſketches, yet their general tendency ſhall be, to cultivate taſte, and improve the heart.

N° 2. SATURDAY, *January* 30, 1779.

NO child ever heard from its nurſe the ſtory of *Jack the Giant Killer's cap of darkneſs*, without envying the pleaſures of inviſibility; and the idea of *Gyges*'s *Ring* has made, I believe, many a grave mouth water.

This power is, in ſome degree, poſſeſſed by the writer of an anonymous paper. He can at leaſt exerciſe it for a purpoſe for which people would be moſt apt to uſe the privilege of being inviſible; to wit, that of hearing what is ſaid of himſelf.

A few

A few hours after the publication of my Firſt Number, I ſallied forth, with all the advantages of inviſibility, to hear an account of myſelf and my paper. I muſt confeſs, however, that, for ſome time, I was mortified by hearing no ſuch account at all; the firſt company I viſited being dull enough to talk of laſt night's *Advertiſer*, inſtead of the *Mirror;* and the ſecond, which conſiſted of ladies, to whom I ventured to mention the appearance of my Firſt Number, making a ſudden digreſſion to the price of a new-faſhioned luſtring, and the colour of the trimming with which it would be proper to make it up into a gown. Nor was I more fortunate in the third place, where I contrived to introduce the ſubject of my publication, though it was a coffee-houſe, where it is actually taken in for the uſe of the cuſtomers; a ſet of old gentlemen at table, throwing it aſide to talk over a bargain; and a company of young ones, at another, breaking off in the middle, to decide a match at billiards.

It was not till I arrived at the place of its birth that I met with any traces of its fame. In the well-known ſhop of my Editor, I found it the ſubject of converſation; though I muſt own that, even here, ſome little quackery was uſed for the purpoſe, as he had taken care to have ſeveral copies lying open on the table, beſides the conſpicuous appearance of the ſubſcription-paper hung

up fronting the door, with the word MIRROR a-top, printed in large capitals.

The firſt queſtion I found agitated was concerning the author, that being a point within the reach of every capacity. Mr. Creech, though much importuned on this head, knew his buſineſs better than to ſatisfy their curioſity: ſo the hounds were caſt off to find him, and many a different ſcent they hit on. Firſt, he was a *Clergyman*, then a *Profeſſor*, then a *Player*, then a Gentleman of the Exchequer who writes *plays*, then a *Lawyer*, a *Doctor of Laws*, a *Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms*, a *Baron of the Exchequer*, a *Lord of Seſſion*, a *Peer of the Realm*. A critic, who talked much about *ſtyle*, was poſitive as to the *ſex* of the writer, and declared it to be *female*, ſtrengthening his conjecture by the *name* of the paper, which, he ſaid, would not readily have occurred to a man. He added, that it was full of Scotticiſms, which ſufficiently marked it to be a *home-production*.

This led to animadverſions on the work itſelf, which were begun by an obſervation of my own, that it ſeemed, from the ſlight peruſal I had given it, to be tolerably well written. The critic above mentioned ſtrenuouſly ſupported the contrary opinion; and concluded his ſtrictures, on this particular publication, with a general remark on all modern ones, that there was no force of

of thought, nor beauty of compoſition, to be found in them.

An elderly gentleman, who ſaid he had a gueſs at the Author, prognoſticated, that the paper would be uſed as the vehicle of a ſyſtem of *Scepticiſm*, and that he had very little doubt of ſeeing Mr. Hume's poſthumous works introduced in it. A ſhort ſquat man, with a carbuncled face, maintained, that it was deſigned to propagate *Methodiſm*, and ſaid, he believed it to be the production of a diſciple of Mr. John Weſley. A gentleman in a gold chain differed from both; and told us he had been informed, from very good authority, that the paper was intended for political purpoſes.

A ſmart-looking young man, in green, ſaid, he was ſure it would be very ſatirical: his companion, in ſcarlet, was equally certain that it would be very ſtupid. But with this laſt prediction I was not much offended, when I diſcovered that its author had not read the Firſt Number, but only enquired of Mr. Creech where it was publiſhed.

A plump round figure, near the fire, who had juſt put on his ſpectacles to examine the paper, cloſed the debate, by obſerving, with a grave aſpect, that as the author was anonymous, it was proper to be very cautious in talking of the performance. After glancing over the pages, he ſaid, he could have wiſhed they had ſet apart

a corner

a corner for intelligence from America: but, having taken off his ſpectacles, wiped, and put them into their caſe, he ſaid, with a tone of diſcovery, he had found out the reaſon why there was nothing of that ſort in the MIRROR; it was in order to ſave the tax upon newſpapers.

Upon getting home to my lodgings, and reflecting on what I had heard, I was for ſome time in doubt, whether I ſhould not put an end to theſe queſtions at once, by openly publiſhing my name and intentions to the world. But I am prevented from diſcovering the firſt by a certain baſhfulneſs, of which even my travels have not been able to cure me; from declaring the laſt, by being really unable to declare them. The complexion of my paper will depend on a thouſand circumſtances which it is impoſſible to foreſee. Beſides theſe little changes, to which every one is liable from external circumſtances, I muſt fairly acknowledge, that my mind is naturally much more various than my ſituation. The diſpoſition of the author will not always correſpond with the temper of the man: in the firſt character I may ſometimes indulge a ſportiveneſs to which I am a ſtranger in the latter, and eſcape from a train of very different thoughts, into the occaſional gaiety of the MIRROR.

The general tendency of my lucubrations, however, I have ſignified in my Firſt Number, in alluſion to my title; I mean to ſhew the world what

what it is, and will ſometimes endeavour to point out what it ſhould be.

Somebody has compared the publiſher of a periodical paper of this kind, to the owner of a ſtage-coach, who is obliged to run his vehicle with or without paſſengers. One might carry on the alluſion through various points of ſimilarity. I muſt confeſs to my cuſtomers, that the road we are to paſs together is not a new one; that it has been travelled again and again, and that too in much better carriages than mine. I would only inſinuate, that, though the great objects are ſtill the ſame, there are certain little edifices, ſome beautiful, ſome groteſque, and ſome ridiculous, which people, on every ſide of the road, are daily building, in the proſpect of which we may find ſome amuſement. Their fellow-paſſengers will ſometimes be perſons of high, and ſometimes of low rank, as in other ſtage-coaches; like them too, ſometimes grave, ſometimes facetious; but that ladies, and men of delicacy, may not be afraid to take places, they may be aſſured, that no ſcurrilous or indecent company will ever be admitted.

N° 3. TUESDAY, *February* 2, 1779.

Formam quidem ipſam et faciem honeſti vides, quæ, ſi oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores excitaret ſapientiæ.

CIC. DE OFFIC.

THE philoſopher, and the mere man of taſte, differ from each other chiefly in this, that the latter is ſatisfied with the pleaſure he receives from objects, without inquiring into the principles or cauſes from which that pleaſure proceeds; but the philoſophical inquirer, not ſatisfied with the effect which objects viewed by him produce, endeavours to diſcover the reaſons why ſome of thoſe objects give pleaſure, and others diſguſt; why one compoſition is agreeable, and another the reverſe. Hence have ariſen the various ſyſtems with regard to the principles of beauty; and hence the rules, which, deduced from thoſe principles, have been eſtabliſhed by the critic.

In the courſe of theſe inveſtigations, various theories have been invented to explain the different qualities, which, when aſſembled together, conſtitute *beauty*, and produce that feeling which ariſes in the mind from the ſight of a beautiful object. Some philoſophers have ſaid, that this

this feeling arises from the sight or examination of an object in which there is a proper mixture of *uniformity* and *variety*; others have thought that, besides uniformity and variety, a number of other qualities enter into the composition of an object that is termed *beautiful*.

To engage in an examination of those different systems, or to give any opinion of my own with regard to them, would involve me in a discussion too abstruse for a paper of this kind. I shall, however, beg leave to present my readers with a quotation from a treatise, intitled, *An Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue* *. Speaking of the effect which the beauty of the human figure has upon our minds, the Author expresses himself in the following words:

" There is a further consideration, which " must not be passed over, concerning the ex- " ternal beauty of persons, which all allow to " have great power over human minds. Now, " it is some apprehended *morality*, some natural " or imagined indication of *concomitant virtue*, " which gives it this powerful charm above all " other kinds of beauty. Let us consider the " characters of beauty which are commonly ad- " mired in countenances, and we shall find them " to be *sweetness*, *mildness*, *majesty*, *dignity*, *vi-*

* By Dr. Hutcheson.

" *vacity*,

" *vacity*, *humility*, *tenderneſs*, *good-nature*; that " is, certain *airs*, *proportions*, *je ne ſçai quoi's*, are " natural *indications* of ſuch virtues, or of abi- " lities or diſpoſitions towards them. As we " obſerved above, of miſery or diſtreſs appearing " in countenances; ſo it is certain, almoſt all ha- " bitual diſpoſitions of mind form the counte- " nance, in ſuch a manner as to give ſome *in-* " *dications* to the ſpectator. Our violent paſſions " are obvious, at firſt view, in the countenance, " ſo that ſometimes no art can conceal them; " and ſmaller degrees of them give ſome leſs " obvious turns to the face, which an accurate " eye will obſerve."

What an important leſſon may be drawn by my fair countrywomen from the obſervations contained in this paſſage! Nature has given to their ſex, beauty of external form, greatly ſuperior to that of the other: the power which this gives them over our hearts they well know, and they need no inſtructor how to exerciſe it; but whoever can give any *preſcription* by which that beauty may be increaſed, or its decay retarded, is a uſeful monitor, and a benevolent friend.

Now I am inclined to think, that a *preſcription* may be extracted from the unfaſhionable philoſopher above quoted, which will be more effectual in heightening and preſerving the beauty of the ladies, than all the pearl powder, or other coſ-

metics

metics of the perfumer's ſhop. I hope I ſhall not be miſunderſtood, and I beg my fair readers may not think me ſo ill-bred, or ſo ignorant of the world, as to recommend the qualities mentioned in the above paſſage, on account of their having any intrinſic value. To recommend to the world to embrace *virtue for its own ſake*, ſhould be left to ſuch antiquated fellows as the Heathen philoſopher from whom I have taken the motto of this Number, or the modern philoſopher I have quoted, who has borrowed much from his writings; but I would not wiſh to ſully my paper, or to prevent its currency in the faſhionable circle, by ſuch obſolete doctrines.

Far be it from me, therefore, ſo much as to hint to a fine lady, that ſhe ſhould ſometimes ſtay at home, or retire to the country with the dulleſt of all dull companions, a huſband, becauſe it is the duty of a wife to pay attention to her ſpouſe; that ſhe ſhould ſpeak civilly to her ſervants, becauſe it is agreeable to the *fitneſs of things*, that people under us ſhould be well treated; that ſhe ſhould give up play, or late hours upon Sunday, becauſe the parſon ſays Sunday ſhould be devoted to *religion*. I know well, that nothing is ſo unfaſhionable as for a huſband and wife to be often together; that it is beneath a fine lady to give attention to domeſtic œconomy, or to demean herſelf ſo far as

to

to conſider ſervants to be of the ſame ſpecies with their miſtreſſes; and that going to church is fit only for fools and old women. But though I do not recommend the above, or the like practices, on their own account, and in ſo far muſt differ from the philoſophical gentlemen I have referred to; yet, I think, what they recommend ought to be attended to, for the good effects it may have on female beauty. Though I am aware, that every fine lady is apt, like *Lady Townly*, to faint at the very deſcription of the pleaſures of the *country*; yet ſhe ought to be induced to ſpend ſome of her time there, even though it ſhould be her huſband's principal place of reſidence; becauſe the tranquillity, and freſh air of the country, may repair ſome of the devaſtations which a winter campaign in town may have made upon her cheeks. Though I know alſo, that ſpending Sunday like a good Chriſtian, is the moſt tireſome and unfaſhionable of all things; yet, perhaps, ſome obſervance of the Sabbath, and a little regularity on that day, by going to church, and getting early to bed, may ſmooth thoſe wrinkles which the late hours of the other ſix are apt to produce: and though œconomy, or attention to a huſband's affairs, is, I allow, a mean and vulgar thing in itſelf; yet, poſſibly, it ſhould be ſo far attended to as to prevent that huſband's total ruin; becauſe duns, and the other impertinent concomitants of bankruptcy, are apt, from the

trouble they occaſion, to ſpoil a fine face before its time. In like manner, though I grant it is below a fine lady to cultivate the qualities of *ſweetneſs*, *mildneſs*, *humility*, *tenderneſs*, or *good-nature*, becauſe ſhe is taught that it is her duty to do ſo; I would, nevertheleſs, humbly propoſe to the ladies, to be good-humoured, to be mild to their domeſtics, nay, to be complaiſant even to their huſbands; becauſe good-humour, mildneſs, and complaiſance, are good for their faces. Attention to theſe qualities, I am inclined to believe, will do more for their beauty, than the fineſt paint the moſt ſkilfully laid on: the culture of them will give a higher luſtre to their complexion, without any danger of this colouring being rubbed off, or the natural fineneſs of the ſkin being hurt by its uſe.

Let every lady, therefore, conſider, that whenever ſhe ſays or does a good-humoured thing, ſhe adds a new beauty to her countenance; that by giving ſome attention to the affairs of her family, and now and then living regularly, and abſtaining from the late hours of diſſipation, ſhe will keep off, ſomewhat longer than otherwiſe, the wrinkles of age; and I would hope the *preſcription* I have given may, amidſt the more important cares of pleaſure, appear deſerving of her attention.

This preſcription muſt, from its nature, be confined to the ladies, beauty in perfection being

their prerogative. To recommend *virtue* to our *fine* gentlemen, becauſe *vice* might hurt their ſhapes, or ſpoil their faces, may appear ſomewhat like irony, which, on ſo ſerious a ſubject, I would wiſh to avoid. Some conſiderations may, however, be ſuggeſted, why even a *fine gentleman* may find his account in an occaſional practice of virtue, without derogating from the dignity of that character which it coſts him ſo much labour to attain; and theſe may perhaps be the ſubject of a future paper.

N° 4. SATURDAY, *February* 6, 1779.

Meliora pii docuere parentes. HOR.

THE following letter I received from an unknown correſpondent. The ſubject of it is ſo important, that I ſhall probably take ſome future opportunity of giving my ſentiments on it to the Public: in the mean time, I am perſuaded it will afford matter of much ſerious conſideration to many of my readers.

To

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AT the age of twenty-five I ſucceeded to an eſtate of 1500*l.* a year by the death of a father, by whom I was tenderly beloved, and for whoſe memory I ſtill retain the moſt ſincere regard. Not long after, I married a lady, to whom I had for ſome time been warmly attached. As neither of us were fond of the buſtle of the world, and as we found it every day become more irkſome, we took the reſolution of quitting it altogether; and ſoon after retired to a family-ſeat, which has been the favourite reſidence of my anceſtors for many ſucceſſive generations.

There I paſſed my days in as perfect happineſs as any reaſonable man can expect to find in this world. My affection and eſteem for my wife increaſed daily; and as ſhe brought me three fine children, two boys and a girl, their prattle afforded a new fund of amuſement. There were, likewiſe, in our neighbourhood ſeveral families that might have adorned any ſociety, with whom we lived on an eaſy, friendly footing, free from the reſtraints of ceremony, which, in the great world, may, perhaps, be neceſſary, but, in private life, are the bane of all ſocial intercourſe.

There is no ſtate, however, entirely free from care and uneaſineſs. My ſolicitude about my children increaſed with their years. My boys, in particular, gave me a thouſand anxious thoughts. Many plans of education were propoſed for them, of which the advantages and diſadvantages were ſo equally balanced, as to render the choice of any one a matter of no ſmall perplexity.

Meantime the boys grew up; and the eldeſt, who was a year older than his brother, had entered his tenth year, when an uncle of my wife, who, by his ſervices in parliament, and an aſſiduous attendance at court, had obtained a very conſiderable office under government, honoured us with a viſit. He ſeemed much pleaſed with the looks, the ſpirit, and promiſing appearance of my ſons; he paid me many compliments on the occaſion, and I liſtened to him with all the pleaſure a fond parent feels in hearing the praiſes of his children.

After he had been ſome days with us, he aſked me in what manner I propoſed to educate the boys, and what my views were as to their eſtabliſhment in the world? I told him all my doubts and perplexities. He enlarged on the abſurdity of the old-faſhioned ſyſtem of education, as he termed it, and talked much of the folly of ſending a boy to Eton or Weſtminſter, to waſte the moſt precious years of his life in acquiring lan-

guages

guages of little or no real uſe in the world; and begged leave to ſuggeſt a plan, which, he ſaid, had been attended with the greateſt ſucceſs in a variety of inſtances that had fallen within his own particular knowledge.

His ſcheme was to ſend my ſons for two or three years to a private ſchool in the neighbourhood of London, where they might get rid of their provincial dialect, which, he obſerved, would be alone ſufficient to diſappoint all hopes of their future advancement. He propoſed to ſend them afterwards to an academy at Paris, to acquire the French language, with every other accompliſhment neceſſary to fit them for the world. "When your eldeſt ſon," added he, "is thus qualified, it will be eaſy for me to get him appointed ſecretary to an embaſſy; and if he ſhall then poſſeſs thoſe abilities of which he has now every appearance, I make no doubt I ſhall be able to procure him a ſeat in parliament; and there will be no office in the ſtate to which he may not aſpire. As to your ſecond ſon, give him the ſame education you give his brother; and, when he is of a proper age, get him a commiſſion in the army, and puſh him on in that line as faſt as poſſible."

Though I ſaw ſome objections to this ſcheme, yet, I muſt confeſs, the flattering proſpect of ambition it opened, had a conſiderable effect upon my mind; and, as my wife, who had been

taught to receive the opinions of her kinſman with the utmoſt deference, warmly ſeconded his propoſal, I at length, though not without reluctance, gave my aſſent to it. When the day of departure came, I accompanied my boys part of the way; and, at taking leave of them, felt a pang I then endeavoured to conceal, and which I need not now attempt to deſcribe.

I had the ſatisfaction to receive, from time to time, the moſt pleaſing accounts of their progreſs; and after they went to Paris, I was ſtill more and more flattered with what I heard of their improvement.

At length the wiſhed-for period of their return approached: I heard of their arrival in Britain, and that, by a certain day, we might expect to ſee them at home. We were all impatience: my daughter, in particular, did nothing but count the hours and minutes, and hardly ſhut her eyes the night preceding the day on which her brothers were expected: her mother and I, though we ſhewed it leſs, felt, I believe, equal anxiety.

When the day came, my girl, who had been conſtantly on the look-out, ran to tell me ſhe ſaw a poſt-chaiſe driving to the gate. We hurried down to receive the boys. But, judge of my aſtoniſhment, when I ſaw two pale emaciated figures get out of the carriage, in their dreſs and looks

looks reſembling monkies rather than human creatures. What was ſtill worſe, their manners were more diſpleaſing than their appearance. When my daughter ran up, with tears of joy in her eyes, to embrace her brother, he held her from him, and burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter at ſomething in her dreſs that appeared to him ridiculous. He was joined in the laugh by his younger brother, who was pleaſed, however, to ſay, that the girl was not ill-looking, and, when taught to put on her clothes, and to uſe a little *rouge*, would be tolerable.

Mortified as I was at this impertinence, the partiality of a parent led me to impute it, in a great meaſure, to the levity of youth; and I ſtill flattered myſelf that matters were not ſo bad as they appeared to be. In theſe hopes I ſat down to dinner. But there the behaviour of the young gentlemen did not, by any means, tend to leſſen my chagrin; there was nothing at table they could eat; they ran out in praiſe of French cookery, and ſeemed even to be adepts in the ſcience: they knew the component ingredients of the moſt faſhionable *ragous* and *fricandeaus*, and were acquainted with the names and characters of the moſt celebrated practitioners of the art in Paris.

To ſtop this inundation of abſurdity, and, at the ſame time, to try the boys further, I introduced ſome topics of converſation, on which they

ought to have been able to ſay ſomething. But, on theſe ſubjects, they were perfectly mute; and I could plainly ſee their ſilence did not proceed from the modeſty and diffidence natural to youth, but from the moſt perfect and profound ignorance. They ſoon, however, took their revenge for the reſtraint thus impoſed on them. In their turn they began to talk of things, which, to the reſt of the company, were altogether unintelligible. After ſome converſation, the drift of which we could not diſcover, they got into a keen debate on the comparative merit of the *Dos de puce*, and the *Puce en Couches*; and, in the courſe of their argumeut, uſed words and phraſes which to us were equally incomprehenſible as the ſubject on which they were employed. Not long after my poor girl was covered with confuſion, on her brother's aſking her, if ſhe did not think the *Cuiſſe de la Reine* the prettieſt thing in the world?

But, Sir, I ſhould be happy, were I able to ſay, that ignorance and folly, bad as they are, were all I had to complain of. I am ſorry to add, that my young men ſeem to have made an equal progreſs in vice. It was but the other day I happened to obſerve to the eldeſt, that it made me uneaſy to ſee his brother look ſo very ill; to which he replied, with an air of the moſt eaſy indifference, that poor *Charles* had been a little unfortunate in an affair with an Opera-girl

at Paris; but, for my part, added he, I never ran thoſe hazards, as I always confined my amours to women of faſhion.

In ſhort, Sir, theſe unfortunate youths have returned ignorant of every thing they ought to know; their minds corrupted, and their bodies debilitated, by a courſe of premature debauchery. I can eaſily ſee that I do not poſſeſs either their confidence or affection; and they even ſeem to deſpiſe me for the want of thoſe frivolous accompliſhments on which they value themſelves ſo highly. In this ſituation, what is to be done? Their vanity and conceit make them incapable of liſtening to reaſon or advice; and to uſe the authority of a parent, would probably be as ineffectual for their improvement, as to me it would be unpleaſant.

I have thus, Sir, laid my caſe before you, in hopes of being favoured with your ſentiments upon it. Poſſibly it may be of ſome benefit to the public, by ſerving as a beacon to others in ſimilar circumſtances. As to myſelf, I hardly expect you will be able to point out a remedy for that affliction which preys upon the mind, and, in all likelihood, will ſhorten the days, of

Your unfortunate humble ſervant,

R L. G.

NOTES

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

VITREUS's *favours have been received, and ſhall be duly attended to.*

A Letter ſigned A. Z. *and an Eſſay ſubſcribed* D. *are under conſideration.*

On Wedneſday next (Tueſday being appointed for the day of the National Faſt) will be publiſhed N° 5.

N° 5. WEDNESDAY, *February* 10, 1779.

PEDANTRY, in the common ſenſe of the word, means an abſurd oſtentation of learning, and ſtiffneſs of phraſeology, proceeding from a miſguided knowledge of books, and a total ignorance of men.

But I have often thought, that we might extend its ſignification a good deal farther; and, in general, apply it to that failing, which diſpoſes a perſon to obtrude upon others ſubjects of converſation relating to his own buſineſs, ſtudies, or amuſement.

In

In this ſenſe of the phraſe, we ſhould find *pedants* in every character and condition of life. Inſtead of a black coat and plain ſhirt, we ſhould often ſee pedantry appear in an embroidered ſuit and Bruſſels lace; inſtead of being bedaubed with ſnuff, we ſhould find it breathing perfumes; and, in place of a book-worm, crawling through the gloomy cloiſters of an univerſity, we ſhould mark it in the ſtate of a gilded butterfly, buzzing through the gay region of the drawing-room.

Robert Daiſey, Eſq. is a pedant of this laſt kind. When he tells you that his ruffles coſt twenty guineas a pair; that his buttons were the firſt of the kind, made by one of the moſt eminent artiſts in Birmingham; that his buckles were procured by means of a friend at Paris, and are the exact pattern of thoſe worn by the *Comte d'Artois;* that the loop of his hat was of his own contrivance, and has ſet the faſhion to half a dozen of the fineſt fellows in town: when he deſcants on all theſe particulars, with that ſmile of ſelf-complacency which ſits for ever on his cheek, he is as much a pedant as his quondam tutor, who recites verſes from Pindar, tells ſtories out of Herodotus, and talks for an hour on the energy of the Greek particles.

But Mr. Daiſey is ſtruck dumb by the approach of his brother Sir *Thomas*, whoſe pedantry goes a pitch higher, and pours out all the intelligence of France and Italy, whence the young Baronet

Baronet is juſt returned, after a tour of fifteen months over all the kingdoms of the continent. Talk of muſic, he cuts you ſhort with the hiſtory of the firſt finger at *Naples;* of painting, he runs you down with a deſcription of the gallery at *Florence;* of architecture, he overwhelms you with the dimenſions of St. *Peter*'s, or the great church at *Antwerp;* or, if you leave the province of art altogether, and introduce the name of a river or hill, he inſtantly deluges you with the *Rhine*, or makes you dizzy with the height of *Etna* or *Mont Blanc.*

Miſs will have no difficulty of owning her great aunt to be a pedant, when ſhe talks all the time of dinner on the compoſition of the pudding, or the ſeaſoning of the mince-pies; or enters into a diſquiſition on the figure of the damaſk table-cloth, with a word or two on the thrift of making one's own linen: but the young lady will be ſurpriſed when I inform her, that her own hiſtory of laſt Thurſday's aſſembly, with the epiſode of Lady Di's feather, and the digreſſion to the qualities of Mr. Frizzle the hair-dreſſer, was alſo a piece of downright pedantry.

Mrs. *Caudle* is guilty of the ſame weakneſs, when ſhe recounts the numberleſs witticiſms of her daughter *Emmy*, deſcribes the droll figure her little *Bill* made yeſterday at trying on his firſt pair of breeches, and informs us, that *Bobby*

Bobby has got ſeven teeth, and is juſt cutting an eighth, though he will be but nine months old next Wedneſday at ſix o'clock in the evening. Nor is her pedantry leſs diſguſting, when ſhe proceeds to enumerate the virtues and good qualities of her huſband; though this laſt ſpecies is ſo uncommon, that it may, perhaps, be admitted into converſation for the ſake of variety.

Muckworm is the meaneſt of pedants, when he tells you of the ſcarcity of money at preſent, and that he is amazed how people can afford to live as they do; that, for his part, though he has a tolerable fortune, he finds it exceedingly difficult to command caſh for his occaſions; that trade is ſo dead, and debts ſo ill paid at preſent, that he was obliged to ſell ſome ſhares of bank ſtock to make up the price of his laſt purchaſe; and had actually countermanded a ſervice of plate, elſe he ſhould have been obliged to ſtrike ſeveral names out of the liſt of his weekly penſioners; and that this apology was ſuſtained t'other day by the noble company (giving you a liſt of three or four peers, and their families) who did him the honour to eat a bit of mutton with him. All this, however, is true. As is alſo another anecdote, which *Muckworm* forgot to mention: his firſt couſin dined that day with the ſervants, who took compaſſion on the lad, after he had been turned down ſtairs, with

with a refusal of twenty pounds to set him up in the trade of a shoemaker.

There is pedantry in every disquisition, however masterly it may be, that stops the general conversation of the company. When *Silius* delivers that sort of lecture he is apt to get into, though it is supported by the most extensive information and the clearest discernment, it is still pedantry; and, while I admire the talents of *Silius*, I cannot help being uneasy at his exhibition of them. In the course of this dissertation, the farther a man proceeds, the more he seems to acquire strength and inclination for the progress. Last night, after supper, *Silius* began upon *Protestantism*, proceeded to the *Irish massacre*, went through the *Revolution*, drew the character of King *William*, repeated anecdotes of *Schomberg*, and ended at a quarter past twelve, by delineating the course of the *Boyne*, in half a bumper of port, upon my best table; which river, happening to overflow its banks, did infinite damage to my cousin Sophy's white sattin petticoat.

In short, every thing, in this sense of the word, is *Pedantry*, which tends to destroy that equality of conversation which is necessary to the perfect ease and good-humour of the company. Every one would be struck with the unpoliteness of that person's behaviour, who should help himself to a whole plate of pease or strawberries

berries which ſome friend had ſent him for a rarity in the beginning of the ſeaſon. Now, *Converſation* is one of thoſe good-things of which our gueſts or companions are equally intitled to a ſhare, as of any other conſtituent part of the entertainment; and it is as eſſential a want of politeneſs to engroſs the one, as to monopolize the other.

Beſides, it unfortunately happens, that we are very inadequate judges of the value of our own diſcourſe, or the rate at which the diſpoſitions of our company will incline them to hold it. The reflections we make, and the ſtories we tell, are to be judged of by others, who may hold a very different opinion of their acuteneſs or their humour. It will be prudent, therefore, to conſider, that the diſh we bring to this entertainment, however pleaſing to our own taſte, may prove but moderately palatable to thoſe we mean to treat with it; and that, to every man, as well as ourſelves (except a few very humble ones), his own converſation is the *plate of peaſe or ſtrawberries.*

N° 6. SATURDAY, *February* 13, 1779.

Nec excitatur claſſico miles truci
Nec horret iratum mare;
Forumque vitat, et ſuperba civium
Potentiorum limina. HOR.

GREAT talents are uſually attended with a proportional deſire of exerting them; and indeed, were it otherwiſe, they would be, in a great meaſure, uſeleſs to thoſe who poſſeſs them, as well as to ſociety.

But, while this diſpoſition generally leads men of high parts and high ſpirit to take a ſhare in active life, by engaging in the purſuits of buſineſs or ambition, there are, amidſt the variety of human character, ſome inſtances, in which perſons eminently poſſeſſed of thoſe qualities, give way to a contrary diſpoſition.

A man of an aſpiring mind and nice ſenſibility may, from a wrong direction, or a romantic exceſs of ſpirit, find it difficult to ſubmit to the ordinary purſuits of life. Filled with enthuſiaſtic ideas of the glory of a general, a ſenator, or a ſtateſman, he may look with indifference, or even with diſguſt, on the leſs brilliant, though, perhaps,

perhaps, not leſs uſeful occupations of the phyſician, the lawyer, or the trader.

My friend Mr. *Umphraville* is a remarkable inſtance of great talents thus loſt to himſelf and to ſociety. The ſingular opinions which have influenced his conduct, I have often heard him attempt, with great warmth, to defend.

" In the purſuit of an ordinary profeſſion," would he ſay, " a man of ſpirit and ſenſibility, " while he is ſubjected to diſguſting occupa- " tions, finds it neceſſary to ſubmit with patience, " nay, often with the appearance of ſatisfaction, " to what he will be apt to eſteem dulneſs, folly, " or impertinence, in thoſe from whoſe coun- " tenance, or opinion, he hopes to derive ſuc- " ceſs; and, while he pines in ſecret at ſo " irkſome a ſituation, perhaps amidſt the " crowds with whom he converſes, he may not " find a friend to whom he can communicate " his ſorrows.

" If, on the other hand," he would add, " he " betakes himſelf to retirement, it is true, he " cannot hope for an opportunity of perform- " ing ſplendid actions, or of gratifying a paſſion " for glory; but if he attain not all that he " wiſhes, he avoids much of what he hates. " Within a certain range he will be maſter of " his occupations and his company; his books " will, in part, ſupply the want of ſociety; and, " in contemplation at leaſt, he may often enjoy

" thoſe pleaſures from which fortune has pre-
" cluded him.

" If the country, as will generally happen,
" be the place of his retirement, it will afford a
" variety of objects agreeable to his temper. In
" the proſpect of a lofty mountain, an extenſive
" plain, or the unbounded ocean, he may gra-
" tify his taſte for the ſublime; while the lonely
" vale, the hollow bank, or the ſhady wood,
" will preſent him a retreat ſuited to the thought-
" fulneſs of his diſpoſition."

Such are the ſentiments which have formed the character of Mr. *Umphraville*, which have regulated the choice and tenor of his life.

His father, a man of generoſity and expence beyond his fortune, though that had once been conſiderable, left him at the age of twenty-five, full of the high ſentiments, natural, at theſe years, to a young gentleman brought up as the heir of an ancient family, and a large eſtate, with a very inconſiderable income to ſupport them; for though the remaining part of the family-fortune ſtill afforded him a rent-roll of 1000 *l.* a year, his clear revenue could ſcarcely be eſtimated at 300 *l.*

Mr. *Umphraville*, though he wanted not a reliſh for polite company and elegant amuſements, was more diſtinguiſhed for an ardent deſire of knowledge; in conſequence of which he had made an uncommon progreſs in ſeveral branches

branches of ſcience. The claſſical writers of ancient and modern times, but eſpecially the former, were thoſe from whoſe works he felt the higheſt pleaſure; yet he had, among other branches of learning, obtained a conſiderable knowledge of juriſprudence, and was a tolerable proficient in mathematics.

On theſe laſt circumſtances his friends founded their hopes of his riſing in the world. One part of them argued, from the progreſs he had made in juriſprudence, that he would prove an excellent lawyer; the other, that his turn for mathematics would be an uſeful qualification in a military life; and all agreed in the neceſſity of his following ſome profeſſion in which he might have an opportunity of repairing his fortune.

Mr. *Umphraville*, however, had very different ſentiments. Though he had ſtudied the ſcience of juriſprudence with pleaſure, and would not have declined the application of its principles, as a member of the legiſlature, he felt no great inclination to load his memory with the rules of our municipal law, or to occupy himſelf in applying them to the unintereſting diſputes of individuals; and, though he neither wanted a taſte for the art, nor a paſſion for the glory of a ſoldier, he was full as little diſpoſed to carry a pair of colours at a review, or to line the ſtreets in a proceſſion. Nor were his objections to other

plans of bettering his fortune, either at home or abroad, leſs unſurmountable.

In ſhort, after deliberating on the propoſitions of his friends, and comparing them with his own feelings, Mr. *Umphraville* concluded, that, as he could not enter into the world in a way ſuited to his inclination and temper, the quiet and retirement of a country-life, though with a narrow fortune, would be more conducive to his happineſs, than the purſuit of occupations to which he felt an averſion, even ſhould they be attended with a greater degree of ſucceſs than, from that circumſtance, he judged to be probable.

Agreeably to this opinion he took his reſolution; and, notwithſtanding the oppoſition of his friends, retired, a few months after his father's death, to his eſtate in the country, where he has lived upwards of forty years; his family, ſince the death of his mother, a lady of uncommon ſenſe and virtue, who ſurvived her huſband ſome time, having conſiſted only of himſelf, and an unmarried ſiſter, of a diſpoſition ſimilar to his own.

Neither his circumſtances nor inclination led Mr. *Umphraville* to partake much of the jollity of his neighbours. His farm has never exceeded what he found abſolutely neceſſary for the convenience of his little family; and though he em-

ployed himſelf for a few years in extending his plantations over the neighbouring grounds, even that branch of induſtry he ſoon laid aſide, from a habit of indolence, which has daily grown upon him; and ſince it has been dropped, his books, and ſometimes his gun, with the converſation of his ſiſter, and a few friends, who now and then viſit him, entirely occupy his time.

In this ſituation, Mr. *Umphraville* has naturally contracted ſeveral peculiarities, both of manner and opinion. They are, however, of a kind which neither leſſen the original politeneſs of the one, nor weaken the natural force and ſpirit of the other. In a word, though he has contracted ruſt, it is the ruſt of a great mind, which, while it throws a certain melancholy reverence around its poſſeſſor, rather enhances than detracts from the native beauty and dignity of his character.

Theſe particulars will ſuffice for introducing this gentleman to my readers; and I may afterwards take occaſion to gratify ſuch of them as wiſh to know ſomewhat more of a life and opinions with which I have long been intimately acquainted.

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N° 7. TUESDAY, *February* 16, 1779.

Indocilis privata loqui. Luc.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a ſort of retainer to the Muſes; and though I cannot boaſt of much familiarity with themſelves, hold a ſubordinate intimacy with ſeveral branches of their family. I never made verſes, but I can repeat ſeveral thouſands. Though I am not a writer, I am reckoned a very ready expounder of *enigmas;* and I have given many good hints towards the compoſition of ſome favourite *rebuſes* and *charades.* I have alſo a very competent ſhare of claſſical learning; I can conſtrue Latin when there is an Engliſh verſion on the oppoſite column, and read the Greek character with tolerable facility; I ſpeak a little French, and can make ſhift to underſtand the ſubject of an Italian opera.

With theſe qualifications, Sir, I am held in conſiderable eſtimation by the wits of both ſexes. I am ſometimes allowed to clap firſt at a play, and pronounce a firm *encore* after a faſhionable ſong.

ſong. I am conſulted by ſeveral ladies before they ſtick their pin into the catalogue of the *circulating library;* and have tranſlated to ſome polite companies all the mottoes of your paper, except the laſt, which, being ſomewhat crabbed, I did not chuſe to riſk my credit by attempting. I have at laſt ventured to put myſelf into print in the MIRROR; and ſend you information of a ſcheme I have formed for making my talents ſerviceable to the republic of letters.

Every one muſt have obſerved the utility of a proper ſelection of *names* to a play or a novel. The bare ſounds of *Monimia* or *Imoinda* ſet a tender-hearted young lady a-crying; and a letter from *Edward* to *Maria* contains a ſentiment in the very title.

Were I to illuſtrate this by an appoſite example, as ſchoolmaſters give exerciſes of bad Latin, the truth of my aſſertion would appear in a ſtill ſtronger light.

Suppoſe, Sir, one had a mind to write a very pathetic ſtory of the diſaſtrous loves of a young lady and a young gentleman, the firſt of whom was called *Gubbins*, and the latter *Gubbleſtones*, two very reſpectable names in ſome parts of our neighbour-country. The *Gubbinſes*, from an ancient family-feud, had a mortal antipathy at the *Gubbleſtones;* this, however, did not prevent the attachment of the heir of the laſt to the heireſs of the former; an attachment begun by ac-

cident, increaſed by acquaintance, and nouriſhed by mutual excellence. But the hatred of the fathers was unconquerable; and old *Gubbins* having intercepted a letter from young *Gubbleſtones*, breathed the moſt horrid denunciations of vengeance againſt his daughter, if ever he ſhould diſcover the ſmalleſt intercourſe between her and the ſon of his enemy; and further, effectually to ſeclude any chance of an union with ſo hated a name, he inſtantly propoſed a marriage between her and a young gentleman lately returned from his travels, a Mr. *Clutterbuck*, who had ſeen her at a ball, and was deeply ſmitten with her beauty. On being made acquainted with this intended match, *Gubbleſtones* grew almoſt frantic with grief and deſpair. Wandering round the houſe where his loved *Gubbins* was confined, he chanced to meet Mr. *Clutterbuck* haſtening to an interview with his deſtined bride. Stung with jealouſy and rage, reckleſs of life, and regardleſs of the remonſtrances of his rival, he drew, and attacked him with deſperate fury. Both ſwords were ſheathed at once in the breaſts of the combatants. *Clutterbuck* died on the ſpot: his antagoniſt lived but to be carried to the houſe of his implacable enemy, and breathed his laſt at the feet of his miſtreſs. The dying words of *Gubbleſtones*, the ſucceeding frenzy and death of *Gubbins*, the relenting ſorrow of their parents, with a deſcription of the tomb in which *Gubbins*, *Gubble-*

Gubbleſtones, and *Clutterbuck*, were laid, finiſh the piece, and would leave on the mind of the reader the higheſt degree of melancholy and diſtreſs, were it not for the unfortunate ſounds which compoſe the *names* of the actors in this eventful ſtory; yet theſe names, Mr. MIRROR, are really and truly right Engliſh ſurnames, and have as good a title to be unfortunate as thoſe of *Mordaunt*, *Montague*, or *Howard*.

Nor is it only in the ſublime or the pathetic that a happy choice of names is eſſential to good writing. *Comedy* is ſo much beholden to this article, that I have known ſome with ſcarcely any wit or character but what was contained in the *Dramatis perſonæ*. Every other ſpecies of writing, in which humour of character is to be perſonified, is in the ſame predicament, and depends for great part of its applauſe on the knack of hitting off a lucky alluſion from the name to the perſon. Your brother eſſayiſts have been particularly indebted to this invention, for ſupplying them with a very neceſſary material in the conſtruction of their papers. In the Spectator, I find, from an examination of my notes on this ſubject, there are 532 names of characters and correſpondents, 394 of which are deſcriptive and characteriſtic.

Having thus ſhewn the importance of the art of *name-making*, I proceed to inform you of my plan for aſſiſting authors in this particular, and ſaving

ſaving them that expence of time and ſtudy which the invention of names proper for different purpoſes muſt occaſion.

I have, from a long courſe of uſeful and extenſive reading, joined to an uncommon ſtrength of memory, been enabled to form a kind of dictionary of names for all ſorts of ſubjects, pathetic, ſentimental, ſerious, ſatirical, or merry. For noveliſts, I have made a collection of the beſt ſounding Engliſh, or Engliſh-like, French, or French-like names; I ſay, the beſt ſounding, ſound being the only thing neceſſary in that department. For comic writers, and eſſayiſts of your tribe, Sir, I have made up from the works of former authors, as well as from my own invention, a liſt of names, with the characters or ſubjects to which they allude prefixed. A learned friend has furniſhed me with a parcel of ſignatures for political, philoſophical, and religious eſſayiſts in the newſpapers, among which are no fewer than eighty-ſix compounds beginning with *philo*, which are all from four to ſeven ſyllables long, and cannot fail to have a powerful tendency towards the edification and conviction of country readers.

For the uſe of ſerious poetry, I have a ſet of names, tragic, elegiac, paſtoral, and legendary; for ſongs, ſatires, and epigrams, I have a parcel properly correſponding to thoſe departments. A column is ſubjoined, ſhewing the number of feet

feet whereof they conſiſt, that being a requiſite chiefly to be attended to, in names deſtined for the purpoſes of poetry. Some of them, indeed, are ſo happily contrived, that, by means of an eaſy and natural contraction, they can be ſhortened or lengthened (like a pocket-teleſcope), according to the ſtructure of the line in which they are to be introduced; others, by the aſſiſtance of proper interjections, are ready made into ſmooth flowing hexameters, and will be found extremely uſeful, particularly to our writers of tragedy.

All theſe, Sir, the fruits of ſeveral years labour and induſtry, I am ready to communicate for an adequate conſideration, to authors, or other perſons whom they may ſuit. Be pleaſed, therefore, to inform your correſpondents, that, by applying to your publiſher, they may be informed, in the language of Falſtaffe, "*where a* "*commodity of good names is to be bought.*" As for your own particular, Sir, I am ready to attend you *gratis*, at any time you may ſtand in need of my aſſiſtance; or you may write out your papers blank, and ſend them to me to fill up the names of the parties.

I am yours, &c.

NOMENCLATOR.

V

TO

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor has to return thanks to numberleſs Correſpondents for their favours lately received; he begs leave, at the ſame time, to acquaint them, that, as many inconveniences would ariſe from a particular acknowledgement of every letter, he muſt henceforward be excuſed from making it; they may, however, reſt aſſured of the ſtricteſt attention and impartiality in regard to their communications.—As to the inſertion of papers ſent him, he will be allowed to ſuggeſt, that from the nature of his publication, the acceptance or refuſal of an eſſay is no criterion of its merit, nor of the opinion in which it is held by the Editor. A performance may be improper for the Mirror, *as often on account of its riſing above, as of its falling below, the level of ſuch a work, which is peculiarly circumſcribed, not only in its ſubjects, but in the manner of treating them. The ſame circumſtance will often render it neceſſary to alter or abridge the productions of correſpondents; a liberty for which the Editor hopes their indulgence, and which he will uſe with the utmoſt caution.*

N° 8. SATURDAY, *February* 20, 1779.

Inſpicere tanquam in ſpeculum
Vitas omnium jubeo. TER.

IT was with regret that the Editor found himſelf under the neceſſity of abridging the following letter, communicated by an unknown correſpondent.

To the EDITOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS I was walking one afternoon, about thirty years ago, by the Egyptian ſide of the Red Sea, in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, I accidentally met with a Derviſe. How we forthwith commenced acquaintance; how I went with him to his hermitage; how our acquaintance improved into intimacy, and our intimacy into friendſhip; how we converſed about every thing, both in heaven above, and in the earth beneath; how the Derviſe fell ſick, and how I, having ſome ſkill in medicine, adminiſtered to his recovery; how this ſtrengthened his former regard by the additional tie of gratitude; how,

how, after a ſpace, I tired of walking by the Red Sea in the neighbourhood of Babelmandel, and fancied I ſhould walk with more ſecurity and ſatisfaction by the ſide of *Forth;* are circumſtances, that, after you ſhall be more intereſted in my life and converſation, I may venture to lay before you.

In the meanwhile, ſuffice it to ſay, that my parting with the Derviſe was very tender; and, that, as a memorial of his friendſhip, he preſented me with a Mirror. I confeſs frankly, that, conſidering the poverty of my friend, and his unaffected manner of offering it, I ſuppoſed his preſent of little intrinſic value. Yet, looking at it, and wiſhing to ſeem as ſenſible of its worth as poſſible, "This," ſaid I, "may be a very "uſeful Mirror. As it is of a convenient ſize, "I may carry it in my pocket, and, if I ſhould "happen to be in a public company, it may "enable me to wipe from my face any accidental "duſt, or to adjuſt the poſture of my periwig." For, Sir, at that time, in order to command ſome reſpect among the Muſſulmen, I wore a periwig of three tails.

"That Mirror," ſaid the Derviſe, looking at me with great earneſtneſs, "is of higher value "than you ſuppoſe: and of this, by the fol-"lowing account of its nature and uſes, I am "ſure you will be fully ſatisfied. Of Mirrors, "ſome are convex, and repreſent their object of

"a ſize

" a ſize conſiderably diminiſhed: accordingly, " the images they diſplay are extremely beauti- " ful. A company of people repreſented by this " Mirror ſhall appear without ſpot or blemiſh, " like a company of lovely ſylphs. Now, my " good Chriſtian friend, mine is not a convex " Mirror. Neither is it concave: for concave " Mirrors have juſt an oppoſite effect; and, by " enlarging the object they repreſent, would " render even the *Houri* in Paradiſe as hideous " as the Witch of Endor, or a Pagan Fury. In " ſhort, it is a good plain Mirror, intended to " repreſent things juſt as they are, but with pro- " perties and varieties not to be met with in com- " mon glaſs."

" Whenever," continued he, " you entertain " any doubt concerning the propriety of your " conduct, or have apprehenſions that your " motives are not exactly what you conceive, " or wiſh them to be, I adviſe you forthwith to " conſult the Mirror. You will there ſee your- " ſelf without diſguiſe; and be enabled, not " merely to wipe from your face any accidental " duſt, or to adjuſt your periwig of three tails, " but to rectify your conduct, and adjuſt your " deportment." In truth, Sir, I have made this experiment, according to the direction of the Derviſe, ſo often, and with ſuch ſmall ſatisfaction to myſelf, that I am heartily ſick of it. I have conſulted my Mirror, in the act of giving alms,

expecting,

expecting, no doubt, to see myself characterized with the softest compassion, and, behold! I was swollen and bloated with ostentation. Glowing with indignation, as I conceived, against the vices of mankind, and their blindness to real merit, I have looked in the Mirror, and seen the redness of Anger, the flushings of disappointed Ambition. Very lately, a friend of mine read me an essay he had written; he seemed to me somewhat conscious of its merit: he expected, and was intitled to some applause; but, said I to myself, "I will administer to no man's "vanity, nor expose my friend by encouraging "his self-conceit;" and so observed an obstinate unyielding silence. I looked in the Mirror, and am ashamed to tell you my motive was not so pure.

But, instead of exposing my own infirmities, I will, in perfect consistency with some of the most powerful principles in our nature, and in a manner much less exceptionable to myself, explain the properties of my Mirror, by the views it gives me of other men.

"Whenever," continued the Dervise, "you "have any doubt concerning the conduct of "another person, take an opportunity, and, "when he is least aware, catch a copy of his "face in your Mirror." It would do your heart good, Sir, if you delight in that species of moral criticism which some people denominate scandal,

to

to ſee the diſcoveries I have made. Many a grave phyſician have I ſeen laying his head to one ſide, fixing his ſolemn eye on the far corner of a room, or poring with ſteady gaze on his watch, and ſeeming to count the beats of his patient's pulſe, when, in fact, he was numbering, in his own mind, the guineas accruing from his circle of morning viſits, or ſtudying what fine ſpeech he ſhould make to my Lady Ducheſs; or, if his patient were a fair patient—But here I would look no longer.

I have often carried my Mirror to church; and, ſitting in a ſnug corner, have catched the flaming orator of the pulpit in many a rare grimace, and expreſſive geſture; expreſſive, not of humility, but of pride; not of any deſire to communicate inſtruction, but to procure applauſe; not to explain the goſpel, but to exhibit the preacher.

"This Mirror," ſaid the Muſſulman, continuing his valedictory ſpeech, "will not only "diſplay your acquaintance as they really are, "but as they wiſh to be: and for this purpoſe," ſhewing me the way, "you have only to hold it "in a particular poſition." From this uſe of the Mirror, holding it as the Derviſe deſired me, I confeſs I have received ſpecial amuſement. How many perſons hideouſly deformed have appeared moſt divinely beautiful; how many dull fellows have become amazingly clever; how many

ſhrivelled cheeks have ſuddenly claimed a youthful bloom! Yet, I muſt confeſs, how ſurpriſing ſoever the confeſſion may appear, that I have found mankind, in general, very well ſatisfied with their talents: and, as far as regards moral and religious improvement, I recollect very few inſtances of perſons who wiſhed for changes in their preſent condition. On the contrary, I have met with other examples; and have ſeen perſons not a little ſolicitous to acquire the eaſy uſe of ſome faſhionable impieties and immoralities. I have ſeen delicate females, to ſay nothing of dainty gentlemen, wiſhing to forget their catechiſm; ſtriving to overcome their reluctance, and meditating, in their own minds, the utterance of ſome faſhionable piece of raillery againſt religion; yet, like the Amen of Macbeth, I have often ſeen it ſtick in their throat.

"But," continued the Derviſe, "if you hold "this Mirror in a fit poſture, it will not only "ſhew you men as they *are*, or as they *wiſh* to "be, but with the talents of which they reckon "themſelves actually poſſeſſed; and in that very "*character* or *ſituation* which they hold moſt "ſuited to their abilities." Now this property of the Muſſulman's Mirror has given me more amuſement than any other. By this means I have ſeen a whole company undergo inſtantaneous and ſtrange transformation. I have ſeen the unwieldy burgeſs changed into a ſlender gentleman; the

the deep philoſopher become a man of the world; the laborious merchant converted into a fox-hunter; the mechanic's wife in the guiſe of a Counteſs; and the pert ſcrivener become a cropped Enſign. I have ſeen thoſe grave perſonages, whom you may obſerve daily iſſuing from their alleys at noon with white wigs, black coats buttoned and inclined to grey, with a cane in one hand, and the other ſtationed at their ſide-pocket, beating the ſtreets for political intelligence, and diving afterwards into their native lanes, or riſing in a coffee-houſe in the full dignity of a ſpectacled noſe; I have ſeen them moving in my Mirror in the ſhape of ſtateſmen, miniſters at foreign courts, chancellors of England, judges, juſtices of the peace, or chief magiſtrates in electing boroughs.

Now, Sir, as you have engaged in the important buſineſs of inſtructing the Public, I reckon you a much fitter perſon than me to be poſſeſſed of this precious Mirror. By theſe preſents, therefore, along with a paper of directions, I conſign it into your hands. All that I demand of you in return, is to uſe this extraordinary gift in a proper and becoming manner: for, like every other excellent gift, it is liable to be miſuſed. Therefore be circumſpect; nor let any perſon ſay of you, that you make uſe of a falſe glaſs, or that the reflection is not juſt, or that the repreſentation is partial; or, *laſtly*, that it exhibits broken, diſtorted, or unnatural images.

In full confidence that it will be an inſtrument in your hands for the moſt uſeful purpoſes, I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

VITREUS.

N° 9. TUESDAY, *February* 23, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME weeks ago I was called from my retreat in the country, where I have paſſed the laſt twenty years in the enjoyment of eaſe and tranquillity, by an important family concern, which made it neceſſary for me to come to town.

Laſt Thurſday I was ſolicited by an old friend to accompany him to the *Playhouſe*, to ſee the tragedy of *King Lear*; and, by way of inducement, he told me the part of *Lear* was to be performed by an actor who had ſtudied the character under the *Engliſh Roſcius*, and was ſuppoſed to play it ſomewhat in the manner of that great maſter. As the theatre had been always my favourite amuſement, I did not long withſtand the

the entreaties of my friend; and when I reflected that Mr. *Garrick* was now gone to "that "undiſcovered country, from whoſe bourn no "traveller returns," I felt a ſort of tender deſire to ſee even a copy of that *great original*, from whoſe performances I had often, in the earlier part of my life, received ſuch exquiſite pleaſure.

As we underſtood the houſe was to be crowded, we went at an early hour, and ſeated ourſelves in the middle of the *pit*, ſo as not only to ſee the play to advantage, but alſo to have a full view of the audience, which, I have often thought, is not the leaſt pleaſing part of a public entertainment. When the boxes began to fill, I felt a ſecret ſatisfaction in contemplating the beauties of the preſent times, and amuſed myſelf with tracing in the daughters, thoſe features which, in the mothers and grandmothers, had charmed me ſo often.

My friend pointed out to me, in different parts of the houſe, ſome of the reigning toaſts of *our* times, but ſo changed, that, without his aſſiſtance, I never ſhould have been able to find them out. I looked in vain for that form, that complexion, and thoſe numberleſs graces, on which I had been accuſtomed to gaze with admiration. But this change was not more remarkable, than the effect it had upon the beholders; and I could not help thinking the ſilent

neglect with which thoſe once celebrated beauties were now treated, by much too ſevere a puniſhment for that pride and haughtineſs they had formerly aſſumed.

While I was amuſing myſelf in this manner, I obſerved, that ſome of the *upper boxes* were filled with ladies, whoſe appearance ſoon convinced me that they were of an order of females more deſirous of being diſtinguiſhed for beauty than for virtue. I could not refrain from expreſſing ſome diſguſt at ſeeing thoſe unfortunate creatures ſitting thus openly mingled with women of the firſt rank and faſhion. "Poh!" ſaid my friend, "that is thought nothing of now-"a-days; and every body ſeems to be of the "ſame opinion with the celebrated Counteſs of "*Dorcheſter*, miſtreſs of King James II. who "having ſeated herſelf on the ſame bench with "a lady of rigid virtue, the other immediately "ſhrunk back; which the Counteſs obſerving, "ſaid, with a ſmile, Don't be afraid, Madam; "gallantry is not catching."

As I was going to reprove my friend for talking with ſuch levity of a matter that ſeemed to be of ſo ſerious a nature, the curtain drew up, and the play began. It is not my deſign, Sir, to trouble you with any remarks on the performance; the purpoſe of this letter is to requeſt of you to take ſome notice of a ſpecies of indecorum, that appeared altogether new

new to me, and which, I confeſs, it hurt me to obſerve.

Before the end of the firſt act, a number of young men came in, and took their places in the upper boxes, amidſt thoſe unhappy females I have already mentioned. I concluded that theſe perſons were as deſtitute of any pretenſion to birth or faſhion, as they were void of decency of manners; but I was equally ſurpriſed and mortified to find, that many of them were of the firſt families of the kingdom. You, Sir, who have lived in the world, and ſeen the gradual and almoſt imperceptible progreſs of manners, will not, perhaps, be able to judge of my aſtoniſhment, when I beheld thoſe very gentlemen quit their ſeats, and come down to pay their reſpects to the ladies in the *lower boxes*. The groſs impropriety of this behaviour raiſed in me a degree of indignation which I could not eaſily reſtrain. I comforted myſelf, however, with the hopes, that thoſe unthinking youths would meet with ſuch a reception from the women of honour, as would effectually check this indecency; but I am ſorry to add, that I could not diſcern, either in their looks or manner, thoſe marks of diſapprobation which I had made my account with perceiving. Both the old and the young, the mothers and the daughters, ſeemed rather pleaſed when theſe young men of rank and fortune approached them. I am perſuaded,

at the ſame time, that were they to think but for a moment of the conſequences, they would be ſenſible of the impropriety of their behaviour in this particular. I muſt therefore intreat of you, Sir, to take the earlieſt opportunity of giving your ſentiments on the ſubject.

I am, &c.

A. W.

The complaints of my correſpondent are not without reaſon. The boundaries between virtue and vice cannot be too religiouſly maintained; and every thing that tends to leſſen, in any degree, the reſpect due to a woman of honour, ought ever to be guarded againſt with the utmoſt caution.

When I was in France, I obſerved a propriety of behaviour in the particular mentioned by Mr. A. W. that pleaſed me much. Even in that country, looſe as we imagine the manners there to be, no body who wiſhes to preſerve the character of a well-bred gentleman, is ever ſeen at a place of public reſort, in company with thoſe miſguided fair ones, who, however much they may be objects of pity and compaſſion, have forfeited all title to reſpect and eſteem. I would recommend to our young men to follow, in this

the

the example of our neighbours, whom they are so ready to imitate in less laudable instances. To consider it only in this view, there is certainly no greater breach of politeness than that which has given occasion to this letter. In other respects, the consequences are truly alarming. When every distinction is removed between the woman of virtue and the prostitute; when both are treated with equal attention and observance; are we to wonder if we find an alteration of the manners of the women in general, and a proportional diminution of that delicacy which forms the distinguishing characteristic of the respectable part of the sex?

These considerations will, I hope, prove sufficient to correct this abuse in our young gentlemen. As to my fair country-women, it is ever with reluctance that I am obliged to take notice of any little impropriety into which they inadvertently fall. Let them, however, reflect, that a certain delicacy of sentiment and of manners is the chief ornament of the female character, and the best and surest guardian of female honour. That once removed, there will remain, less difference than perhaps they may be aware of, between them and the avowedly licentious. Let them also consider, that, as it is unquestionably in their power to form and correct the manners of the men, so they are, in some sort, ac-

countable, not for their own conduct only, but alſo for that of their admirers.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

I DO not mean to *reflect*, Mr. MIRROR; for that is your buſineſs, not mine; far leſs do I purpoſe to *pun*, when I tell you, that it might ſave ſome reflections upon yourſelf, did you take the trouble to tranſlate into good common *Engliſh*, thoſe ſame *Latin* ſcraps, or mottoes, which you ſometimes hang out by way of ſign-poſt inſcription at the top of your paper. For conſider, Sir, who will be tempted to enter a houſe of entertainment offered to the Public, when the majority can neither read nor underſtand the language in which the *bill of fare* is drawn and held out? I am a Scotſman of a good plain ſtomach, who can eat and digeſt any thing; yet I ſhould like to have a gueſs at what was to be expected before I ſit down to table. Beſides, the *fair ſex*, Mr. MIRROR, for whom you expreſs ſo much reſpect,—What ſhall they do? Believe me, then, Sir, by complying with this hint, you will not only pleaſe the ladies, but now and then ſave a bluſh in their company to

ſome

ſome grown gentlemen, who have not the good fortune to be ſo learned as yourſelf. Among the reſt, you will oblige one who has the honour to be

Your admirer and humble ſervant,

IGNORAMUS.

Edinburgh, Feb. 19, 1779.

Mr. *Ignoramus* (whom I take to be a wiſer man than he gives himſelf out for) muſt have often obſerved many great perſonages contrive to be unintelligible in order to be reſpected.

N° 10. SATURDAY, *February* 27, 1779.

——Id arbitror
Adprime in vita eſſe utile, ne quid nimis. TER.

REFINEMENT, and *Delicacy of Taſte*, are the productions of advanced ſociety. They open to the mind of perſons poſſeſſed of them a field of elegant enjoyment; but they may be puſhed to a dangerous extreme. By that exceſs of ſenſibility to which they lead; by that vanity which they flatter; that idea of ſuperiority which they nouriſh; they may unfit their poſſeſſor

ſeſſor for the common and ordinary enjoyments of life; and, by that too great niceneſs which they are apt to create, they may mingle ſomewhat of diſguſt and uneaſineſs even in the higheſt and fineſt pleaſures. A perſon of ſuch a mind will often miſs happineſs where Nature intended it ſhould be found, and ſeek for it where it is not to be met with. Diſguſt and chagrin will frequently be his companions, while leſs cultivated minds are enjoying pleaſure unmixed and unalloyed.

I have ever conſidered my friend *Charles Fleetwood* to be a remarkable inſtance of ſuch a character. Mr. *Fleetwood* has been endowed by nature with a moſt feeling and tender heart. Educated to no particular profeſſion, his natural ſenſibility has been increaſed by a life of inactivity, chiefly employed in reading, and the ſtudy of the polite arts, which has given him that exceſs of refinement I have deſcribed above, that injures while it captivates.

Laſt ſummer I accompanied him in an excurſion into the country. Our object was partly air and exerciſe, and partly to pay a viſit to ſome of our friends.

Our firſt viſit was to a college-acquaintance, remarkable for that old-faſhioned hoſpitality which ſtill prevails in ſome parts of the country, and which too often degenerates into exceſs. Unfortunately for us, we found with our friend

friend a number of his jovial companions, whoſe object of entertainment was very different from ours. Inſtead of wiſhing to enjoy the pleaſures of the country, they expreſſed their ſatisfaction at the meeting of ſo many old acquaintance; becauſe they ſaid it would add to the mirth and ſociableneſs of the party. Accordingly, after a long, and ſomewhat noiſy, dinner, the table was covered with bottles and glaſſes: the mirth of the company roſe higher at every new toaſt; and though their drinking did not proceed quite the length of intoxication, the convivial feſtivity was drawn out, with very little intermiſſion, till it was time to go to bed. Mr. *Fleetwood*'s politeneſs prevented him from leaving the company; but I, who knew him, ſaw he was inwardly fretted at the manner in which his time was ſpent during a fine evening, in one of the moſt beautiful parts of the country. The mirth of the company, which was at leaſt innocent, was loſt upon him: their jokes hardly produced a ſmile; or, if they did, it was a forced one: even the good humour of thoſe around him, inſtead of awakening his benevolence, and giving him a philanthropical pleaſure, increaſed his chagrin; and the louder the company laughed, the graver, did I think, Mr. *Fleetwood*'s countenance became.

After having remained here two days, our time being ſpent pretty much in the manner I have deſcribed, we went to the houſe of another gentleman

gentleman in the neighbourhood. A natural ſoberneſs of mind, accompanied with a habit of induſtry, and great attention to the management of his farm, would ſave us, we knew, from any thing like riot or intemperance in his family. But even here I found Mr. *Fleetwood* not a whit more at his eaſe than in the laſt houſe. Our landlord's ideas of politeneſs made him think it would be want of reſpect to his gueſts if he did not give them conſtant attendance. Breakfaſt, therefore, was no ſooner removed, than, as he wiſhed to viſit his farm, he propoſed a walk: we ſet out accordingly; and our whole morning was ſpent in croſſing dirty fields, leaping ditches and hedges, and hearing our landlord diſcourſe on *drilling* and *horſe-hoeing*; of *broad-caſt* and *ſummer-fallow*; of *manuring*, *plowing*, *draining*, &c. Mr. *Fleetwood*, who had ſcarcely ever read a theoretical book upon *farming*, and was totally ignorant of the practice, was teazed to death with this converſation; and returned home covered with dirt, and worn out with fatigue. After dinner, the family-œconomy did not allow the leaſt approach to a debauch; and, as our landlord had exhauſted his utmoſt ſtock of knowledge and converſation in remarks upon his farm, while we were not at all deſirous of repeating the entertainment of the morning, we paſſed a taſteleſs, lifeleſs, yawning afternoon; and, I believe, Mr. *Fleetwood* would

would have willingly exchanged the dulneſs of his preſent company, for the boiſterous mirth of the laſt he had been in.

Our next viſit was to a gentleman of a liberal education, and elegant manners, who, in the earlier part of his life, had been much in the polite world. Here Mr. *Fleetwood* expected to find pleaſure and enjoyment ſufficient to atone for the diſagreeable occurrences in his two former viſits; but here, too, he was diſappointed. Mr. *Selby*, for that was our friend's name, had been ſeveral years married: his family increaſing, he had retired to the country; and, renouncing the buſtle of the world, had given himſelf up to domeſtic enjoyments: his time and attention were devoted chiefly to the care of his children. The pleaſure which himſelf felt in humouring all their little fancies, made him forget how troubleſome that indulgence might be to others. The firſt morning we were at his houſe, when Mr. *Fleetwood* came into the parlour to breakfaſt, all the places at table were occupied by the children; it was neceſſary that one of them ſhould be diſplaced to make room for him; and, in the diſturbance which this occaſioned, a tea-cup was overturned, and ſcalded the finger of Mr. *Selby*'s eldeſt daughter, a child about ſeven years old, whoſe whimpering and complaining attracted the whole attention during breakfaſt. That being over, the

the eldeſt boy came forward with a book in his hand, and Mr. *Selby* aſked Mr. *Fleetwood* to hear him read his leſſon: Mrs. *Selby* joined in the requeſt, though both looked as if they were rather conferring a favour on their gueſt. The eldeſt had no ſooner finiſhed, than the youngeſt boy preſented himſelf; upon which his father obſerved, that it would be doing injuſtice to *Will* not to hear him, as well as his elder brother *Jack*; and in this way was my friend obliged to ſpend the morning, in performing the office of a ſchoolmaſter to the children in ſucceſſion.

Mr. *Fleetwood* liked a *game* at whiſt, and promiſed himſelf a party in the evening free from interruption. Cards were accordingly propoſed; but Mrs. *Selby* obſerved, that her little daughter, who ſtill complained of her ſcalded finger, needed amuſement as much as any of the company. In place of cards, Miſs *Harriot* inſiſted on the *game of the gooſe*. Down to it we ſat; and to a ſtranger it would have been not unamuſing to ſee Mr. *Fleetwood*, in his ſorrowful countenance, at the *royal and pleaſant game of the gooſe*, with a child of ſeven years old. It is unneceſſary to dwell longer on particulars. During all the time we were at Mr. *Selby*'s, the delighted parents were indulging their fondneſs, while Mr. *Fleetwood* was repining and fretting in ſecret.

Having finiſhed our intended round of viſits, we turned our courſe homewards, and, at the

firſt inn on our road, were joined by one Mr. *Johnſon*, with whom I was ſlightly acquainted. Politeneſs would not allow me to reject the offer of his company, eſpecially as I knew him to be a good-natured inoffenſive man. Our road lay through a *glen*, romantic and pictureſque, which we reached ſoon after ſun-ſet, in a mild and ſtill evening. On each ſide were ſtupendous mountains; their height; the rude and projecting rocks, of which ſome of them were compoſed; the gloomy caverns they ſeemed to contain; and the appearance of devaſtation, occaſioned by traces of cataracts falling from their tops, preſented to our view a ſcene truly ſublime. Mr. *Fleetwood* felt an unuſual elevation of ſpirit. His ſoul roſe within him, and was ſwelled with that ſilent awe, ſo well ſuited to his contemplative mind. In the words of the poet, he could have ſaid,

——" Welcome, kindred glooms,
" Congenial horrors, hail!"
——" Be theſe my theme,
" Theſe that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
" And heavenly muſing!"

Our ſilence had now continued for about a quarter of an hour; and an unuſual ſtillneſs prevailed around us, interrupted only by the tread of our horſes, which, returning at ſtated intervals, aſſiſted by the echo of the mountains, formed a hollow ſound, which increaſed the ſo-

lemnity of the ſcene. Mr. *Johnſon*, tiring of this ſilence, and not having the leaſt comprehenſion of its cauſe, all at once, and without warning, lifted up his voice, and began the ſong of "*Puſh about the Joram.*" Mr. *Fleetwood*'s ſoul was then wound up to its utmoſt height. At the ſound of Mr. *Johnſon*'s voice he ſtarted, and viewed him with a look of horror, mixed with contempt. During the reſt of our journey, I could hardly prevail on my friend to be civil to him; and though he is, in every reſpect, a worthy and a good-natured man, and though Mr. *Fleetwood* and he have often met ſince, the former has never been able to look upon him without diſguſt.

Mr. *Fleetwood*'s entertainment in this ſhort tour has produced, in my mind, many reflections, in which I doubt not I ſhall be anticipated by my readers.

There are few ſituations in life, from which a man, who has confined his turn for enjoyment within the bounds pointed out by nature, will not receive ſatisfaction; but if we once tranſgreſs thoſe bounds, and, ſeeking after too much refinement, indulge a falſe and miſtaken delicacy, there is hardly a ſituation in which we will not be expoſed to diſappointment and diſguſt.

Had it not been for this falſe, this dangerous delicacy, Mr. *Fleetwood*, inſtead of uneaſi-

neſs,

neſs, would have received pleaſure from every viſit we made, from every incident we met with.

At the firſt houſe to which we went, it was not neceſſary that he ſhould have preferred the bottle to the enjoyment of a fine evening in the country; but that not being the ſentiments of the company, had he, without repining, given up his taſte to theirs, inſtead of feeling diſguſt at what appeared to him coarſe in their enjoyments, he would have felt pleaſure at the mirth and good-humour which prevailed around him; and the very reflection, that different employments gave amuſement to different men, would have afforded a lively and philanthropical ſatiſfaction.

It was ſcarcely to be expected, that the barrenneſs and dryneſs of the converſation at our ſecond viſit, could fill up, or entirely ſatisfy, the delicate and improved mind of Mr. *Fleetwood;* but, had he not laid it down almoſt as a rule, not to be pleaſed with any thing, except what ſuited his own idea of enjoyment, he might, and ought to have received pleaſure from the ſight of a worthy family, ſpending their time innocently, happily, and uſefully; uſefully, both to themſelves and to their country.

It was owing to the ſame falſe ſenſibility, that he was ſo much chagrined in the family of Mr. *Selby.* The fond indulgence of the parents did,

perhaps, carry their attention to their children beyond the rules of propriety; but, had it not been for the finicalneſs of mind in Mr. *Fleetwood*, had he given the natural benevolence of his heart its play, he would have received a pleaſure from witneſſing the happineſs of two virtuous parents in their riſing offspring, that would have much overbalanced any uneaſineſs ariſing from the errors in their conduct.

Neither, but for this exceſſive refinement, would Mr. *Fleetwood* have been hurt by the behaviour of Mr. *Johnſon*. Though he might not have conſidered him as a man of taſte, he would, nevertheleſs, have regarded him as a good and inoffenſive man; and he would have received pleaſure from the reflection, that neither goodneſs nor happineſs are confined to thoſe minds, which are fitted for feeling and enjoying all the pleaſures of nature or of art.

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N° 11. TUESDAY, *March* 2, 1779.

SINCE the commencement of the late *levies*, I underſtand that not only *drill ſerjeants* have had daily acceſs to the lobbies and parlours of many decent and peaceable houſes in this

this metropolis, but that profeſſors of *the noble ſcience of defence* have been ſo conſtantly occupied in attending grown gentlemen, and ungrown officers, that their former ſcholars have found great difficulty in procuring maſters to puſh with them, and have frequently been obliged to have recourſe to the leſs edifying oppoſition of one another.

The purpoſe of the *ſerjeant*'s inſtructions, every lover of his country muſt approve. The laſt-mentioned art, that of *fencing*, I formerly took great delight in myſelf, and ſtill account one of the healthieſt of all houſe exerciſes; inſomuch that when I am in the country, where I make it a rule to ſpend a certain part of every day in exerciſe of ſome kind, I generally take up my *foil* in rainy mornings, and puſh with great ſucceſs againſt the figure of *Herod*, in a piece of old arras that was taken down from my grandmother's room, and is now paſted up on the wall of the laundry.

When thoſe two ſciences, however, go upon actual ſervice, they are to be conſidered in different lights. That of the *ſerjeant*, as it teaches a man to ſtand well on his legs, to carry his body firm, and to move it alertly, is much the ſame as the *fencingmaſter*'s; but in their laſt ſtage they depart ſomewhat from each other; the *ſerjeant* propoſes to qualify a man for encountering his enemy in battle, the other to fit

him for meeting his companion, or friend it may be, in a duel.

My readers will, I hope, give me credit for the MIRROR being always a very *polite* paper; I am not, therefore, at all disposed to bestow on a practice so gentleman-like as duelling, those severe reprehensions, equally trite and unjust, in which some of my predecessors have indulged themselves. During my residence abroad I was made perfectly acquainted with the arguments drawn in its favour, from the influence it has on the manners of the gentleman and the honour of the soldier. It is my intention only to point out those bounds within which the most punctilious valour may be contented to restrain itself; and in this I shall be the more guarded, as I mean the present paper principally for the use of the new-raised regiments above alluded to, whose honour I dearly prize, and would preserve as scrupulously inviolate as possible. I hold such an essay peculiarly proper at this juncture, when some of them are about to embark on long voyages, in which even good-natured people, being tacked together like man and wife, are somewhat apt to grow peevish and quarrelsome.

In the *first* place, I will make one general observation, that, at this busy time, when our country has need of men, lives are of more value to the community than at other periods. In time

time of peace, ſo many regiments are reduced, and the duties of an officer ſo eaſily performed, that if one fall, and another be hanged for killing him, there will ſpeedily be found two proper young men ready to mount guard, and ſhew a good leg on the parade, in their room. But, at preſent, from the great increaſe of the eſtabliſhment, there is rather a ſcarcity, in proportion to the demand, of men of military talents, and military figure, eſpecially when we conſider that the war is now to be carried on againſt ſo genteel a people as the *French*, to whom it will be neceſſary to ſhew officers of the moſt ſoldier-like appearance and addreſs.

This patriotic conſideration will tend to relax the *etiquette* formerly eſtabliſhed, for every officer to fight a duel within a few weeks of the date of his commiſſion, and that, too, without the purpoſe of reſenting any affront, or vindicating his honour from any aſperſion, but merely to ſhew that he could fight. Now, this practice, being unneceſſary at preſent, as preferment goes on briſkly enough by the fall of officers in the courſe of their duty, may very properly, and without diſparagement to the valour of the Britiſh army, be diſpenſed with; ſo, it is to be agreed and underſtood, that every officer in the new-raiſed regiments, whoſe commiſſion bears date on or poſterior to the 1ſt of January 1778,

is, *ipso facto*, to be held and deemed of unqueſtionable courage and immaculate honour.

As to the meaſure of affront which may juſtify *a challenge*, it is to be remembered, that the officers of the above-mentioned *corps* have been obliged, in levying their reſpective quotas, to engage in ſcenes of a very particular kind; at markets, fairs, country-weddings, and city-brawls, among a ſet of men and women not remarkable for delicacy of language, or politeneſs of behaviour. We are not, therefore, to wonder if the ſmooth enamel of the gentleman has received ſome little injury from the colliſion of ſuch coarſe materials; and a certain time may fairly be allowed for unlearning the blunt manners and rough phraſeology which an officer in ſuch ſituations was forced to aſſume. Therefore the identical words which, a campaign or two hence, are to be held expiable only by blood, may, at preſent, be done away by an *explanation;* and thoſe which an officer muſt then explain and account for at the peril of a challenge, are now to be conſidered as mere colloquial expletives, acquired by aſſociating with ſuch company as frequent the places above deſcribed.

As, notwithſtanding all theſe allowances, ſome duels may be expected to take place, it is proper to mention certain regulations for the conduct of the parties, in the conſtruction of which I have paid

paid infinitely more regard to their honour than to their ſafety.

In fighting with the *ſword*, a *blow*, or the *lie direct*, can ſcarcely be expiated but by a thruſt through the body; but any leſſer affront may be wiped off by a wound in the *ſword arm*; or, if the injury be very ſlight, any wound will be ſufficient. In all this, it is to be noted, that the receiving of ſuch wound by either party conſtitutes a reparation for the affront; as it is a rule of juſtice peculiar to the *code of duelling*, that the blood of the injured atones for the offence he has received, as well as that of the injurer for the offence he has given.

In affairs decided with *piſtols*, the diſtance is, in like manner, to be regulated by the nature of the injury. For thoſe of an atrocious ſort, a diſtance of only twenty feet, and piſtols of nine, nine and a half, or ten inch barrels, are requiſite; for ſlighter ones, the diſtance may be doubled, and a ſix or even five-inch barrel will ſerve. Regard, moreover, is to be had to the ſize of the perſon engaged; for every ſtone above eleven, the party of ſuch weight may, with perfect honour, retire three feet.

I read, ſome time ago, certain addreſſes to the *Jockey Club*, by two gentlemen who had been engaged in an affair of honour; from which it appeared, that one of them had ſyſtematized the art of duelling to a wonderful degree.

gree. Among other things, he had brought his aim with a piſtol to ſo much certainty, and made ſuch improvements on the weapon, that he could lay a hundred guineas to ten on hitting, at a conſiderable diſtance, any part of his adverſary's body. Theſe arts, however, I by no means approve: they reſemble, methinks, a *loaded die*, or a *packed deal;* and I am inclined to be of opinion, that a gentleman is no more obliged to fight againſt the firſt, than to play againſt the latter. They may, in the mildeſt conſtruction, be compared to the ſure play of a man who can take every ball at *billiards;* and therefore, if it ſhall be judged that an ordinary markſman muſt fight with the perſon poſſeſſed of them, he is, at leaſt, intitled to *odds*, and muſt be allowed three ſhots to one of his antagoniſt.

I have thus, with ſome labour, and I hope ſtrict honour, ſettled certain articles in the matter of *duelling*, for ſuch of my readers as may have occaſion for them. It is but candid, however, to own, that there have been, now and then, brilliant things done quite without the line of my directions, to wit, by not fighting at all. The Abbé ——, with whom I was diſputing at Paris on this ſubject, concluded his arguments againſt duelling with a ſtory, which, though I did not think it much to the purpoſe, was a tolerable ſtory notwithſtanding. I ſhall give it in the very words of the Abbé.

" A countryman of yours, a Captain *Douglas*, " was playing at *Trictrac* with a very intimate " friend, here in this very coffee-houſe, amidſt " a circle of French officers who were looking " on. Some diſpute ariſing about a caſt of the " dice, *Douglas* ſaid, in a gay thoughtleſs man- " ner, " Oh! what a ſtory!" A murmur aroſe " among the by-ſtanders; and his antagoniſt " feeling the affront, as if the *lie* had been given " him, in the violence of his paſſion, ſnatched " up the tables, and hit *Douglas* a blow on the " head. The inſtant he had done it, the idea " of his imprudence, and its probable conſe- " quences to himſelf and his friend, ruſhed upon " his mind: he ſat, ſtupified with ſhame and " remorſe, his eyes rivetted on the ground, re- " gardleſs of what the other's reſentment might " prompt him to act. *Douglas*, after a ſhort " pauſe, turned round to the ſpectators: " You " think," ſaid he, " that I am now ready to " cut the throat of that unfortunate young man; " but I know that, at this moment, he feels " anguiſh a thouſand times more keen than any " my ſword could inflict.—I will embrace him— " thus—and try to reconcile him to himſelf;— " but I will cut the throat of that man among " you who ſhall dare to breathe a ſyllable againſt " my honour." " Bravo! Bravo!" cried an " old *Chevalier de St. Louis*, who ſtood imme- " diately behind him.—The ſentiment of France

" overcame

" overcame its habit, and Bravo! Bravo! echoed " from every corner of the room. Who would " not have cried Bravo! Would not you, " Sir?" " Doubtleſs." " On other occaſions, " then, be governed by the ſame principle." " Why, to be ſure, it were often better not " to fight—if one had but the *courage* not to " fight."

I

N° 12. SATURDAY, *March* 6, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a plain country-gentleman, with a ſmall fortune and a large family. My boys, all except the youngeſt, I have contrived to ſet out into the world in tolerably promiſing ſituations. My two eldeſt girls are married; one to a clergyman, with a very comfortable living, and a reſpectable character; the other to a neighbour of my own, who farms moſt of his own eſtate, and is ſuppoſed to know country-buſineſs as well as any man in this part of the kingdom. I have four

four other girls at home, whom I wiſh to make fit wives for men of equal rank with their brothers-in-law.

About three months ago, a great lady in our neighbourhood (at leaſt as neighbourhood is reckoned in our quarter) happened to meet the two eldeſt of my unmarried daughters at the houſe of a gentleman, a diſtant relation of mine, and, as well as myſelf, a freeholder in our county. The girls are tolerably handſome, and I have endeavoured to make them underſtand the common rules of good-breeding. My Lady ——— ran out to my kinſman, who happens to have no children of his own, in praiſe of their beauty and politeneſs, and, at parting, gave them a moſt preſſing invitation to come and ſpend a week with her during the approaching Chriſtmas holidays. On my daughters' return from their kinſman's, I was not altogether pleaſed at hearing of this invitation; nor was I more ſatisfied with the very frequent quotations of my Lady ———'s ſayings and ſentiments, and the deſcriptions of the beauty of her complexion, the elegance of her dreſs, and the grandeur of her equipage. I oppoſed, therefore, their deſign of paying this Chriſtmas viſit pretty warmly. Upon this, the honour done them by the invitation, the advantages to be derived from an acquaintance with the great Lady, and the benefit that might accrue to my family from the influence

of

of her Lord, were immediately rung in my ears, not only by my daughters, but alſo by their mother, whom they had already gained over to their ſide; and I muſt own to you, Mr. MIRROR, though I would not have you think me hen-peck'd, that my wife, ſomehow or other, contrives to carry moſt points in our family; ſo my oppoſition was over-ruled; and to ——— the girls went; but not before they had made a journey to the metropolis of our country, and brought back a portmanteau full of neceſſaries, to qualify them for appearing decently, as my wife ſaid, in the company they ſhould meet there.

In about a month, for their viſit was drawn out to that length, my daughters returned. But had you ſeen, Mr. MIRROR, what an alteration that month had made on them! Inſtead of the roſy complexions, and ſparkling eyes, they had carried with them, they brought back cheeks as white as a curd, and eyes as dead as the beads in the face of a baby.

I could not help expreſſing my ſurprize at the ſight; but the younger of the two ladies immediately cut me ſhort, by telling me that their complexion was the only one worn at ———.

And no wonder, Sir, it ſhould, from the deſcription which my daughter ſometimes gives us of the life people lead there. Inſtead of riſing

at

at ſeven, breakfaſting at nine, dining at three, ſupping at eight, and getting to bed by ten, as was their cuſtom at home, my girls lay till twelve, breakfaſted at one, dined at ſix, ſupped at eleven, and were never in bed till three in the morning. Their ſhapes had undergone as much alteration as their faces. From their boſoms (*necks* they called them), which were ſqueezed up to their throats, their waiſt tapered down to a very extraordinary ſmallneſs; they reſembled the upper half of an *hour-glaſs*. At this, alſo, I marvelled; but it was the only ſhape worn at ———. Next day, at dinner, after a long morning preparation, they appeared with heads of ſuch a ſize, that my little parlour was not of height enough to let them ſtand upright in it. This was the moſt ſtriking metamorphoſis of all. Their mother ſtared; I ejaculated; my other children burſt out a laughing; the anſwer was the ſame as before; it was the only head worn at ———.

Nor is their behaviour leſs changed than their garb. Inſtead of joining in the good-humoured cheerfulneſs we uſed to have among us before, my two *fine* young ladies check every approach to mirth, by calling it *vulgar*. One of them chid their brother the other day for laughing, and told him it was monſtrouſly ill-bred. In the evenings, when we were wont, if we had nothing elſe to do, to fall to *Blindman's-buff*, or *Croſs-*

Croſs-purpoſes, or ſometimes to play at *Loo* for cherry-ſtones, theſe two get a pack of cards to themſelves, and ſit down to play for any little money their viſit has left them, at a game none of us know any thing about. It ſeems, indeed, the dulleſt of all amuſements, as it conſiſts in merely turning up the faces of the cards, and repeating their names from an *ace* upwards, as if the players were learning to ſpeak, and had got only thirteen words in their vocabulary. But of this, and every other cuſtom at ———, nobody is allowed to judge but themſelves. They have got a parcel of phraſes, which they utter on all occaſions as deciſive, *French*, I believe, though I can ſcarce find any of them in the Dictionary, and am unable to put them upon paper; but all of them mean ſomething extremely faſhionable, and are conſtantly ſupported by the authority of my Lady, or the Counteſs, his Lordſhip, or Sir John.

As they have learned many foreign, ſo have they unlearned ſome of the moſt common and beſt underſtood home phraſes. When one of my neighbours was lamenting the extravagance and diſſipation of a young kinſman who had ſpent his fortune, and loſt his health in London, and at Newmarket, they called it *life*, and ſaid it ſhowed ſpirit in the young man. After the ſame rule they lately declared, that a gentleman could not *live* on leſs than 1000*l.* a year, and called the

the account which their mantua-maker and milliner ſent me, for the fineries purchaſed for their viſit at ———, a *trifle*, though it amounted to 59*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* exactly a fourth part of the clear income of my eſtate.

All this, Mr. MIRROR, I look upon as a ſort of peſtilential diſorder, with which my poor daughters have been infected in the courſe of this unfortunate viſit. This conſideration has induced me to treat them hitherto with lenity and indulgence, and try to effect their cure by mild methods, which indeed ſuit my temper (naturally of a pliant kind, as every body, except my wife, ſays) better than harſh ones. Yet I confeſs, I could not help being in a paſſion t'other day, when the diſorder ſhewed ſymptoms of a more ſerious kind. Would you believe it, Sir, my daughter *Elizabeth* (ſince her viſit ſhe is offended if we call her *Betty*) ſaid it was *fanatical* to find fault with card-playing on Sunday; and her ſiſter *Sophia* gravely aſked my ſon-in-law, the clergyman, if he had not ſome doubts of the ſoul's immortality.

As certain great cities, I have heard, are never free from the *plague*, and at laſt come to look upon it as nothing terrible or extraordinary; ſo, I ſuppoſe, in London, or even your town, Sir, this diſeaſe always prevails, and is but little dreaded. But, in the country, it will be productive of melancholy effects indeed; if ſuffered

to ſpread there, it will not only embitter our lives, and ſpoil our domeſtic happineſs, as at preſent it does mine, but, in its moſt violent ſtages, will bring our eſtates to market, our daughters to ruin, and our ſons to the gallows. Be ſo humane, therefore, Mr. MIRROR, as to ſuggeſt ſome expedient for keeping it confined within thoſe limits in which it rages at preſent. If no public regulation can be contrived for that purpoſe (though I cannot help thinking this diſeaſe of the great people merits the attention of government, as much as the diſtemper among the *horned cattle*), try, at leaſt, the effects of private admonition, to prevent the ſound from approaching the infected; let all *little men* like myſelf, and every member of their families, be cautious of holding intercourſe with the perſons or families of *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Lords*, *Nabobs*, or *Contractors*, till they have good reaſon to believe that ſuch perſons and their houſeholds are in a ſane and healthy ſtate, and in no danger of communicating this dreadful diſorder. And, if it has left ſuch great and noble perſons any feelings of compaſſion, pray put them in mind of that well-known fable of the *boys* and the *frogs*, which they muſt have learned at ſchool. Tell them, Sir, that, though the making fools of their poor neighbours may ſerve them for a Chriſtmas gambol, it is matter of ſerious wretchedneſs to thoſe poor neighbours in the after-

part

part of their lives: *It is ſport to them, but death to us.*

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Z

N° 13. TUESDAY, *March* 9, 1779.

THE antiquity of the poems aſcribed to *Oſſian*, the ſon of *Fingal*, has been the ſubject of much diſpute. The refined magnanimity and generoſity of the heroes, and the tenderneſs and delicacy of ſentiment, with regard to women, ſo conſpicuous in thoſe poems, are circumſtances very difficult to reconcile with the rude and uncultivated age in which the poet is ſuppoſed to have lived. On the other hand, the intrinſic characters of antiquity which the poems bear; that ſimple ſtate of ſociety the poet paints; the narrow circle of objects and tranſactions he deſcribes; his conciſe, abrupt, and figurative ſtyle; the abſence of all abſtract ideas, and of all modern alluſions, render it difficult to aſſign any other æra for their production than the age of Fingal. In ſhort, there are difficulties on

both ſides; and, if that remarkable refinement of manners ſeem inconſiſtent with our notions of an unimproved age, the marks of antiquity with which the poems are ſtamped, make it very hard to ſuppoſe them a modern compoſition. It is not, however, my intention to examine the merits of this controverſy, much leſs to hazard any judgment of my own. All I propoſe is, to ſuggeſt one conſideration on the ſubject, which, as far as I can recollect, has hitherto eſcaped the partizans of either ſide.

The elegant author of the *Critical Diſſertation on the Poems of Oſſian*, has very properly obviated the objections made to the uniformity of Oſſian's imagery, and the too frequent repetition of the ſame compariſons. He has ſhewn, that this objection proceeds from a careleſs and inattentive peruſal of the poems; for, although the range of the poet's objects was not wide, and conſequently the ſame object does often return, yet its appearance is changed; the image is new; it is preſented to the fancy in another attitude, and clothed with different circumſtances, to make it ſuit the illuſtration for which it is employed. "In this," continues he, "lies "Oſſian's great *art*;" and he illuſtrates his remark by taking the inſtances of the *moon* and of *miſt*, two of the principal ſubjects of the bard's images and alluſions.

I agree

I agree with this critic in his obſervations, though I think he has rather erred in aſcribing to *art* in Oſſian, that wonderful diverſification of the narrow circle of objects with which he was acquainted. It was not by any efforts of art or contrivance that Oſſian preſented the rude objects of nature under ſo many different aſpects. He wrote from a full heart, from a rich and glowing imagination. He did not ſeek for, and invent images; he copied nature, and painted objects as they ſtruck and kindled his fancy. He had nothing within the range of his view, but the great features of ſimple nature. The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, the deſert heath, the winding ſtream, the green hill with all its roes, and the rock with its robe of miſt, were the objects amidſt which Oſſian lived. Contemplating theſe, under every variety of appearance they could aſſume, no wonder that his warm and impaſſioned genius found in them a field fruitful of the moſt lofty and ſublime imagery.

Thus the very circumſtance of his having ſuch a circumſcribed range of inanimate objects to attract his attention and exerciſe his imagination, was the natural and neceſſary cauſe of Oſſian's being able to view and to deſcribe them, under ſuch a variety of great and beautiful appearances. And may we not proceed farther, and affirm, that ſo rich a diverſification of the few appearances of ſimple nature, could hardly have oc-

curred to the imagination of a poet living in any other than the rude and early age in which the ſon of Fingal appeared?

In refined and poliſhed ſociety, where the works of art abound, the endleſs variety of objects that preſent themſelves, diſtract and diſſipate the attention. The mind is perpetually hurried from one object to another; and no time is left to dwell upon the ſublime and ſimple appearances of nature. A poet, in ſuch an age, has a wide and diverſified circle of objects on which to exerciſe his imagination. He has a large and diffuſed ſtock of materials from which to draw images to embelliſh his work; and he does not always reſort for his imagery to the diverſified appearance of the objects of rude nature; he does not avoid thoſe becauſe his taſte rejects them; but he uſes them ſeldom, becauſe they ſeldom recur to his imagination.

To ſeize theſe images, belongs only to the poet of an early and ſimple age, where the undivided attention has leiſure to brood over the few, but ſublime objects which ſurround him. The *ſea* and the *heath*, the *rock* and the *torrent*, the *clouds* and *meteors*, the *thunder* and *lightning*, the *ſun* and *moon*, and *ſtars*, are, as it were, the companions with which his imagination holds converſe. He perſonifies and addreſſes them: every aſpect they can aſſume is impreſſed upon his mind: he contemplates and traces them through

through all the endleſs varieties of ſeaſons; and they are the perpetual ſubjects of his images and alluſions. He has, indeed, only a few objects around him; but, for that very reaſon, he forms a more intimate acquaintance with their every feature, and ſhade, and attitude.

From this circumſtance, it would ſeem, that the poetical productions of widely-diſtant periods of ſociety muſt ever bear ſtrong marks of the age which gave them birth; and that it is not poſſible for a poetical genius of the one age, to counterfeit and imitate the productions of the other. To the poet of a ſimple age, the varied objects which preſent themſelves in cultivated ſociety are unknown. To the poet of a refined age, the idea of imitating the productions of rude times might, perhaps, occur; but the execution would certainly be difficult, perhaps impracticable. To catch ſome few tranſient aſpects of any of the great appearances of nature, may be within the reach of the genius of any age; but to perceive, and feel, and paint, all the ſhades of a few ſimple objects, and to make them correſpond with a great diverſity of ſubjects, the poet muſt dwell amidſt them, and have them ever preſent to his mind.

The excellent critic, whom I have already mentioned, has ſelected the inſtances of the *moon* and of *miſt*, to ſhew how much Oſſian has diverſified the appearance of the few objects

with which he was encircled. I ſhall now conclude this paper with ſelecting a *third*, that of the *Sun*, which, I think, the bard has preſented in ſuch a variety of aſpects, as could have occurred to the imagination in no other than the early and unimproved age in which Oſſian is ſuppoſed to have lived.

The vanquiſhed *Frothal*, ſtruck with the generous magnanimity of Fingal, addreſſes him: "Terrible art thou, O king of Morven, in "battles of the ſpears; but, in peace, thou art "like the ſun, when he looks through a ſilent "ſhower; the flowers lift their fair heads before "him, and the gales ſhake their ruſtling wings." Of the generous open *Cathmor*, expoſed to the dark and gloomy *Cairba*, it is ſaid: "His face "was like the plain of the ſun, when it is "bright: no darkneſs travelled over his brow." Of *Nathos:* "The ſoul of Nathos was ge-"nerous and mild, like the hour of the ſetting "ſun." Of young *Connal*, coming to ſeek the honour of the ſpear: "The youth was lovely, "as the firſt beam of the ſun."——"O! Fithil's "ſon," ſays Cuchullin, "with feet of wind, "fly over the heath of Lena. Tell to Fingal, "that Erin is enthrall'd, and bid the king of "Morven haſten. O! let him come like the "ſun in a ſtorm, when he ſhines on the hills "of graſs."

Nathos,

Nathos, anxious for the fate of Darthula: "The ſoul of Nathos was ſad, like the ſun in "the day of miſt, when his face is watry and "dim."——*Oſcar*, ſurrounded with foes, foreſeeing the fall of his race, and yet at times gathering hope: "At times, he was thoughtful and "dark, like the ſun when he carries a cloud on "his face; but he looks afterward on the hills "of Cona."——Before *Boſmina* ſent to offer them the peace of heroes: "The hoſt of Erra-"gon brightened in her preſence, as a rock be-"fore the ſudden beams of the ſun, when they "iſſue from a broken cloud, divided by the "roaring wind." The remembrance of battles paſt, and the return of peace, is compared to the ſun returning after a ſtorm: "Hear the bat-"tle of Lora! the ſound of its ſteel is long ſince "paſt; ſo thunder on the darkened hill roars, "and is no more; the ſun returns with his "ſilent beams; the glittering rocks, and green "heads of the mountains, ſmile."

Fingal in his ſtrength darkening in the preſence of war: "His arm ſtretches to the foe "like the beam of the ſickly ſun, when his "ſide is cruſhed with darkneſs, and he rolls "his diſmal courſe throughout the ſky." A young hero exulting in his ſtrength, and ruſhing towards his foes, exclaims, "My beating ſoul "is high! My fame is bright before me, like "the ſtreak of light on a cloud when the broad

"ſun

" ſun comes forth, red traveller of the ſky!" On another occaſion, ſays a hero, " I have met " the battle in my youth. My arm could not " lift the ſpear when firſt the danger roſe; but " my ſoul brightened before the war as the " green narrow vale, when the ſun pours his " ſtreamy beams, before he hides his head in a " ſtorm!"

But it would exceed the proper bounds of this paper, were I to bring together all the paſſages which might illuſtrate my remarks. Without, therefore, quoting the beautiful addreſs to the Sun, which finiſhes the ſecond book of *Temora*, or that at the beginning of *Carricthura*, I ſhall conclude with laying before my readers that ſublime paſſage at the end of *Carthon*, where the aged bard, thrown into melancholy by the remembrance of that hero, thus pours himſelf forth:

—" I feel the ſun, O Malvina! leave me to " my reſt. The beam of Heaven delights to " ſhine on the grave of Carthon; I feel it warm " around.

—" O thou that rolleſt above, round as " the ſhield of my fathers! whence are thy " beams, O Sun? thy everlaſting light! Thou " comeſt forth in thy awful beauty, and the " ſtars hide themſelves in the ſky: The moon, " cold and pale, ſinks in the weſtern wave, but " thou thyſelf moveſt alone: who can be a " a com-

" a companion of thy courſe? The oaks of the " mountain fall; the mountains themſelves de- " cay with years; the ocean ſhrinks, and grows " again; the moon herſelf is loſt in Heaven; " but thou art for ever the ſame, rejoicing in the " brightneſs of thy courſe. When the world " is dark with tempeſt; when thunder rolls, " and lightning flies, thou lookeſt in thy beauty " from the clouds, and laugheſt at the ſtorm. " But to Oſſian thou lookeſt in vain; for he " beholds thy beams no more; whether thy " yellow hair flows on the eaſtern clouds, or thou " trembleſt at the gates of the weſt. But thou " art, perhaps like me, for a ſeaſon, and thy " years will have an end. Thou ſhalt ſleep in " thy clouds, careleſs of the voice of the morn- " ing. Exult then, O Sun, in the ſtrength of " thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is " like the glimmering light of the moon when " it ſhines through broken clouds; the blaſt of " the north is on the plain, and the traveller " ſhrinks in the midſt of his journey."

N° 14. SATURDAY, *March* 13, 1779.

———Inertibus horis
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ. HOR.

THERE are ſome weakneſſes, which, as they do not ſtrike us with the malignity of crimes, and produce their effects by imperceptible progreſs, we are apt to conſider as venial, and make very little ſcruple of indulging. But the habit, which apologizes for theſe, is a miſchief of their own creation, which it behoves us early to reſiſt. We give way to it at firſt, becauſe it may be conquered at any time; and, at laſt, excuſe ourſelves from the conteſt, becauſe it has grown too ſtrong to be overcome.

Of this nature is *indolence*, a failing, I had almoſt ſaid a vice, of all others the leaſt alarming, yet, perhaps, the moſt fatal. Diſſipation and intemperance are often the tranſient effects of youthful heat, which time allays, and experience overcomes; but indolence "grows with "our growth, and ſtrengthens with our ſtrength," till it has weakened every exertion of public and private duty; yet ſo ſeducing, that its evils are unfelt, and its errors unrepented of.

It is a circumſtance of peculiar regret, that this ſhould often be the propenſity of delicate and

and amiable minds. Men unfeeling and unſuſceptible, commonly beat the beaten track with activity and reſolution; the occupations they purſue, and the enjoyments they feel, ſeldom much diſappoint the expectations they have formed; but perſons endowed with that nice perception of pleaſure and pain which is annexed to ſenſibility, feel ſo much undeſcribable uneaſineſs in their purſuits, and frequently ſo little ſatisfaction in their attainments, that they are too often induced to ſit ſtill, without attempting the one or deſiring the other.

The complaints which ſuch perſons make of their want of that ſucceſs which attends men of inferior abilities, are as unjuſt as unavailing. It is from the uſe, not the poſſeſſion, of talents, that we get on in life: the exertion of very moderate parts outweighs the indeciſion of the brighteſt. Men poſſeſſed of the firſt, do things tolerably, and are ſatisfied; of the laſt, forbear doing things well, becauſe they have ideas beyond them.

When I firſt reſolved to publiſh this paper, I applied to ſeveral literary friends for their aid in carrying it on. From one gentleman in London, I had, in particular, very ſanguine expectations of aſſiſtance. His genius and abilities I had early opportunities of knowing, and he is now in a ſituation moſt favourable to ſuch productions, as he lives amidſt the great and the buſy world, without being much occupied either

by

by ambition or buſineſs. His compoſitions at college, when I firſt became acquainted with him, were remarkable for elegance and ingenuity; and, as I knew he ſtill ſpent much of his time in reading the beſt writers, ancient and modern, I made no doubt of his having attained ſuch farther improvement of ſtyle, and extenſion of knowledge, as would render him a very valuable contributor to the MIRROR.

A few days ago, more than four months after I had ſent him my letter, I received the following anſwer to it.

London, 1ſt March, 1779.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM aſhamed to look on the date of this letter, and to recollect that of yours. I will not, however, add the ſin of hypocriſy to my other failings, by informing you, as is often done in ſuch caſes, that hurry of buſineſs, or want of health, has prevented me from anſwering your letter. I will frankly confeſs, that I have had abundance of leiſure, and been perfectly well ſince I received it; I can add, though, perhaps, you may not ſo eaſily believe me, that I have had as much inclination as opportunity; but the truth is (you know my weakneſs that way), I have wiſhed, reſolved, and re-reſolved

to write, as I do by many other things, without the power of accompliſhing it. That diſeaſe of indolence, which you and my other companions uſed to laugh at, grows ſtronger and ſtronger upon me; my ſymptoms, indeed, are mortal; for I begin now to loſe the power of ſtruggling againſt the malady, ſometimes to ſhut my ears againſt ſelf-admonition, and admit of it as a lawful indulgence.

Your letter, acquainting me of the deſign of publiſhing a periodical paper, and aſking my aſſiſtance in carrying it on, found me in one of the paroxyſms of my diſorder. The fit ſeemed to give way to the call of friendſhip. I got up from my eaſy chair, walked two or three turns through the room, read your letter again, looked at the Spectators, which ſtood, neatly bound and gilt, in the front of my book-preſs, called for pen, ink, and paper, and ſat down, in the fervour of imagination, ready to combat vice, to encourage virtue, to form the manners, and to regulate the taſte of millions of my fellow-ſubjects. A field fruitful and unbounded lay before me; I began to ſpeculate on the prevailing vices and reigning follies of the times, the thouſand topics which might ariſe for declamation, ſatire, ridicule, and humour; the picture of manners, the ſhades of character, the delicacies of ſentiment. I was bewildered amidſt this multitude and variety of ſubjects, and ſat dreaming

dreaming over the redundancy of matter and the eaſe of writing, till the morning was ſpent, and my ſervant announced dinner.

I aroſe, ſatisfied with having thought much, and laid in ſtore for writing much on ſubjects proper for your paper. I dined, if you will allow me the expreſſion, in company with thoſe thoughts, and drank half a bottle of wine after dinner to our better acquaintance. When my man took away, I returned to my ſtudy, ſat down at my writing-table, folded my paper into proper margins, wrote the word *Mirror* a-top, and filling my pen again, drew up the curtain, and prepared to delineate the ſcene before me. But I found things not quite in the ſituation I had left them; the groupes were more confuſed, the figures leſs ſtriking, the colours leſs vivid, than I had ſeen them before dinner. I continued, however, to look on them—I know not how long; for I was waked from a very ſound nap, at half an hour paſt ſix, by *Peter* aſking me, if I choſe to drink coffee.

I was aſhamed and vexed at the ſituation in which he found me. I drank my firſt diſh rather out of humour with myſelf; but, during the ſecond, I began to account for it from natural cauſes; and, before the third was finiſhed, had reſolved that ſtudy was improper after *repletion*, and concluded the evening with the adventures

of

of one of the *three Callendars*, out of *the Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

For all this arrear, I drew, reſolutely, on to-morrow, and after breakfaſt prepared myſelf accordingly. I had actually gone ſo far as to write three introductory ſentences, all of which I burnt, and was juſt blacking the letter *T* for the beginning of a fourth, when Peter opened the door, and announced a gentleman, an old acquaintance, whom I had not ſeen for a conſiderable time. After he had ſat with me for more than an hour, he roſe to go away; I pulled out my watch, and I will fairly own I was not ſorry to find it within a few minutes of one: ſo I gave up the morning for loſt, and invited myſelf to accompany my friend in ſome viſits he propoſed making. Our tour concluded in a dinner at a tavern, whence we repaired to the play, and did not part till midnight. I went to bed without much ſelf-reproach, by conſidering, that intercourſe with the world fits a man for reforming it.

I need not go through every day of the ſubſequent month, during which I remained in town, though there ſeldom paſſed one that did not remind me of what I owed to your friendſhip. It is enough to tell you, that, during the firſt fortnight, I always found ſome apology for delaying the execution of my purpoſe; and, during the laſt, contented myſelf with the proſ-

pect of the leiſure I ſhould ſoon enjoy in the country, to which I was invited by a relation to ſpend ſome time with him previous to his coming to town for the winter. I arrived at his houſe about the middle of December. I looked on his fields, his walks, and his woods, which the extreme mildneſs of the ſeaſon had ſtill left in the garb of *Thomſon*'s philoſophic melancholy, as ſcenes full of inſpiration, in which Genius might try her wings, and Wiſdom meditate, without interruption. But I am obliged to own, that, though I have walked there many a time; though my fancy was warmed with the ſcene, and ſhot out into a thouſand excurſions over the regions of romance, of melancholy, of ſentiment, of humour, of criticiſm, and of ſcience, ſhe returned, like the firſt meſſenger of *Noah*, without having found a reſting-place; and I have, at laſt, ſtrolled back to the houſe, where I ſat liſtleſs in my chamber, with the irkſome conſciouſneſs of ſome unperformed reſolution, from which I was glad to be relieved by a ſummons to billiards, or a call to dinner.

Thus have I returned to town, as unprofitable in the moments of ſolitude and retirement, as in thoſe of buſineſs or ſociety. Do not ſmile at the word *buſineſs;* what would be idleneſs to you, is to me very ſerious employment; beſides, you know very well, that to be idle, is often to be leaſt at leiſure. I am now almoſt hardy enough

to

to lay aſide altogether my reſolution of writing in your paper; but I find that reſolution a ſort of bond againſt me, till you are good enough to cancel it, by ſaying, you do not expect me to write. I have made a more than ordinary effort to give you this ſincere account of my attempts to aſſiſt you. I have at leaſt the conſolation of thinking that you will not need my aſſiſtance. Believe me, with all my failings,

Moſt ſincerely and affectionately yours,

P. S. I have juſt now learned by accident, that my nephew, a lad of fifteen, who is come to town from *Harrow* ſchool, and lives at preſent with me, having ſeen one of your Numbers about a week ago, has already written, and intends tranſmitting you, a political eſſay, ſigned *Ariſtides*, a paſtoral ſubſcribed X. Y. and an acroſtic on Miſs E. M. without a ſignature.

V

N° 15. TUESDAY, *March* 16, 1779.

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant. HOR.

HOWEVER widely the thinking part of mankind may have differed as to the proper mode of conducting education, they have always

been unanimous in their opinion of its importance. The outward effects of it are obſerved by the moſt inattentive. They know, that the *clown* and the *dancing-maſter* are the ſame from the hand of nature; and, although a little farther reflection is requiſite to perceive the effects of culture on the internal ſenſes, it cannot be diſputed that the mind, like the body, when arrived at firmneſs and maturity, retains the impreſſions it received in a more pliant and tender age.

The greateſt part of mankind, born to labour for their ſubſiſtence, are fixed in habits of induſtry by the iron hand of neceſſity. They have little time or opportunity for the cultivation of the underſtanding; the errors and immoralities in their conduct, that flow from the want of thoſe ſentiments which education is intended to produce, will, on that account, meet with indulgence from every benevolent mind. But thoſe who are placed in a conſpicuous ſtation, whoſe vices become more complicated and deſtructive, by the abuſe of knowledge, and the miſapplication of improved talents, have no title to the ſame indulgence. Their guilt is heightened by the rank and fortune which protect them from puniſhment, and which, in ſome degree, preſerve them from that infamy their conduct has merited.

I hold

I hold it, then, uncontrovertible, that the higher the rank, the more urgent is the neceſſity for ſtoring the mind with the principles, and directing the paſſions to the practice, of public and private virtue. Perhaps it might not be impoſſible to form plans of education, to lay down rules, and contrive inſtitutions, for the inſtruction of youth of all ranks, that would have a general influence upon manners. But this is an attempt too arduous for a private hand; it can be expected only from the great council of the nation, when they ſhall be pleaſed to apply their experienced wiſdom and penetration to ſo material an object, which, in ſome future period, may be found not leſs deſerving their attention than thoſe important debates in which they are frequently engaged, which they conduct with an elegance, a decorum, and a public ſpirit, becoming the incorrupted, diſintereſted, virtuous repreſentatives of a great and flouriſhing people.

While in expectation of this, perhaps diſtant, æra, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my readers to ſuggeſt ſome hints that may be uſeful in the education of the gentleman, to try if it be not poſſible to form an alliance between the virtues and the graces, the man and the citizen, and produce a being leſs diſhonourable to the ſpecies than the courtier of Lord *Cheſterfield*, and more uſeful to ſociety than the ſavage of *Rouſſeau*.

The ſagacious *Locke*, toward the end of the laſt century, gave to the Public ſome thoughts on education, the general merit of which leaves room to regret that he did not find time, as he ſeemed once to have intended, to reviſe what he had written, and give a complete treatiſe on the ſubject. But, with all the veneration I feel for that great man, and all the reſpect that is due to him, I cannot help being of opinion, that ſome of his obſervations have laid the foundation of that defective ſyſtem of education, the fatal conſequences of which are ſo well deſcribed by my Correſpondent in the Letter publiſhed in my Fourth Number. Mr. *Locke*, ſenſible of the labyrinth with which the pedantry of the learned had ſurrounded all the avenues to ſcience, ſucceſsfully employed the ſtrength of his genius to trace knowledge to her ſource, and point out the direct road to ſucceeding generations. Diſguſted with the ſchoolmen, he, from a prejudice to which even great minds are liable, ſeems to have contracted a diſlike to every thing they taught, and even to the languages in which they wrote. He ſcruples not to ſpeak of *grammar* as unneceſſary to the perfect knowledge either of the dead or living languages, and to affirm, that a part of the years thrown away in the ſtudy of *Greek* and *Latin*, would be better employed in learning the trades of *gardeners* and *turners;* as if it were a fitter and more uſeful recreation

for a gentleman to plant potatoes, and to make chefs-boards and fnuff-boxes, than to ftudy the beauties of *Cicero* and *Homer*.

It will be allowed by all, that the great purpofe of education is to form the man and the citizen, that he may be virtuous, happy in himfelf, and ufeful to fociety. To attain this end, his education fhould begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrive at firmnefs and maturity of mind, as well as of body. Sincerity, truth, juftice, and humanity, are to be cultivated from the firft dawnings of memory and obfervation. As the powers of thefe increafe, the genius and difpofition unfold themfelves; it then becomes neceffary to check, in the bud, every propenfity to folly or to vice; to root out every mean, felfifh, and ungenerous fentiment; to warm and animate the heart in the purfuit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto difcovered no furer method of giving right impreffions to young minds, than by frequently exhibiting to them thofe bright examples which hiftory affords, and, by that means, infpiring them with thofe fentiments of public and private virtue which breathe in the writings of the fages of antiquity.

In this view, I have ever confidered the acquifition of the dead languages as a moft important branch in the education of a gentleman. Not to mention that the flownefs with which he

acquires them, prevents his memory from being loaded with facts faſter than his growing reaſon can compare and diſtinguiſh, he becomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of ancient times; he admires their juſtice, temperance, fortitude, and public ſpirit, and burns with a deſire to imitate them. The impreſſions theſe have made, and the reſtraints to which he has been accuſtomed, ſerve as a check to the many tumultuous paſſions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to controul. Every victory he obtains over himſelf ſerves as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes ſenſible of his weakneſs, which, at the ſame time that it teaches him moderation, and forgiveneſs to others, ſhows the neceſſity of keeping a ſtricter watch over his own actions. During theſe combats, his reaſoning faculties expand, his judgment ſtrengthens, and, while he becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himſelf in the practice of virtue.

A man thus educated, enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accuſtomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the ſtrength of virtue, and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their ſource, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himſelf of the wiſdom and experience of paſt ages.

Very

Very different is the modern plan of education followed by many, especially with the children of persons in superior rank. They are introduced into the world almost from their very infancy. In place of having their minds stored with the bright examples of antiquity, or those of modern times, the first knowledge they acquire is of the vices with which they are surrounded; and they learn what mankind are, without ever knowing what they ought to be. Possessed of no sentiment of virtue, of no social affection, they indulge, to the utmost of their ability, the gratification of every selfish appetite, without any other restraint than what self-interest dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the season of virtue; they have contracted the cold indifference and all the vices of age, long before they arrive at manhood. If they attain to the great offices of the state, they become ministers as void of knowledge as of principle; equally regardless of the national honour as of their own, their system of government (if it can be called a system) looks not beyond the present moment, and any apparent exertions for the public good, are meant only as props to support themselves in office. In the field, at the head of armies, indifferent as to the fate of their fellow-soldiers, or of their country, they make their power the minister of their pleasures. If the wisdom of their sovereign should, happily for

for himself and his country, shut them out from his councils, should they be confined to a private station, finding no entertainment in their own breasts, as void of friends as incapable of friendship, they sink reflection in a life of dissipation.

If the probable consequences of those different modes of education be such as I have mentioned, there can be little doubt to which the preference belongs, even though that which is preferred should be less conducive than its opposite to those elegant accomplishments which decorate society. But, upon examination, I believe even this objection will vanish; for, although I willingly admit, that a certain degree of pedantry is inseparable from the learning of the divine, the physician, or the lawyer, which a late commerce with the world is unable to wear off, yet learning is, in no respect, inconsistent, either with that graceful ease and elegance of address peculiar to men of fashion, or with what, in modern phrase, is called knowledge of the world. The man of superior accomplishments will, indeed, be indifferent about many things which are the chief objects of attention to the modern fine gentleman. To conform to all the minute changes of the mode, to be admired for the gaudiness of his equipage, to boast of his success in intrigue, or publish favours he never received,

ceived, will to him appear frivolous and dishonourable.

As many of the bad effects of the present system of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I shall conclude this paper, by reminding those parents and guardians who are so anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the finest gentlemen, the brightest geniuses, the most useful and best informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himself qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-six, and continued his studies, for some years after, under the eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

H

N° 16. SATURDAY, *March* 20, 1779.

O prima vera, gioventù de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori;
Tu torni ben, ma teco
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati dì delle mie gioie. GUARINI.

THE effects of the return of *Spring* have been frequently remarked, as well in relation to the human mind, as to the animal and vegetable

table world. The reviving power of this ſeaſon has been traced from the fields to the herds that inhabit them, and from the lower claſſes of beings up to man. Gladneſs and joy are deſcribed as prevailing through univerſal nature, animating the low of the cattle, the carrol of the birds, and the pipe of the ſhepherd.

I know not if it be from a ſingular, or a cenſurable diſpoſition, that I have often felt in my own mind ſomething very different from this gaiety, ſuppoſed to be the inſeparable attendant of the vernal ſcene. Amidſt the returning verdure of the earth, the mildneſs of the air, and the ſerenity of the ſky, I have found a ſtill and quiet melancholy take poſſeſſion of my ſoul, which the beauty of the landſcape, and the melody of the birds, rather ſoothed than overcame.

Perhaps ſome reaſon may be given why this ſort of feeling ſhould prevail over the mind, in thoſe moments of deeper penſiveneſs to which every thinking mind is liable, more at this time of the year than at any other. Spring, as the renewal of verdure and of vegetation, becomes naturally the ſeaſon of remembrance. We are ſurrounded with objects new only in their revival, but which we acknowledge as our acquaintance in the years that are paſt. Winter, which ſtopped the progreſſion of nature, removed them from us for a while, and we meet, like

like friends long parted, with emotions rather of tenderneſs than of gaiety.

This train of ideas once awaked, memory follows over a very extenſive field. And, in ſuch a diſpoſition of mind, objects of cheerfulneſs and delight are, from thoſe very qualities, the moſt adapted to inſpire that milder ſort of ſadneſs which, in the language of our native bard, is "pleaſant and mournful to the ſoul." They will inſpire this, not only from the recollection of the paſt, but from the proſpect of the future; as an anxious parent, amidſt the ſportive gaiety of the child, often thinks of the cares of manhood and the ſorrows of age.

This effect will, at leaſt, be commonly felt, by perſons who have lived long enough to ſee, and had reflection enough to obſerve, the viciſſitudes of life. Even thoſe who have never experienced ſevere calamities, will find, in the review of their years, a thouſand inſtances of fallacious promiſes and diſappointed hopes. The dream of childhood, and the project of youth, have vaniſhed to give place to ſenſations of a very different kind. In the peace and beauty of the rural ſcene which ſpring firſt unfolds to us, we are apt to recall the former ſtate, with an exaggerated idea of its happineſs, and to feel the preſent with increaſed diſſatisfaction.

But the pencil of memory ſtops not with the repreſentation of ourſelves; it traces alſo the companions

companions and friends of our early days, and marks the changes which they have undergone. It is a dizzy ſort of recollection to think over the names of our ſchool-fellows, and to conſider how very few of them the maze of accidents, and the ſweep of time, have left within our reach. This, however, is leſs pointed than the reflection on the fate of thoſe whom affinity or friendſhip linked to our ſide, whom diſtance of place, premature death, or (ſometimes not a leſs painful conſideration) eſtrangement of affection, has disjoined from us for ever.

I am not ſure if the diſpoſition to reflections of this ſort be altogether a ſafe or a proper one. I am aware, that, if too much indulged, or allowed to become habitual, it may diſqualify the mind for the more active and buſtling ſcenes of life, and unfit it for the enjoyments of ordinary ſociety; but, in a certain degree, I am perſuaded it may be found uſeful. We are all of us too little inclined to look into our own minds, all apt to put too high a value on the things of this life. But a man under the impreſſions I have deſcribed, will be led to look into himſelf, and will ſee the vanity of ſetting his heart upon external enjoyment. He will feel nothing of that unſocial ſpirit which gloomy and aſcetic ſeverities inſpire; but the gentle, and not unpleaſing melancholy that will be diffuſed over his ſoul, will fill it with a calm and ſweet benevolence,

will

will elevate him much above any mean or selfish passion. It will teach him to look upon the rest of the world as his brethren, travelling the same road, and subject to the like calamities with himself; it will prompt his wish to alleviate and assuage the bitterness of their sufferings, and extinguish in his heart every sentiment of malevolence or of envy.

Amidst the tide of pleasure which flows on a mind of little sensibility, there may be much social joy without any social affection; but, in a heart of the mould I allude to above, though the joy may be less, there will, I believe, be more happiness and more virtue.

It is rarely from the precepts of the moralist, or the mere sense of duty, that we acquire the virtues of gentleness, disinterestedness, benevolence, and humanity. The feelings must be won, as well as the reason convinced, before men change their conduct. To them the world addresses itself, and is heard: it offers pleasure to the present hour; and the promise of satisfaction in the future is too often preached in vain. But he who can feel that luxury of pensive tenderness of which I have given some faint sketches in this paper, will not easily be won from the pride of virtue, and the dignity of thought, to the inordinate gratifications of vice, or the intemperate amusements of folly.

N° 17. TUESDAY, *March* 23, 1779.

Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo. HOR.

To the EDITOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS I am persuaded that you will not think it without the province of a work such as yours, to throw your eye sometimes upon the inferior ranks of life, where there is any error that calls loud for amendment, I will make no apology for sending you the following narrative:

I was married, about five years ago, to a young man in a good way of business as a grocer, whose character, for sobriety and diligence in his trade, was such as to give me the assurance of a very comfortable establishment in the mean time, and, in case Providence should bless us with children, the prospect of making a tolerable provision for them. For three years after our marriage there never was a happier couple. Our shop was so well frequented, as to require the constant attendance of both of us; and, as it was my greatest pleasure to see the cheerful activity

activity of my husband, and the obliging attention which he showed to every customer, he has often, during that happy time, declared to me, that the sight of my face behind the counter (though indeed, Sir, my looks are but homely) made him think his humble condition far more blessed than that of the wealthiest of our neighbours, whose possessions deprived them of the high satisfaction of purchasing, by their daily labour, the comfort and happiness of a beloved object.

In the evenings, after our small repast, which, if the day had been more than usually busy, we sometimes ventured to finish with a glass or two of punch; while my husband was constantly engaged with his books and accounts, it was my employment to sit by his side knitting, and, at the same time, to tend the cradle of our first child, a girl, who is now a fine prattling creature of four years of age, and begins already to give me some little assistance in the care of her younger brother and sister.

Such was the picture of our little family, in which we once enjoyed all the happiness that virtuous industry, and the most perfect affection, can bestow. But those pleasing days, Mr. MIRROR, are now at an end.

The sources of unhappiness in my situation are very different from those of other unfortunate married persons. It is not of my husband's idle-

neſs or extravagance, his ill-nature or his avarice, that I have to complain; neither are we unhappy from any decreaſe of affection, or diſagreement in our opinions. But I will not, Sir, keep you longer in ſuſpence. In ſhort, it is my misfortune that my huſband is become *a Man of Taſte*.

The firſt ſympton of this malady, for it is now become a *diſeaſe* indeed, manifeſted itſelf, as I have ſaid, about two years ago, when it was my huſband's ill luck to receive one day from a cuſtomer, in payment of a pound of ſugar, a crooked piece of ſilver, which he, at firſt, miſtook for a ſhilling, but found, on examination, to have ſome ſtrange characters upon it, which neither of us could make any thing of. An acquaintance coming in, who, it ſeems, had ſome knowledge of thoſe matters, declared it at once to be a very curious coin of *Alexander the Third;* and, affirming that he knew a virtuoſo who would be extremely glad to be poſſeſſed of it, bid him half a guinea for it upon the ſpot. My poor huſband, who knew as little of *Alexander the Third*, as of *Alexander the Great*, or his other nameſake, the *Copperſmith*, was nevertheleſs perſuaded, from the extent of the offer, and the opinion he had of his friend's diſcernment, that he was poſſeſſed of a very valuable curioſity; and in this he was fully confirmed, when, on ſhewing it to the virtuoſo above mentioned, he

was

was immediately offered triple the former ſum. This too was rejected, and the crooked coin was now judged to be ineſtimable. It would tire your patience, Mr. MIRROR, to deſcribe minutely the progreſs of my huſband's delirium. The neighbours ſoon heard of our acquiſition, and flocked to be indulged with a ſight of it. Others who had valuable curioſities of the ſame kind, but who were prudent enough not to reckon them quite beyond all price, were, by much entreaty, prevailed on by my huſband to exchange them for guineas, half guineas, and crown pieces; ſo that, in about a month's time, he could boaſt of being poſſeſſed of twenty pieces, all of ineſtimable value, which coſt him only the trifling ſum of 18*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

But the malady did not reſt here; it is a dreadful thing, Mr. MIRROR, *to get a taſte*. It ranges from "heaven above, to the earth "beneath, and to the waters under the earth." Every production of nature, or of art, remarkable either for beauty or deformity, but particularly if either *ſcarce* or *old*, is now the object of my huſband's avidity. The profits of our buſineſs, once conſiderable, but now daily diminiſhing, are expended, not only on coins, but on ſhells, lumps of different coloured ſtones, dried butterflies, old pictures, ragged books, and worm-eaten parchments.

Our houſe, which it was once my higheſt pleaſure to keep in order, it would be now equally vain to attempt cleaning as the ark of Noah. The children's bed is ſupplied by an *Indian canoe;* and the poor little creatures ſleep three of them in a hammock, ſlung up to the roof between a *ſtuffed crocodile* and the ſkeleton of a *calf with two heads*. Even the commodities of our ſhop have been turned out to make room for traſh and vermin. *Kites*, *owls*, and *bats*, are perched upon the top of our ſhelves; and it was but yeſterday, that, putting my hand into a glaſs jar that uſed to contain pickles, I laid hold of a large *tarantula* in place of a *mangoe*.

In the bitterneſs of my ſoul, Mr. MIRROR, I have been often tempted to revenge myſelf on the objects of my huſband's phrenzy, by burning, ſmaſhing, and deſtroying them without mercy; but, beſides that ſuch violent procedure might have effects too dreadful upon a brain which, I fear, is already much unſettled, I could not take ſuch a courſe, without being guilty of a fraud to our creditors, ſeveral of whom will, I believe, ſooner or later, find it their only means of reimburſement, to take back each man his own monſters.

Meantime, Sir, as my huſband conſtantly peruſes your paper (one inſtance of his taſte which I cannot object to), I have ſome ſmall hopes

hopes that a good effect may be produced by giving him a fair view of himself in your moral looking-glass. If such should be the happy consequence of your publishing this letter, you shall have the sincerest thanks of a grateful heart, from your now disconsolate humble servant,

REBECCA PRUNE.

I cannot help expressing my suspicion, that Mrs. *Rebecca Prune* has got somebody to write her letter. If she wrote it herself, I am afraid it may be thought that the grocer's wife, who is so knowing in what she describes, and can joke so learnedly on her spouse's ignorance of the *three Alexanders*, has not much reason to complain of her husband being a *man of taste*.

Her case, however, is truly distressful, and in the particular species of her husband's disorder, rather uncommon. The taste of a man in his station generally looks for some reputation from his neighbours and the world, and walks *out of doors* to shew itself to both.

I remember, a good many years ago, to have visited the villa of a citizen of *Bath*, who had made a considerable fortune by the profession of a *toyman* in that city. It was curious to observe how much he had carried the ideas of his trade into his house and grounds, if such might be called a kind of *Gothic* building, of about 18

feet by 12, and an incloſure, ſomewhat ſhort of an acre. The firſt had only a few cloſets within; but it made a moſt gallant and warlike ſhew without. It had *turrets* about the ſize of the *king* at *nine pins*, and *batt'ements* like the ſide-cruſt of a Chriſtmas *gooſe-pye*. To complete the appearance of a *caſtle*, we entered by a *draw-bridge*, which, in conſtruction and dimenſions, exactly reſembled the lid of a travelling-trunk. To the right of the houſe was a puddle, which, however, was dignified with the name of a *harbour*, defended by two *redoubts*, under cover of which lay a veſſel of the ſize of an ordinary *bathing-tub*, mounting a parcel of old *toothpick-caſes*, fitted up into guns, and manned with ſome of the toyman's little family of play-thing figures, with red jackets and ſtriped trowſers, whom he had impreſſed into the ſervice. The place where this veſſel lay, a fat little man, whom I had met on the ſhore, who ſeemed an intimate acquaintance of the proprietor, informed me was called *Spithead*, and the ſhip's name, he told me, pointing to the picture on her ſtern, was the *Victory*.

This gentleman afterwards conducted me, not without ſome fear, acroſs a Chineſe bridge, to a *pagoda*, in which it was neceſſary to aſſume the poſture of devotion, as there was not room to ſtand upright. On the ſides of the *great ſerpentine walk*, as he termed it, by which we returned from

from this edifice, I found a device, which my *Cicerone* looked upon as a maſter-ſtroke of genius. The ground was ſhaped into the figures of the different ſuits of *cards;* ſo that here was the *heart* walk, the *diamond* walk, the *club* walk, and the *ſpade* walk; the laſt of which had the additional advantage of being ſure to produce a pun. On my obſerving how pleaſant and ingenious all this was, my conductor anſwered, "Ay, ay, let "him alone for that; he has given them a little "of every thing, you ſee; and ſo he may, Sir, "for he can *very well afford it.*"

I believe we muſt reſt the matter here. In this land of freedom there is no reſtraining the *liberty of being ridiculous;* I would only intreat Mr. *Prune*, and indeed many of his betters, to have ſome regard for their wives and families, and not to make fools of themſelves, till, like the *Bath* toyman, they can *very well afford it.*

N° 18. SATURDAY, *March* 27, 1779.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodan aut Mytelenen. HOR.

NOTHING is more amuſing to a traveller, than to obſerve the different characters of the inhabitants of the countries through which he paſſes; and to find, upon croſſing a river or a mountain, as marked a difference in the manners, the ſentiments, and the opinions of the people, as in their appearance, their dreſs, or their language. Thus, the eaſy vivacity of the French, is as oppoſite to the dignified gravity of the Spaniard, on the one hand, as it is to the phlegmatic dulneſs of the German on the other. But, though all allow that every nation has ſome ſtriking feature, ſome diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic, philoſophers are not agreed as to the cauſes of that diſtinction. *Monteſquieu* has exerted all the powers of his genius to prove, that difference of climate is the chief, or the only cauſe of the difference of national characters; and it is not ſurpriſing that the opinion of ſo great a man ſhould have gained much ground. None of his followers has carried the matter farther than the author of *Recherches Philoſophiques ſur les Americains*,

ricains, whoſe chief object ſeems to have been to ſhow, that the climate of America is of ſuch a nature, that, from its baneful influence, even the human ſpecies has degenerated in that quarter of the globe.

I muſt confeſs, however, that I have often doubted as to the juſtneſs of this opinion; and, though I do not mean to deny that climate has an influence on man, as well as on other animals, I cannot help thinking that *Monteſquieu*, and the writers who have adopted his ſyſtem, have attributed by far too much to it.

It muſt be allowed, that man is leſs affected by the influence of climate than any other animal. But of all the human race, an American ſavage ſeems to approach the neareſt, in the general condition of his life, to the brute creation, and, of conſequence, ought to be moſt ſubject to the power of climate. And yet, if we compare an Indian with an European peaſant or manufacturer, we ſhall be apt to think, that the former, conſidered as an individual, holds a higher rank in the ſcale of being than the latter.

The ſavage, quitting his cabin, goes to the aſſembly of his tribe, and there delivers his ſentiments on the affairs of his little nation with a ſpirit, a force, and an energy, that might do honour to an European orator. Thence he goes to make war upon his foes; and, in the field, diſcovers a ſagacity in his ſtratagems, a boldneſs

in

in his deſigns, a perſeverance in his operations, joined with a patience of fatigue and of ſuffering, that have long been objects of admiration, and which filled the inhabitants of the Old World, when they firſt beheld them, with wonder and aſtoniſhment. How ſuperior ſuch a being to one occupied, day after day, in turning the head of a *pin*, or forming the ſhape of a *button*, and poſſeſſing not one idea beyond the buſineſs in which he is immediately employed!

It may perhaps be objected, that no fair compariſon can be made where the ſtate of ſociety is ſo different, the neceſſary effect of civilization being to introduce a diſtinction of ranks, and to ſink the lower orders of men far beneath that ſtation to which by nature they are entitled. But allowing this obſervation to be juſt, we ſhall find, upon comparing the ſavage of America with the ſavage of Europe, as deſcribed by Cæſar and Tacitus, that the former is at leaſt equal to the latter in all the virtues above enumerated.

We need not, however, go ſo far for inſtances, to ſhow, that other cauſes act more powerfully than climate, in forming the manners, and fixing the characters of men. *London* and *Paris* are, at preſent, the firſt cities in Europe, in point of opulence and number of inhabitants; and in no other part of the weſtern world are the polite and elegant arts cultivated to ſuch advantage.

But

But the inhabitants of thoſe cities differ eſſentially in manners, ſentiments, and opinions; while, at the ſame time, they breathe an air ſo very much alike, that it is impoſſible to impute that difference, in any conſiderable degree, to difference of climate; and, perhaps, it may not be a difficult taſk to point out various other cauſes which may enable us to account ſufficiently for the diſtinction between the national character of the two people.

In France, the power of the great nobles was ſooner reduced within bounds than in *England*; and, in proportion as their power fell, that of the monarch roſe. But no ſooner was the authority of the crown eſtabliſhed on a firm baſis, than the court became an object of the firſt attention and importance. Every man of genius, of diſtinction, and of rank, haſtened thither, in hopes of meeting with that encouragement which his talents merited, or of being able to diſplay, on the only proper theatre, thoſe advantages which he poſſeſſed, either in reality, or in his own imagination.

Thus Paris, the ſeat of the court, became the centre of all that was great and noble, elegant and polite. The manners every day became more and more poliſhed; and no man who did not poſſeſs the talents neceſſary to make himſelf agreeable, could expect to riſe in the world, however great his abilities might otherwiſe be.

The

The pleaſures of ſociety were cultivated with care and aſſiduity; and nothing tended more to promote them, than that free intercourſe which ſoon came to take place between the ſexes. All men ſtudied to acquire thoſe graces and accompliſhments by which alone they could hope to recommend themſelves to the ladies, whoſe influence pervaded every branch of government and every department of the ſtate.

In England, on the other hand, the crown gained little by the fall of the nobility. The high prerogative exerted by the princes of the *Tudor* race, was of ſhort duration. A third order ſoon aroſe, that, for a time, trampled alike on the throne and the nobles. And, even after the conſtitution was at length happily ſettled, the Sovereign remained ſo limited in power and in revenue, that his court never acquired a degree of influence or ſplendour at all comparable to that of the French monarch. London had become ſo great and opulent by its extenſive commerce, that the reſidence of the court could add little to that conſideration in which it was already held. This circumſtance had a powerful effect on the manners. What was looked upon as a virtue at Paris, was in London conſidered as a vice. There induſtry and frugality were ſo eſſentially requiſite, that every elegant accompliſhment was rejected as incompatible with thoſe great commercial virtues.

The

The dark and gloomy ſpirit of fanaticiſm, which prevailed ſo univerſally in England during the laſt century, ſerved as an additional barrier againſt the progreſs of politeneſs and elegance of manners. Add to this, that the Engliſh (owing perhaps to the ſuperior degree of liberty they enjoy, and to their high independent ſpirit) have ever been more attached to a country life than any civilized people in Europe; and this laſt circumſtance, ſlight as it may appear, has perhaps had as powerful an influence as any I have mentioned. A man, who lives in retirement, may be ſincere, open, honourable, above diſſimulation, and free from diſguiſe; but he never can poſſeſs that eaſe of behaviour, and that elegance of manners, which nothing but a familiar acquaintance with the world, and the habit of mingling in ſociety, and of converſing with perſons of different ranks and different characters, can beſtow.

Let us not repine, however, at the ſuperiority of our neighbours in this reſpect. It is, perhaps, impoſſible to poſſeſs, at once, the uſeful and the agreeable qualities in an eminent degree; and if eaſe and politeneſs be only attainable at the expence of ſincerity in the men, and chaſtity in the women, I flatter myſelf, there are few of my readers who would not think the purchaſe made at too high a price.

I have,

I have, of late, remarked, with regret, an affectation of the manners of France, and a diſpoſition in ſome of the higher ranks to introduce into this iſland that ſpecies of gallantry which has ſo long prevailed in that nation. But, happily, neither the habits, the diſpoſitions, the genius of our people, nor that mixture of ranks which our conſtitution neceſſarily produces, will admit of it. In France, they contrive to throw over their greateſt exceſſes a veil ſo delicate and ſo fine, as in ſome meaſure to hide the deformity of vice, and even at times to beſtow upon it the ſemblance of virtue. But with us, leſs delicate and leſs refined, vice appears in its native colours, without concealment and without diſguiſe; and, were the gallantry of Paris tranſplanted into this ſoil, it would ſoon degenerate into groſs debauchery. At preſent my country-women are equally reſpected for their virtue, as admired for their beauty; and I truſt it will be long before they ceaſe to be ſo.

M

N° 19. TUESDAY, *March* 30, 1779.

MY friend Mr. *Umphraville*'s early retirement, and long reſidence in the country, have given him many peculiarities, to which, had he continued longer in the world, and had a freer intercourſe with mankind, he would probably not have been ſubject. Theſe give to his manner an apparent hardneſs, which, in reality, is widely different from his natural diſpoſition.

As he paſſes much time in ſtudy and ſolitude, and is naturally of a thoughtful caſt, the ſubjects of which he reads, and the opinions which he forms, make a ſtrong and deep impreſſion on his mind; they become, as it were, friends and companions from whom he is unwilling to be ſeparated. Hence he commonly ſhews a diſpoſition to take a lead in, and give the tone to converſation, and delivers his opinions too much in the manner of a lecture. And, though his curioſity and love of information concur with that politeneſs which he is ever ſtudious to obſerve, to make him liſten with patience and attention to the opinions of others, yet, it muſt be confeſſed, that he is apt to deliver his own with an uncommon degree of warmth, and I have very ſeldom found him diſpoſed to ſurrender them.

I find,

I find, however, nothing diſagreeable in this peculiarity of my friend. The natural ſtrength of his underſtanding, the extent of his knowledge, and that degree of taſte which he has derived from a ſtrong conception of the ſublime, the tender, and the beautiful, aſſiſted by an extenſive acquaintance with the elegant writers, both of ancient and modern times, render his converſation, in many reſpects, both inſtructive and entertaining; and that ſingularity of opinion, which is the natural conſequence of his want of opportunities of comparing his own ideas with thoſe of others, affords me an additional pleaſure. But, above all, I am delighted with the goodneſs of heart which breaks forth in every ſentiment he delivers.

Mr. *Umphraville*'s ſiſter, who is often preſent, and ſometimes takes a part in thoſe converſations, is of a character at once amiable and reſpectable.

In her earlier days, ſhe ſpent much of her time in the peruſal of novels and romances; but, though ſhe ſtill retains a partiality for the few works of that kind which are poſſeſſed of merit, her reading is now chiefly confined to works of a graver caſt.

Miſs *Umphraville*, though ſhe has not ſo much learning, poſſeſſes, perhaps, no leſs ability as a woman, than her brother does as a man; and, having leſs peculiarity in her way of thinking, has conſequently, a knowledge better fitted for common

common life. It is pleaſing to obſerve how Miſs *Umphraville*, while ſhe always appears to act an under-part, and ſometimes, indeed, not to act a part at all, yet watches, with a tender concern, over the ſingularities of her brother's diſpoſition; and, without betraying the ſmalleſt conſciouſneſs of her power, generally contrives to direct him in the moſt material parts of his conduct.

Mr. *Umphraville* is the beſt maſter, and the beſt landlord, that ever lived. The rents of his eſtate have undergone ſcarce any alteration ſince he came to the poſſeſſion of it; and his tenants too are nearly the ſame. The ancient poſſeſſors have never been removed from motives of intereſt, or without ſome very particular reaſon; and the few new ones he has choſen to introduce, are, for the moſt part, perſons who have been ſervants in his family, whoſe fidelity and attachment he has rewarded by a ſmall farm at a low rent.

I have had many a pleaſant converſation, about ſun-ſet in a ſummer evening, with thoſe venerable grey-headed villagers. Their knowledge of country-affairs, the ſagacity of their remarks, and the *manner*, acquired by a reſidence in Mr. *Umphraville*'s family, with which they are accuſtomed to deliver them, have afforded me much entertainment.

It is delightful to hear them run out in praiſes of their landlord. They have told me there is not a perſon in his neighbourhood, who ſtands in need of his aſſiſtance, who has not felt the influence of his generoſity; which, they ſay, endears him to the whole country. Yet, ſuch is the effect of that reſerved and particular manner which my friend has contracted, that while his good qualities have procured him great eſteem, and the diſintereſtedneſs of his diſpoſition, with the opinion entertained of his honour and integrity, has always prevented him from falling into diſputes or quarrels with his neighbours, there is ſcarcely one of them with whom he lives on terms of familiarity.

Mr. *Umphraville*, in the earlier part of his life, had an attachment to an amiable young lady. Their ſituation at that time might have made an avowal of his paſſion equally fatal to both; and, though it was not without a ſevere ſtruggle, Mr. *Umphraville* had firmneſs enough to ſuppreſs the declaration of an attachment he was unable to ſubdue. The lady, ſome time after, married; ſince that period, Mr. *Umphraville* has never ſeen her, or been known ſo much as once to mention her name; but I am credibly informed, that, by his intereſt, her eldeſt ſon has obtained high preferment in the army. The only favour which Mr. *Umphraville* ever aſked from any great man was for this young gentleman; but

but neither the lady herſelf, nor any of her family, know by whoſe influence his advancement has been procured.

Though it is poſſible, that, if Mr. *Umphraville* had married at an early period of life, his mind, even in a ſtate of retirement, would have retained a poliſh, and eſcaped many of thoſe peculiarities it has now contracted; yet, I own, I am rather inclined to believe his remaining ſingle a fortunate circumſtance. Nor have my fair readers any reaſon to be offended at the remark: great talents, even in a generous and benevolent mind, are ſometimes attended with a certain want of pliability, which is ill ſuited to the cordialities of domeſtic life. A man of ſuch a diſpoſition as Mr. *Umphraville* has now acquired, might conſider the delicacy, the vivacity, and the fine ſhades of female character, as frivolous, and beneath attention; or, at leaſt, might be unable, for any length of time, to receive pleaſure from thoſe indulgencies, which minds of a ſofter mould may regard as the great and amiable perfection of what Mr. *Pope* calls

"The laſt beſt work of Heaven."

With all thoſe reſpectable talents which Mr. *Umphraville* poſſeſſes, with all that generoſity of ſentiment, and goodneſs of heart, ſo conſpicuous in every thing he ſays or does, which ſo ſtrongly endear him to his friends, I am apt to think, that, in the very intimate connection of

the married life, a woman of delicacy and ſenſibility might often feel herſelf hurt by the peculiarities of character to which he is ſubject.

The ſituation of a *wife* is, in this reſpect, very different from that of a *ſiſter*. Miſs *Umphraville*'s obſervation of her brother's peculiarities, neither leſſens her eſteem nor her affection for him; theſe peculiarities ſerve only to increaſe her attention to him, and to make her more ſolicitous to prevent their effects. But in that ſtill cloſer connection which ſubſiſts between huſband and wife, while the perception of his weakneſs might not have leſſened the wife's affection, it might have given her a diſtreſs which a ſiſter will not be apt to feel: a ſiſter may obſerve the weakneſſes of a brother without a bluſh, and endeavour to correct them without being hurt; a wife might be able to do neither.

Theſe views which I have given of Mr. *Umphraville* and his family, may, perhaps, appear tedious to my readers. In giving this detail, I am afraid I have not ſufficiently remembered, that, as they have not the ſame intimate acquaintance with that gentleman which I have, they will not feel the ſame intereſt in what relates to him.

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N° 20. SATURDAY, *April* 3, 1779.

Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ? VIRG.

WHILE ſo many ſubjects of contention occupy the votaries of buſineſs and ambition, and prove the ſource of diſcord, envy, jealouſy, and rivalſhip, among mankind, one would be apt to imagine, that the purſuits and employments of ſtudious and literary men would be carried on with calmneſs, good temper, and tranquillity. The philoſophic ſage, retired from the world, who has truth for the object of his enquiries, might be willing, it were natural to ſuppoſe, to give up his own ſyſtem, when he found it at variance with truth, and would never quarrel with another for adopting a different one; and the man of elegance and taſte, who has literary entertainment in view, would not, one ſhould think, find fault with the like amuſements of other men, or diſpute, with rancour or heat, upon mere matters of taſte. But the fact has been otherwiſe: the diſputes among the learned have, in every age, been carried on with the utmoſt virulence; and men, pretending to taſte, have railed at each other with unparalleled abuſe. Poſſibly the abſtraction from the world, in which

the philoſopher lives, may render him more impatient of contradiction than thoſe who mix oftener with common ſocieties; and perhaps that fineneſs and delicacy of perception which the man of taſte acquires, may be more liable to irritation than the coarſer feelings of minds leſs cultivated and improved.

I have been led into theſe remarks by a converſation at which I happened lately to be preſent. Laſt week, having left with my Editor materials for my next paper, I went to the country for a few days, to pay a viſit to a friend, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Sylveſter*. *Sylveſter*, when a young man, had retired to the country, and having ſucceeded to a paternal eſtate, which was ſufficient for all his wants, had lived almoſt conſtantly at home. His time was ſpent chiefly in ſtudy, and he had publiſhed ſome performances which did honour to his genius and his knowledge. During all this time, *Sylveſter* was the regular correſpondent of a gentleman whom I ſhall here call *Alcander*, whoſe taſte and purſuits were in many reſpects ſimilar to his own. *Alcander*, though he was not an author like *Sylveſter*, had from nature a very delicate taſte, which had been much improved by culture. From a variety of accidents the two friends had not met for a great number of years; but, while I was at *Sylveſter*'s houſe, he received a letter from *Alcander*, notifying

fying that gentleman's being on his way to viſit him; and ſoon after he arrived accordingly.

It is not eaſy to deſcribe the pleaſure which the two friends felt at meeting. After the firſt ſalutations, their diſcourſe took a literary turn. I was delighted, as well as inſtructed, with the remarks which were made upon men and books, by two perſons of extenſive information and accompliſhed taſte; and the warmth with which they made them, added a reliſh to their obſervations. The converſation laſted till it was very late, when my hoſt and his friend retired to their apartments, much pleaſed with each other, and in full expectation of additional entertainment from a continuation of ſuch intercourſe at the return of a new day.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, their literary diſcourſe was reſumed. It turned on a compariſon of the different genius and merit of the *French* and *Engliſh* authors. *Sylveſter* ſaid, he thought there was a power of reaſoning, a ſtrength of genius, and a depth of reflection in the *Engliſh* authors, of which the *French*, in general, were incapable; and that, in his opinion, the preference lay greatly on the ſide of the writers of our own country. *Alcander* begged leave to differ from him; he admitted, there was an appearance of depth in many of the Engliſh authors, but he ſaid it was falſe and

hollow. He maintained, that the ſeeking after ſomething profound, had led into many uſeleſs metaphyſical diſquiſitions, in which the writer had no real merit, nor could the reader find any real advantage. But the *French* authors, he ſaid, excelled in remarks on life and character, which, as they were founded on actual obſervation, might be attended with much utility, and, as they were expreſſed in the livelieſt manner, could not fail to give the higheſt entertainment. *Alcander*, in the courſe of his argument, endeavoured to illuſtrate it by a compariſon of ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed authors of both countries. *Sylveſter*, finding thoſe writers whom he had ſtudied with attention, and imitated with ſucceſs, ſo warmly attacked, replied with ſome heat, as if he thought it tended to the diſparagement of his own compoſitions. *Sylveſter* ſaid ſomething about *French* frivolity; and *Alcander* replied with a ſarcaſm on metaphyſical abſurdity.

Finding the converſation take this unlucky turn, I endeavoured to change the ſubject; and from the compariſon of the *Engliſh* and *French* authors, took occaſion to mention that period of *Engliſh* literature, which has been frequently termed the *Auguſtan* age of *England*, when that *conſtellation* of wits appeared which illuminated the reign of *Queen Anne*.

But this ſubject of converſation was as unfortunate as the former. *Sylveſter* is a profeſſed admirer of *Swift*, to whom his attachment is perhaps heightened by a little *Toryiſm* in his political principles. *Alcander* is a keen *Whig*, and as great an admirer of *Addiſon*. As the converſation had grown rather warm on a general compariſon of the authors of one country with thoſe of another, ſo its warmth was much greater when the compariſon was made of two particular favourite authors. *Sylveſter* talked of the ſtrength, the dignity, the forcible obſervation, and the wit of *Swift*; *Alcander* of the eaſe, the gracefulneſs, the native and agreeable humour of *Addiſon*. From remarks upon their writings, they went to their characters. *Sylveſter* ſpoke in praiſe of openneſs and ſpirit, and threw out ſomething againſt envy, jealouſy, and meanneſs. *Alcander* inveighed againſt pride and ill-nature, and pronounced an eulogium on elegance, philanthropy, and gentleneſs of manners. *Sylveſter* ſpoke as if he thought no man of a candid and generous mind could be a lover of *Addiſon*; *Alcander*, as if none but a ſevere and ill-tempered one could endure *Swift*.

The ſpirits of the two friends were now heated to a violent degree, and not a little rankled at each other. I endeavoured again to give the diſcourſe a new direction, and, as if accidentally, introduced ſomething about *the Epiſtles of Phalaris*.

laris. I knew both gentlemen were maſters of the diſpute upon that ſubject, which has ſo much divided the learned, and I thought a dry queſtion of this ſort could not poſſibly intereſt them too much. But in this I was miſtaken. *Sylveſter* and *Alcander* took different ſides upon this ſubject, as they had done upon the former; and ſupported their opinions with no leſs warmth than before. Each of them catched fire from every thing his opponent ſaid, as if neither could think well of the judgment of that man who was of an opinion different from his own.

With this laſt debate the converſation ended. At our meeting next day, a formal politeneſs took place between *Sylveſter* and *Alcander*, very different from that openneſs and cordiality of manner which they ſhewed at their firſt meeting. The laſt, ſoon after, took his departure; and, I believe, neither of them felt that reſpect for each other's underſtanding, nor that warmth of affection, which they entertained before this viſit.

Alas! the two friends did not conſider that it was equally owing to the fault of each that their friendſhip was thus changed into coldneſs. Both attached to the ſame purſuits, and accuſtomed to indulge them chiefly in ſecluſion and ſolitude, they had been too little accuſtomed to bear contradiction. This impatience of contradiction had not been corrected in either, by

attention

attention to the feelings or views of others; and the warmth which each felt in ſupporting his own particular opinion, prevented him from giving the proper indulgence to a diverſity of opinion in the other.

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N° 21. TUESDAY, *April* 6, 1779.

THIS day's paper I devote to Correſpondents. The firſt of the two letters it contains was brought to my Editor by a ſpruce footman, who, upon being aſked whence he came, replied, From Mrs. *Meekley*'s.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE world has, at different periods, been afflicted with diſeaſes peculiar to the times in which they appeared, and the *Faculty* have, with great ingenuity, contrived certain generic names, by which they might be diſtinguiſhed, it being a quality of great uſe and comfort in a phyſician to be able to tell preciſely of what diſorder

diſorder his patient is likely to die. *The nervous* ſeems to be the ailment in greateſt vogue at preſent; a ſpecies of diſeaſe, which I am apt to conſider as not the leſs *terrible* for being leſs *mortal* than many others. I ſpeak not from perſonal experience, Mr. MIRROR; my own conſtitution, thank God! is pretty robuſt; but I have the misfortune to be afflicted with a *nervous wife*.

It is impoſſible to enumerate a twentieth part of the ſymptoms of this lamentable diſorder, or of the circumſtances by which its paroxyſms are excited or increaſed. Its dependance on the natural phænomena of the *wind* and *weather*, on the temperature of the air, whether hot or cold, moiſt or dry, might be accounted for; and my wife would then be in no worſe ſituation than the lady in a red cap and green jacket, whoſe figure I have ſeen in the little *Dutch* barometers, known by the name of *Baby-houſes*. But, beſide feeling the impreſſion of thoſe particulars, her diſorder is brought on by incidents ſtill more frequent, and leſs eaſy to be foreſeen, than even the occaſional changes in our atmoſphere. A perſon running haſtily up or down ſtairs, ſhutting a door roughly, placing the tongs on the left ſide of the grate, and the poker on the right, ſetting the china figures on the mantle-piece a little awry, or allowing the taſſel of the bell-ſtring to ſwing but for a moment; any of thoſe little accidents has an immediate and irreſiſtible

ſiſtible effect on the nervous ſyſtem of my wife, and produces ſymptoms, ſometimes of languor, ſometimes of irritation, which I her huſband, my three children by a former marriage, and the other members of our family, equally feel and regret. The above cauſes of her diſtemper a very attentive and diligent diſcharge of our ſeveral duties might poſſibly prevent; but even our involuntary actions are apt to produce effects of a ſimilar or more violent nature. It was but the other day ſhe told my boy *Dick* he eat his pudding ſo voraciouſly, as almoſt to make her faint, and remonſtrated againſt my *ſneezing* in the manner I did, which, ſhe ſaid, tore her poor *nerves* in pieces.

One thing I have obſerved peculiar to this diſorder, which thoſe converſant in the nature of ſympathetic affections may be able to explain. It is not always produced by exactly ſimilar cauſes, if ſuch cauſes exiſt in diſſimilar ſituations. I have known my wife *ſqueezed* for hours in a *ſide-box*, *dance* a whole night at a *ball*, have my Lord —— talking as faſt and as *loud* to her as was poſſible there, and her noſe aſſailed by the *ſtink* of a whole row of flambeaux, at going in and coming out, without feeling her *nerves* in the ſmalleſt degree affected; yet, the very day after, at home, ſhe could not bear my chair, or the chair of one of the children, to come within ſeveral feet of her's; walking up ſtairs perfectly

fectly overcame her; none of us durſt talk but in whiſpers; and the ſmell of my buttered roll made her ſick to death.

As I reckon your paper a proper record for ſingular caſes, and intolerable grievances of every ſort, I ſend the above for your inſertion, ſtating it according to its nature, in terms as phyſically deſcriptive as my little acquaintance with the healing art can ſupply.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH MEEKLY.

This Correſpondent, as far as his wife's caſe falls within the department of the *phyſician*, I muſt refer to my very learned friends Doctors *Cullen* and *Monro*, who, upon being *properly attended*, will give him, I am perſuaded, as ſound advice as it is in the power of medical ſkill to ſuggeſt. In point of *prudence*, to which only my preſcriptions apply, I can adviſe nothing ſo proper for Mr. *Meekly* himſelf, as to imitate the conduct of the *huſband* of that little lady he deſcribes, the miſtreſs of the *Dutch Baby-houſe;* between whom and his wife, though there ſubſiſts a very intimate connection, there is yet a contract of a particular kind; whenever the *gentleman* is at home, the *lady* is abroad, and *vice verſa*. In their houſe, indeed, I do not obſerve any *children;* from which I conclude, that they have all been ſent to the academy and the boarding-ſchool.

I

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

TO reconcile man to man, has been one of the great objects of moraliſts. They tell us, "that men have one common original, and "why ſhould relations quarrel?" but then a petulant wit interpoſes, and obſerves that the original is not near enough to form a ſtrong connection; and, if the modern theory of volcanos be true, the original is ſo very diſtant as not to form any ſenſible connection at all. The Duke of Aremberg and Sir Thomas Urquhart may count kindred with the antedeluvians; for the former has ſuch a pedigree preſerved at his caſtle at Hainault, and the latter has ſet forth his in print; but there are few genealogies ſo complete.

We are next told, "that all men are engaged "in one common journey through life, and "why ſhould they quarrel on the road?" The anſwer is but too obvious—we do not quarrel merely for the ſake of quarrelling; but, as we have opportunity, we take the road, and oblige others, for our convenieney, to yield it; while eagerly galloping to the next ſtage, we *beſpatter* thoſe who are in our way; we ſend a ſervant before to beſpeak the beſt beds at the inn, and

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the choice of the larder; and we make ourſelves as important and as troubleſome as we can, merely for our own convenience; nay, we bribe a waiter to give us all his attendance, and to let the other paſſengers ring till their arms ache; but it is all to render ourſelves as eaſy as poſſible.

The laſt conſideration is, "that we are all "haſtening to one common grave, and why "ſhould we quarrel *now*, ſince our quarrels muſt "be *ſoon* at an end?" This proves that our diſputes *muſt* be ſhort, not that they *may* not be ſharp.

I remember to have read ſomewhere of a people, I think to the north-weſt of Hungary, who had a name in their own language, which anſwers nearly to our word *brothers*, and who prided themſelves, for a while, in that whimſical appellation. Their tenets were ſimple and full of benevolence, and, in general, ſo plain, that thoſe who heard them for the firſt time, imagined that they had been previouſly acquainted with them. The men, of whom I ſpeak, could not have any *long conteſts*, for they were all haſtening to the common goal of mortality, yet their diſputes, although *ſhort*, were *ſharp*; early did they begin to *bite*, and, as ſoon as they gained ſtrength, they *devoured* each other, if the expreſſion may be allowed. According to the Scottiſh phraſe, "they quarrelled about the turn-

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" ing of a ſtraw;" they vexed, tormented, and proſcribed each other; nay, ſome aſſert that they cut throats; but ſtill they declared that they meant nothing perſonal, and, for a long while, they ſtill retained the name of *brothers*.

If that ſingular people, ſo full of benevolence, quarrelled inceſſantly for any cauſe, or for no cauſe, how can it be expected that *we* ſhould walk through life to the grave with the calm and inoffenſive ſolemnity of mourners at an interment, eſpecially when ſo few of us have time to beſtow our thoughts on the grave and its conſequences?

It is impoſſible to reconcile man to man; but it is poſſible to bring individuals of the human race to a better underſtanding with each other.

I might dilate this propoſition in a feigned tale, or obſcure it by an allegory; but I rather chooſe to prove it in the courſe of a ſimple narrative of matter of fact.

While the Ducheſs of Marlborough enjoyed power little ſhort of ſovereign, ſhe frequently felt the ſatirical laſhes of Dr. Swift; and, when diſgraced, ſhe could not but remember them; for ſhe had a quick ſenſe of injuries, and her nature was not much inclined to forgiveneſs.

Thwarted ambition, great wealth, and increaſing years, rendered her more and more peeviſh:

ſhe hated courts over which ſhe had no influence, and ſhe became at length the moſt ferocious animal that is ſuffered to go looſe, a violent *party-woman*.

Every one knows that as her Grace was obliged to deſcend from the higheſt round of the ladder of ambition, ſo the Doctor was not allowed to mount the firſt ſtep; and his diſappointment produced the like effects on him, as loſt empire had done her.

Yet the Ducheſs of Marlborough became the paſſionate admirer of her ſatiriſt, and was even willing to forgive him. The peruſal of *Gulliver's Travels* produced this moral revolution in her ſentiments; and that which debaſed the Author in the opinion of many of his friends, exalted him in the opinion of the Ducheſs of Marlborough.

There are now lying before me ſome original letters of that celebrated lady. "Dean Swift," ſays ſhe, "gives the moſt exact account of "kings, miniſters, biſhops, and the courts of "juſtice, that is poſſible to be writ.—I could "not help wiſhing, ſince I read his books, "that we had had his aſſiſtance in the oppoſi-"tion—for I could eaſily forgive him all "the ſlaps he has given me and the Duke "of Marlborough, and have thanked him "heartily, whenever he would pleaſe to do "good."

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In another letter she says, "I most heartily "wish that in this park I had some of the breed "of those charming creatures Swift speaks of, "and calls the *Houyhnhnms*, which I understand "to be *horses*, so extremely polite, and which had "all manner of good conversation and good "principles, and that never told a lie, and "charmed him so that he could not endure "his own country when he returned: he says "there is a sort of creature there called *yahoos*, "and of the same species with us, only a good "deal uglier, but they are kept tied up, and by that "glorious creature the horses are not permitted "to do any mischief. You will think that I am "*distracted* with Dean Swift, but I really have "not been pleased so much a long time as with "what he writes, and therefore I will end with "one of his sentences, *that he mortally hates "kings and ministers.*"

Thus the Duchess "became distracted with "Dean Swift;" and, on account of his libel against human nature, "graciously pardoned his "libels against her own sacred person."

But Dr. Swift knew not her favourable opinion of him; for he left in manuscript a severer invective against her than any that he had published in his lifetime. Pity that, for want of information, the misunderstanding should still have subsisted on his part! the good offices of a friend might easily have reconciled two persons

so much connected with each other by the common ties of misanthropy.

I am, &c.

ADELUS.

N° 22. SATURDAY, *April* 10, 1779.

Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR MIRROR, it seems, possesses uncommon virtues, and you generously hold it out to the Public, that we may dress our characters at it. I trust it is, at least, a faithful glass, and will give a just representation of those lurking imperfections or excellencies which we distinguish with difficulty, or sometimes altogether overlook. I struggle, therefore, to get forward in the crowd, and to set before your moral MIRROR a personage who has long embarrassed me.

The observation of character, when I first looked beyond a college for happiness, formed not only my amusement, but, for some years, my

my favourite ſtudy. I had been ſo fortunate as early to imbibe ſtrict notions of morality and religion, and to arrive at manhood in perfect ignorance of vicious pleaſure. My heart was, therefore, led to place its hopes of happineſs in love and friendſhip: but books had taught me to dread miſplacing my affections. On this account, anxious to gratify the *ſoif d'aimer* that engroſſed me, I bent the whole of my little talents to diſcern the characters of my acquaintance; and, blending ſentiments of religion with high notions of moral excellence, and the refined intercourſe of cultivated minds, I fondly hoped, that, where I once formed an attachment, it would laſt for ever.

In this ſtate of mind I became acquainted with Cleone. She was young and beautiful, but without that dimpling play of features which indicates, in ſome women, a mind of extreme ſenſibility. Her eye beſpoke good ſenſe, and was ſometimes lighted up with vivacity, but never ſparkled with the keenneſs of unreſtrained joy, nor melted with the ſuffuſion of indulged ſorrow. Her manner and addreſs had no tendency to familiarity; it was genteel, rather than graceful. Her voice in converſation was ſuited to her manner; it poſſeſſed thoſe level tones which never offend, but ſeldom give pleaſure, and ſeldomer emotion.

Her converſation was plain and ſenſible. Never attempting wit or humour, ſhe contented herſelf with expreſſing, in correct and unaffected language, juſt ſentiments on manners, and on works of taſte: and the genius ſhe diſplayed in compoſitions becoming her ſex, and the propriety of her own conduct, did honour to her criticiſms. She ſung with uncommon excellence. Her voice ſeemed to unfold itſelf in ſinging, to ſuit every muſical expreſſion, and to aſſume every tone of paſſion ſhe wiſhed to utter. I never felt the power of ſimple melody in agitating, affecting, and pleaſing more ſtrongly than from her performance.

In company ſhe was attentive, *prevenante*, but not inſinuating; and though ſhe ſeemed to court the ſociety of men of letters and taſte, and to profeſs having intimate friendſhips with ſome individuals among them, I never could perceive that ſhe was ſubject to the common weakneſs of making a parade of this kind of intercourſe.

Moſt people would ſuppoſe that I had found, in Cleone, the friend I was ſeeking; for both of us knew we could never be nearer than friends to each other, and ſhe treated me with ſome diſtinction. I found it, however, impoſſible to know her ſo well as to place in her the complete confidence eſſential to friendſhip. The minuteſt attention to every circumſtance in her appearance

appearance and behaviour, and ſtudying her for years in all the little varieties of ſituation that an intimate acquaintance gave acceſs to obſerve, proved unequal to diſcover, with certainty, the genuine character of her diſpoſition or temper. No caprice betrayed her; no predominant ſhade could be marked in her tears, in her laugh, or in her ſmiles. Sometimes, however, I have thought ſhe breathed a ſoftneſs of ſoul that tempted me to believe her generous; but, when I conſidered a little, the inner receſſes of her heart appeared ſtill ſhut againſt the obſerver; and I well knew, that even poignant ſenſibility is not inconſiſtent with predominant ſelfiſhneſs.

When contemplating Cleone, I have often thought of that beautiful trait in the deſcription of Petrarca's Laura: "Ill ampeggiar dell' angelico "riſo *." Theſe flaſhes of affection breaking from the ſoul, alone diſplay the truth, generoſity, and tenderneſs, that deſerve a friend. Theſe gleams from the heart ſhow us all its intricacies, its weakneſs, and its vigour, and expoſe it naked and undiſguiſed to the ſpectator. A ſingle minute will, in this way, give more knowledge of a character, and juſtly, therefore, attract more confidence, than twenty years experience of refinement of taſte and propriety of conduct.

* The lightning of her angel ſmile.

I am willing to believe it was ſome error in education which had wrapt up Cleone's character in ſo much obſcurity, and not any natural defect that rendered it prudent to be inviſible. If there is an error of this kind, I hope your Mirror will expoſe it, and prevent it from robbing ſuperior minds of their beſt reward—the confidence of each other.

In the preſent ſtate of ſociety, we have few opportunities of exhibiting our true characters by our actions; and the habits of the world ſoon throw upon our manners a veil that is impenetrable to others, and nearly ſo to ourſelves. Hence the only period when we can form friendſhips is a few years in youth; for there is a reſerve in the deportment, and a certain ſelfiſhneſs in the occupations of manhood, unfavourable to the forming of warm attachments. It is, therefore, fatal to the very ſource of friendſhip, if, when yet children, we are to be prematurely bedaubed with the varniſh of the world. And yet, I fear, this is the neceſſary effect of modern education.

In place of cheriſhing the amiable ſimplicity and frankneſs of children, every emanation of the heart is checked by the conſtant reſtraints, diſſimulation, and frivolous forms of faſhionable addreſs, with which we haraſs them. Hence they are nearly the ſame at fourteen as at five-and-twenty, when, after a youth ſpent in joy-

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leſs diſſipation, they enter life, ſlaves to ſelfiſh appetites and reigning prejudices, and devoid of that virtuous energy of ſoul, which ſtrong attachments, and the habits of deſerved confidence, inſpire. Even thoſe who, like Cleone, poſſeſs minds ſuperior to the common mould, though they cultivate their talents with ſucceſs, and, in ſome meaſure, educate themſelves anew, find it impoſſible to get rid entirely of that artificial manner, and thoſe habits of reſtraint, with which they had been ſo early imbued.

Thus, like French taylors and dancing-maſters, pretending to add grace and ornament to nature, we conſtrain, diſtort, and incumber her; whereas the education of a poliſhed age ſhould, like the drapery of a fine ſtatue or portrait, confer decency, propriety, and elegance, and gracefully veil, but by no means conceal, the beautiful forms of nature.

LÆLIUS.

N° 23. TUESDAY, *April* 13, 1779.

Et iſti
Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum. HOR.

I WAS lately applied to by a friend, in behalf of a gentleman, who, he ſaid, had been unfortunate in life, to whom he was deſirous of doing a particular piece of ſervice, in which he thought my aſſiſtance might be uſeful: "Poor "fellow!" ſaid he, "I wiſh to ſerve him, becauſe "I always knew him, diſſipated and thoughtleſs "as he was, to be a *good-hearted* man, guilty "of many imprudent things, indeed, but with-"out meaning any harm! In ſhort, *no one's* "*enemy but his own.*"

I afterwards learned more particularly the circumſtances of this gentleman's life and converſation, which I will take the liberty of laying before my readers, in order to ſhow them what they are to underſtand by the terms uſed by my friend; terms which, I believe, he was nowiſe ſingular in uſing.

The perſon, whoſe intereſt he eſpouſed, was heir to a very conſiderable eſtate. He loſt his father when an infant; and being, unfortunately, an only ſon, was too much the darling of his mother ever to be contradicted. During his childhood

childhood he was not suffered to play with his equals, because he was to be the king of all sports, and to be allowed a sovereign and arbitrary dominion over the persons and properties of his play-fellows. At school he was attended by a servant, who helped him to *thrash* boys who were too strong to be thrashed by himself, and had a tutor at home, who translated the Latin which was too hard for him to translate. At college he began to assume the *man*, by treating at taverns, making parties to the country, filling his tutor drunk, and hiring blackguards to break the windows of the Professor with whom he was boarded. He took in succession the *degrees* of a *wag*, a *pickle*, and a *lad of mettle*. For a while, having made an elopement with his mother's maid, and fathered three children of other people, he got the appellation of a *dissipated dog*; but, at last, betaking himself entirely to the bottle, and growing red-faced and fat, he obtained the denomination of an *honest fellow*; which title he continued to enjoy as long as he had money to pay, or indeed much longer, while he had credit to score for his reckoning.

During this last part of his progress, he married a poor girl, whom her father, from a mistaken idea of his fortune, forced to sacrifice herself to his wishes. After a very short space, he grew too indifferent about her to use her ill, and broke her heart with the best-natured neglect

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in the world. Of two children whom he had by her, one died at nurſe ſoon after the death of its mother; the eldeſt, a boy of ſpirit like his father, after twice running away from ſchool, was at laſt ſent aboard a *Guinea-man*, and was knocked on the head by a ſailor, in a quarrel about a Negro wench, on the coaſt of Africa.

Generoſity, however, was a part of his character, which he never forfeited. Beſide lending money genteelly to many worthleſs companions, and becoming ſurety for every man who aſked him, he did *ſome* truly charitable actions to very deſerving objects. Theſe were told to his honour; and people who had met with refuſals from more conſiderate men, ſpoke of ſuch actions as the genuine teſt of feeling and humanity. They miſinterpreted ſcripture for indulgence to his errors on account of his *charity*, and extolled the goodneſs of his heart in every company where he was mentioned. Even while his mother, during her laſt illneſs, was obliged to accept of money from her phyſician, becauſe ſhe could not obtain payment of her jointure, and while, after her deceaſe, his two ſiſters were dunning him every day, without effect, for the ſmall annuity left them by their father, he was called a *good-hearted* man by three-fourths of his acquaintance; and when, after having pawned their clothes, rather than diſtreſs him, thoſe ſiſters commenced a lawſuit to force him to do them

them juſtice, the ſame impartial judges pronounced them *hard-hearted* and *unnatural:* nay, the ſtory is ſtill told to their prejudice, though they now prevent their brother from ſtarving, out of the profits of a little ſhop which they were then obliged to ſet up for their ſupport.

The abuſe of the terms uſed by my friend, in regard to the character of this unfortunate man, would be ſufficiently ſtriking from the relation I have given, without the neceſſity of my offering any comment on it. Yet the miſapplication of them is a thouſand times repeated by people who have known and felt inſtances, equally glaring, of ſuch injuſtice. It may ſeem invidious to leſſen the praiſes of any praiſe-worthy quality; but it is eſſential to the intereſts of virtue, that *inſenſibility* ſhould not be allowed to aſſume the title of *good-nature*, nor *profuſion* to uſurp the honours of *generoſity*.

The effect of ſuch miſplaced and ill-founded indulgence is hurtful in a double degree. It encourages the evil which it forbears to cenſure, and diſcourages the good qualities which are found in men of decent and ſober characters. If we look into the private hiſtories of unfortunate families, we ſhall find moſt of their calamities to have proceeded from a neglect of the uſeful duties of ſobriety, œconomy, and attention to domeſtic concerns, which, though they ſhine not in the eye of the world, nay, are often ſub-

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ject to its obloquy, are yet the ſureſt guardians of virtue, of honour, and of independence.

Be juſt before you are generous, is a good old proverb, which the profligate hero of a much-admired comedy is made to ridicule, in a well-turned, and even a ſentimental period. But what right have thoſe ſquanderers of their own and other men's fortunes to aſſume the merit of *generoſity?* Is parting with that money, which they value ſo little, *generoſity?* Let them reſtrain their diſſipation, their riot, their debauchery, when they are told that theſe bring ruin on the perſons and families of the honeſt and the induſtrious; let them ſacrifice one pleaſure to humanity, and then tell us of their *generoſity* and their *feeling*. A tranſient inſtance, in which the prodigal relieved want with his purſe, or the thoughtleſs debauchee promoted merit by his intereſt, no more deſerves the appellation of *generoſity*, than the raſhneſs of a *drunkard* is entitled to the praiſes of *valour*, or the freaks of a *madman* to the laurels of *genius*.

In the character of a man, conſidered as a being of any reſpect at all, we immediately ſee a relation to his friends, his neighbours, and his country. His duties only confer real *dignity*, and, what may not be ſo eaſily allowed, but is equally true, can beſtow real *pleaſure*. I know not an animal more inſignificant, or leſs happy, than a man without any ties of affection, or

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any exercise of duty. He must be very forlorn, or very despicable, indeed, to whom it is possible to apply the phrase used by my friend, in characterizing the person whose story I have related above, and to say, that he is *no one's enemy but his own*.

V

N° 24, SATURDAY, *April* 17, 1779.

Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata; dulcia sunto. HOR.

NATURE is for ever before us. We can, as often as we please, contemplate the variety of her productions, and feel the power of her beauty. We may feast our imaginations with the verdure of waving groves, the diversified colours of an evening sky, or the windings of a limpid river. We may dwell with rapture on those more sublime exhibitions of nature, the raging tempest, the billowy deep, or the stupendous precipice, that lift the soul with delightful amazement, and seem almost to suspend her exertions. These beautiful and vast appearances are so capable of affording pleasure, that they become favourite subjects with the poet and the painter; they charm us in description,

or they glow upon canvas. Indeed, the imitations of eminent artiſts have been held on an equal footing, in regard to the pleaſure they yield, with the works of Nature herſelf, and have ſometimes been deemed ſuperior. This ſubject deſerves attention; how it happens, that the deſcriptions of the poet, and the imitations of the painter, ſeem to communicate more delight than the things they deſcribe or imitate.

In eſtimating the reſpective merits of nature and of art, it will readily be admitted, that the preference, in every ſingle object, is due to the former. Take the ſimpleſt bloſſom that blows, obſerve its tints or its ſtructure, and you will own them unrivalled. What pencil, how animated ſoever, can equal the glories of the ſky at ſun-ſet? or can the repreſentations of moon-light, even by Homer, Milton, and Shakeſpeare, be more exquiſitely finiſhed than the real ſcenery of a moon-light night?

If the poet and painter are capable of yielding ſuperior pleaſure, in their exhibitions, to what we receive from the works of their great original, it is in the manner of grouping their objects, and by their ſkill in arrangement. In particular, they give uncommon delight, by attending not merely to unity of deſign, but to unity, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, in the feelings they would excite. In the works of Nature, unleſs ſhe has been ornamented and reformed

formed by the taſte of an ingenious improver, intentions of this ſort are very ſeldom apparent. Objects that are gay, melancholy, ſolemn, tranquil, impetuous, and fantaſtic, are thrown together, without any regard to the influences of arrangement, or to the conſiſtency of their effects on the mind. The elegant artiſt, on the contrary, though his works be adorned with unbounded variety, ſuggeſts only thoſe objects that excite ſimilar or kindred emotions, and excludes every thing of an oppoſite, or even of a different tendency. If the ſcene he deſcribes be ſolemn, no lively nor fantaſtic image can have admiſſion: but if, in a ſprightly mood, he diſplays ſcenes of feſtivity, every penſive and gloomy thought is debarred. Thus the figures he delineates have one undivided direction; they make one great and entire impreſſion.

To illuſtrate this remark, let us obſerve the conduct of Milton in his two celebrated poems, *Allegro*, and *Il Penſeroſo*.

In the *Allegro*, meaning to excite a cheerful mood, he ſuggeſts a variety of objects; for variety, by giving conſiderable exerciſe to the mind, and by not ſuffering it to reſt long on the ſame appearance, occaſions briſk and exhilarating emotions. Accordingly, the poet ſhews us, at one glance, and, as it were, with a ſingle daſh of his pen,

Ruſſet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Mountains, on whoſe barren breaſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim with daiſies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

The objects themſelves are cheerful; for, beſides having brooks, meadows, and flowers, we have the whiſtling ploughman, the ſinging milk-maid, the mower whetting his ſcythe, and the ſhepherd piping beneath a ſhade. Theſe images, ſo numerous, ſo various, and ſo cheerful, are animated by lively contraſts: we have the mountains oppoſed to the meadows, "Shallow brooks "and rivers wide." Add to this, that the charms of the landſcape are heightened by the bloom of a ſmiling ſeaſon; and that the light poured upon the whole is the delightful radiance of a ſummer morning:

Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames of amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liv'ries dight.

Every image is lively; every thing different is with-held; all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion.

Let us now obſerve the conduct of his *Il Penſeroſo*. This poem is, in every reſpect, an exact counterpart to the former. And the intention of the poet being to promote a ſerious and ſolemn mood, he removes every thing lively; "Hence, "vain

" vain deluding joys!" He quits ſociety; he chuſes ſilence, and opportunities for deep reflection; " Some ſtill removed place will fit." The objects he preſents are few. In the quotation, beginning with " Ruſſet lawns," there are eight leading images: in the following, of equal length, there is only one.

> To behold the wandring moon,
> Riding near her higheſt noon,
> Like one that had been led aſtray
> Through the heav'n's wide pathleſs way;
> And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
> Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

The ſounds that can be, in any reſpect, agreeable to him, muſt correſpond with his preſent humour: not the ſong of the milk-maid, but that of the nightingale; not the whiſtling ploughman, but the ſound of the curfeu. His images ſucceed one another ſlowly, without any rapid or abrupt tranſitions, without any enlivening contraſts; and he will have no other light for his landſcape than that of the moon: or, if he cannot enjoy the ſcene without doors, he will have no other light within, than that of dying embers, or of a ſolitary lamp at midnight. The time, and the place he chuſes for his retreat, are perfectly ſuited to his employment; for he is engaged in deep meditation, and in conſidering

> What worlds, or what vaſt regions, hold
> Th' immortal mind.

Every image is ſolemn, every thing different is with-held: here, as before, all the emotions the poet excites are of one character and complexion. It is owing, in a great meaſure, to this attention in the writer, to preſerve unity and conſiſtency of ſentiment, that, notwithſtanding conſiderable imperfections in the language and verſification, *Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo* have ſo many admirers.

The ſkill of the poet and painter, in forming their works ſo as to excite kindred and united emotions, deſerves the greater attention, that perſons of true taſte are not ſo much affected, even in contemplating the beauties of nature, with the mere perception of external objects, as with the general influences of their union and correſpondence. It is not that particular tree, or that cavern, or that caſcade, which affords them all their enjoyment; they derive their chief pleaſure from the united effect of the tree, the cavern, and the caſcade. A perſon of ſenſibility will be leſs able, perhaps, than another, to give an exact account of the different parts of an exquiſite landſcape, of its length, width, and the number of objects it contains. Yet the general effect poſſeſſes him altogether, and produces in his mind very uncommon ſenſations. The impulſe, however, is tender, and cannot be deſcribed. Indeed, it is the power of producing theſe ſenſations that gives the ſtamp of genuine excellence, in particular, to the works of the

poet.

poet. Verſes may be poliſhed, and may glow with excellent imagery; but unleſs, like the poems of Parnel, or the leſſer poems of Milton, they pleaſe by their enchanting influence on the heart, and by exciting feelings that are conſiſtent, or of a ſimilar tendency, they are never truly delightful. Horace, I think, expreſſes this ſentiment, when he ſays, in the words of my motto,

Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poëmata; dulcia ſunto;

and an attention to this circumſtance is ſo important, that, along with ſome other exertions, it enables the poet and painter, at leaſt, to rival the works of Nature.

N° 25. TUESDAY, *April* 20, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago I troubled you with a letter, giving an account of a particulart ſort of grievance, felt by the families of men of ſmall fortunes, from their acquaintance with thoſe of great ones. I am emboldened, by the favourable reception of my firſt letter, to write you a ſecond upon the ſame ſubject.

You will remember, Sir, my account of a visit which my daughters paid to a great lady in our neighbourhood, and of the effects which that visit had upon them. I was beginning to hope that time, and the sobriety of manners which home exhibited, would restore them to their former situation, when, unfortunately, a circumstance happened, still more fatal to me than their expedition to ——. This, Sir, was the honour of a visit from the great lady in return.

I was just returning from the superintendence of my ploughs in a field I have lately inclosed, when I was met, on the green before my door, by a gentleman (for such I took him to be) mounted upon a very handsome gelding, who asked me, by the appellation of *honest friend*, if this was not Mr. *Homespun*'s; and, in the same breath, whether the ladies were at home? I told him, my name was *Homespun*, the house was mine, and my wife and daughters were, I believed, within. Upon this, the young man, pulling off his hat, and begging my pardon for calling me *honest*, said, he was dispatched by Lady ——, with her compliments to Mrs. and Misses *Homespun*, and that, if convenient, she intended herself the honour of dining with them, on her return from B—— park (the seat of another great and rich lady in our neighbourhood).

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I confeſs, Mr. MIRROR, I was ſtruck ſomewhat of an heap with the meſſage; and it would not, in all probability, have received an immediate anſwer, had it not been overheard by my eldeſt daughter, who had come to the window on the appearance of a ſtranger. "Mr. *Papillot*," ſaid ſhe immediately, "I rejoice to ſee you; I "hope your Lady and all the family are well." "Very much at your ſervice, Ma'am," he replied, with a low bow; "my Lady ſent me be-"fore, with the offer of her beſt compliments, "and that, if convenient"—and ſo forth, repeating his words to me. "She does us infinite "honour," ſaid my young Madam; "let her "Ladyſhip know how happy her viſit will make "us; but, in the mean time, Mr. *Papillot*, give "your horſe to one of the ſervants, and come "in and have a glaſs of ſomething after your "ride." "I am afraid," anſwered he (pulling out his right-hand watch, for, would you believe it, Sir? the fellow had one in each fob), "I ſhall hardly have time to meet my Lady at "the place ſhe appointed me." On a ſecond invitation, however, he diſmounted, and went into the houſe, leaving his horſe to the care of the *ſervants*; but the *ſervants*, as my daughter very well knew, were all in the fields at work; ſo I, who have a liking for a good horſe, and cannot bear to ſee him neglected, had the honour of putting Mr. *Papillot*'s in the ſtable myſelf.

After about an hour's ſtay, for the gentleman ſeemed to forget his hurry within doors, Mr. *Papillot* departed. My daughters, I mean the two polite ones, obſerved how handſome he was; and added another obſervation, that it was only to particular friends my Lady ſent meſſages by him, who was her own body ſervant, and not accuſtomed to ſuch offices. My wife ſeemed highly pleaſed with this laſt remark: I was about to be angry; but on ſuch occaſions it is not my way to ſay much; I generally ſhrug up my ſhoulders in ſilence; yet, as I ſaid before, Mr. MIRROR, I would not have you think me henpeck'd.

By this time, every domeſtic about my houſe, male and female, were called from their ſeveral employments to aſſiſt in the preparations for her Ladyſhip's reception. It would tire you to enumerate the various ſhifts that were made, by purchaſing, borrowing, &c. to furniſh out a dinner ſuitable to the occaſion. My little grey poney, which I keep for ſending to market, broke his wind in the cauſe, and has never been good for any thing ſince.

Nor was there leſs ado in making ourſelves and our attendants fit to appear before ſuch company. The female part of the family managed the matter pretty eaſily; women, I obſerve, having a natural talent that way. My wife took upon herſelf the charge of apparelling me

me for the occaſion. A laced ſuit, which I had worn at my marriage, was got up for the purpoſe; but the breeches burſt a ſeam at the very firſt attempt of pulling them on, and the ſleeves of the coat were alſo impracticable; ſo ſhe was forced to content herſelf with clothing me in my Sunday's coat and breeches, with the laced waiſtcoat of the above-mentioned ſuit, ſlit in the back, to ſet them off a little. My gardener, who has been accuſtomed, indeed, to ſerve in many capacities, had his head cropped, curled, and powdered, for the part of *butler;* one of the beſt-looking plough-boys had a yellow cape clapped to his Sunday's coat to make him paſs for a ſervant in livery; and we borrowed my ſon-in-law, the parſon's man, for a third hand.

All this was accompliſhed, though not without ſome tumult and diſorder, before the arrival of the great lady. She gave us, indeed, more time for the purpoſe than we looked for, as it was near ſix o'clock before ſhe arrived. But this was productive of a misfortune on the other hand; the dinner my poor wife had buſtled, ſweated, and ſcolded for, was ſo over-boiled, over-ſtewed, and over-roaſted, that it needed the appetite of ſo late an hour to make it go well down even with me, who am not very nice in theſe matters: luckily her Ladyſhip, as I am told, never eats much, for fear of ſpoiling her ſhape, now that ſmall waiſts have come into faſhion again.

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The dinner, however, though ſpoiled in the cooking, was not thrown away, as her Ladyſhip's train made ſhift to eat the greateſt part of it. When I ſay her *train*, I do not mean her ſervants only, of which there were half a dozen in livery, beſides the illuſtrious Mr. *Papillot*, and her Ladyſhip's maid, gentlewoman I ſhould ſay, who had a table to themſelves. Her parlour-attendants were equally numerous, conſiſting of two ladies and ſix gentlemen, who had accompanied her Ladyſhip in this excurſion, and did us the honour of coming to eat and drink with us, and bringing their ſervants to do the ſame, though we had never ſeen or heard of them before.

During the progreſs of this entertainment, there were ſeveral little embarraſſments which might appear ridiculous in deſcription, but were matters of ſerious diſtreſs to us. Soup was ſpilled, diſhes overturned, and glaſſes broken, by the awkwardneſs of our attendants; and things were not a bit mended by my wife's ſolicitude (who, to do her juſtice, had all her eyes about her) to correct them.

From the time of her Ladyſhip's arrival, it was impoſſible that dinner could be over before it was dark; this, with the conſideration of the bad road ſhe had to paſs through in her way to the next houſe ſhe meant to viſit, produced an invitation from my wife and daughters to paſs the

the night with us; which, after a few words of apology for the trouble ſhe gave us, and a few more of the honour we received, was agreed to. This gave riſe to a new ſcene of preparation, rather more difficult than that before dinner. My wife and I were diſlodged from our own apartment, to make room for our noble gueſt. Our four daughters were crammed in by us, and ſlept on the floor, that their rooms might be left for the two ladies and four of the gentlemen who were entitled to the greateſt degree of reſpect; for the remaining two, we found beds at my ſon-in-law's. My two eldeſt daughters had, indeed, little time to ſleep, being cloſetted the greateſt part of the night with their right honourable viſitor. My offices were turned topſy-turvy for the accommodation of the ſervants of my gueſts, and my own horſes turned into the fields, that theirs might occupy my ſtable.

All theſe are hardſhips of their kind, Mr. MIRROR, which the honour that accompanies them ſeems to me not fully to compenſate; but theſe are ſlight grievances, in compariſon with what I have to complain of as the effects of this viſit. The malady of my two eldeſt daughters is not only returned with increaſed violence upon them, but has now communicated itſelf to every other branch of my family. My wife, formerly a decent diſcreet woman, who liked her own way,

way, indeed, but was a notable manager, now talks of this and that piece of expence as neceſſary to the rank of a gentlewoman, and has lately dropped ſome broad hints, that a winter in town is neceſſary to the accompliſhment of one. My two younger daughters have got the *heads* that formerly belonged to their elder ſiſters, to each of whom, unfortunately, the great lady preſented a ſet of feathers, for which new *heads* were eſſentially requiſite.

The inſide of all of them has undergone a very ſtriking metamorphoſis, from this one night's inſtruction of their viſitor. There is, it ſeems, a faſhion in *morality*, as well as in dreſs; and the preſent mode is not quite ſo ſtraight-lac'd as the ſtays are. My two fine ladies talked, a few mornings ago, of ſuch a gentleman's *connection* with Miſs C——, and ſuch another's *arrangement* with Lady G——, with all the eaſe in the world: yet theſe words, I find, being interpreted, mean nothing leſs than *fornication* and *adultery*. I ſometimes remonſtrate warmly, eſpecially when I have my ſon-in-law to back me, againſt theſe new-fangled freedoms; but another doctrine they have learned is, that a *father* and a *parſon* may preach as they pleaſe, but are to be followed only according to the inclination of their audience. Indeed I could not help obſerving, that my Lady —— never mentioned her abſent Lord (who, I underſtand,

derſtand, is ſeldom of her parties), except ſometimes to let us know how much ſhe differed in opinion from him.

This contempt of authority, and affectation of faſhion, has gone a ſtep lower in my houſehold. My gardener has tied his hair behind, and ſtolen my flour to powder it, ever ſince he ſaw Mr. *Papillot;* and yeſterday he gave me warning that he ſhould leave me next term, if I did not take him into the houſe, and provide another hand for the work in the garden. I found a great hoyden, who waſhes my daughters linens, ſitting, the other afternoon, dreſſed in one of their caſt fly-caps, entertaining this ſame oaf of a gardener, and the wives of two of my farm-ſervants, with tea, forſooth; and when I quarrelled her for it, ſhe replied, that Mrs. *Dimmity*, my Lady ———'s gentlewoman, told her all the maids at ——— had tea, and ſaw company of an afternoon.

But I am reſolved on a reformation, Mr. MIRROR, and ſhall let my wife and daughters know, that I will be maſter of my own houſe and my own expences, and will neither be made a fool or a beggar, though it were after the manner of the greateſt Lord in Chriſtendom. Yet I confeſs I am always for trying gentle methods firſt. I beg, therefore, that you will inſert this in your next paper, and add to it ſome exhortations of your own to prevail on

them, if poſſible, to give over a behaviour, which I think, under favour, is rather improper even in *great folks*, but it is certainly ruinous to little ones.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

Mr. Homeſpun's relation, too valuable to be ſhortened, leaves me not room at preſent for any obſervations. But I have ſeen the change of manners among ſome of my countrywomen, for ſeveral years paſt, with the moſt ſenſible regret; and I intend ſoon to devote a paper to a ſerious remonſtrance with them on the ſubject.

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N° 26. SATURDAY, *April* 24, 1779.

NOTHING can give a truer picture of the manners of any particular age, or point out more ſtrongly thoſe circumſtances which diſtinguiſh it from others, than the change that takes place in the rules eſtabliſhed as to the external conduct of men in ſociety, or in what may be called the ſyſtem of politeneſs.

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It were abſurd to ſay, that from a man's external conduct, we are always to judge of the feelings of his mind; but, certainly, when there are rules laid down for men's external behaviour to one another, we may conclude, that there are ſome general feelings prevalent among the people which dictate thoſe rules, and make a deviation from them to be conſidered as improper. When at any time, therefore, an alteration in thoſe general rules takes place, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that the change has been produced by ſome alteration in the feelings, and in the ideas of propriety and impropriety of the people.

Whoever conſiders the rules of external behaviour eſtabliſhed about a century ago, muſt be convinced, that much leſs attention was then paid by men of high rank to the feelings of thoſe beneath them, than in the preſent age. In that æra, a man uſed to meaſure out his complaiſance to others according to the degree of rank in which they ſtood, compared with his own. A Peer had a certain manner of addreſs and ſalutation to a Peer of equal rank, a different one to a Peer of an inferior order, and, to a commoner, the mode of addreſs was diverſified according to the antiquity of his family, or the extent of his poſſeſſions; ſo that a ſtranger, who happened to be preſent at the levee of a great man, could, with tolerable certainty, by

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examining his features, or attending to the lowneſs of his bow, judge of the different degrees of dignity among his viſitors.

Were it the purpoſe of the preſent paper, this might be traced back to a very remote period. By the *Earl of Northumberland's houſehold book*, begun in the year 1512, it appears that my Lord's *board-end*, that is to ſay, the end of the table where he and his principal gueſts were ſeated, was ſerved with a different and more delicate ſort of viands, than thoſe allotted to the lower end. "*It is thought good*," ſays that curious record, "*that no pluvers be brought at no time but only in* "*Chriſtmas, and principal feaſts, and my Lord to* "*be ſerved therewith, and his board-end, and no* "*other.*" The line of diſtinction was marked by a large *ſaltcellar*, placed in the middle of the table, above which, at *my Lora's board-end*, ſat the diſtinguiſhed gueſts, and below it thoſe of an inferior claſs.

In this country, and in a period nearer our own times, we have heard of a Highland chieftain, who died not half a century ago, remarkable for his hoſpitality, and for having his table conſtantly crowded with a number of gueſts; poſſeſſing a high idea of the dignity of his family, and warmly attached to ancient manners, he was in uſe very nicely to diſcriminate, by his behaviour to them, the ranks of the different perſons he entertained. The head of the table was occupied

cupied by himſelf, and the reſt of the company ſat nearer or more remote from him according to their reſpective ranks. All, indeed, were allowed to partake of the ſame *food;* but when the liquor was produced, which was, at that time, and perhaps ſtill is, in ſome parts of Scotland, accounted the principal part of a feaſt, a different ſort of beverage was aſſigned to the gueſts, according to their different dignities. The chieftain himſelf, and his family, or near relations, drank wine of the beſt kind; to perſons next in degree, was allotted wine of an inferior ſort; and to gueſts of a ſtill lower rank, were allowed only thoſe liquors which were the natural produce of the country. This diſtinction was agreeable to the rules of politeneſs at that time eſtabliſhed: the entertainer did not feel any thing diſagreeable in making it; nor did any of the entertained think themſelves entitled to take this *treatment amiſs.*

It muſt be admitted, that a behaviour of this ſort would not be conſonant to the rules of politeneſs eſtabliſhed in the preſent age. A man of good breeding now conſiders the ſame degree of attention to be due to every man in the rank of a gentleman, be his fortune, or the antiquity of his family, what it may; nay, a man of real politeneſs will feel it rather more incumbent on him to be attentive and complaiſant to his inferiors in theſe reſpects, than to his equals.

The idea which in modern times is entertained of politeneſs, points out ſuch a conduct. It is founded on this, that a man of a cultivated mind is taught to feel a greater degree of pleaſure in attending to the eaſe and happineſs of people with whom he mixes in ſociety, than in ſtudying his own. On this account he gives up what would be agreeable to his own taſte, becauſe he finds more ſatisfaction in humouring the taſte of others. Thus, a gentleman now-a-days takes the loweſt place at his own table; and, if there be any delicacy there, it is ſet apart for his gueſts. The entertainer finds a much more ſenſible pleaſure in beſtowing it on them, than in taking it to himſelf.

From the ſame cauſe, if a gentleman be in company with another, not ſo opulent as himſelf, or, however worthy, not poſſeſſed of the ſame degree of thoſe adventitious honours which are held in eſteem by the world, politeneſs will teach the former to pay peculiar attention and obſervation to the latter. Men, even of the higheſt minds, when they are firſt introduced into company with their ſuperiors in rank or fortune, are apt to feel a certain degree of awkwardneſs and uneaſineſs which it requires ſome time and habit to wear off. A man of fortune or of rank, if poſſeſſed of a ſenſible mind and real politeneſs, will feel, and be at particular pains to remove this. Hence he will be led to

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be rather more attentive to thoſe who, in the eyes of the multitude, are reckoned his inferiors, than to others who are more upon a footing with him.

It is not propoſed, in this paper, to inquire what are the cauſes of the difference of men's ideas, as to the rules of politeneſs in this and the former age. It is ſufficient to obſerve, and the reflection is a very pleaſant one, that the modern rules of good-breeding muſt give us a higher idea of the humanity and refinement of this age than of the former; and, though the mode of behaviour above mentioned may not be univerſally obſerved in practice, yet it is hoped it will not be diſputed, that it is conſonant to the rules which are now pretty generally eſtabliſhed.

It ought, however, to be obſerved, that when we ſpeak, even at this day, of good-breeding, of politeneſs, of complaiſance, theſe expreſſions are always confined to our behaviour towards thoſe who are conſidered to be in the rank of gentlemen; but no ſyſtem of politeneſs or of complaiſance is eſtabliſhed, at leaſt in this country, for our behaviour to thoſe of a lower ſtation. The rules of good breeding do not extend to them; and he may be eſteemed the beſt-bred man in the world who is a very brute to his ſervants and dependants.

This I cannot help conſidering as a matter of regret, and it were to be wiſhed that the ſame humanity and refinement, which recommends an equal attention to all in the rank of gentlemen, would extend ſome degree of that attention to thoſe who are in ſtations below them.

It will require but little obſervation to be ſatisfied, that all men, in whatever ſituation, are endowed with the ſame feelings (though education or example may give them a different modification); and that one in the loweſt rank of life may be ſenſible of a piece of inſolence, or an affront, as well as one in the higheſt. Nay, it ought to be conſidered, that the greater the diſproportion of rank, the affront will be the more ſenſibly felt; the greater the diſtance from which it comes, and the more unable the perſon affronted to revenge it, by ſo much the heavier will it fall.

It is not meant, that in our tranſactions with men of a very low ſtation, and who, from their circumſtances, and the wants of ſociety, muſt be employed in ſervile labour, we are to behave, in all reſpects, as to thoſe who are in the rank of gentlemen. The thing is impoſſible, and ſuch men do not expect it. But in all our intercourſe with them, we ought to conſider that they are men poſſeſſed of like feelings with ourſelves, which nature has given them, and which no ſituation can or ought to eradicate. When

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we employ them in the labour of life, it ought to be our ſtudy to demand that labour in the manner eaſieſt to them; and we ſhould never forget that gentleneſs is part of the *wages* we owe them for their ſervice.

Yet how many men, in other reſpects of the beſt and moſt reſpectable characters, are, from inadvertency, or the force of habit, deaf to thoſe conſiderations! and, indeed, the thing has been ſo little attended to, that in this, which has been called a polite age, complaiſance to ſervants and dependants is not, as I have already obſerved, at leaſt in this country, conſidered as making any part of politeneſs.

But there is another ſet of perſons ſtill more expoſed to be treated roughly than even domeſtic ſervants, and theſe are, the *waiters* at inns and taverns. Between a maſter and ſervant a certain connection ſubſiſts, which prevents the former from uſing the latter very ill. The ſervant, if he is good for any thing, naturally forms an attachment to his maſter, and to his intereſt, which produces a mutual intercourſe of kindneſs between them. But no connection of this ſort can be formed with the temporary attendants above mentioned. Hence the monſtrous abuſe which ſuch perſons frequently ſuffer; every traveller, and every man who enters a tavern, thinks he is entitled to vent his own ill-humour upon them, and vollies

of curſes are too often the only language they meet with.

Having mentioned the waiters in inns and taverns, I cannot avoid taking particular notice of the treatment to which thoſe of the female ſex, who are employed in places of that ſort, are often expoſed. Their ſituation is, indeed, peculiarly unfortunate. If a girl in an inn happen to be handſome, and a parcel of young thoughtleſs fellows caſt their eyes upon her, ſhe is immediately made the ſubject of taunt and merriment; coarſe and indecent jokes are often uttered in her hearing, and converſation ſhocking to modeſt ears is frequently addreſſed to her. The poor girl, all the while, is at a loſs how to behave; if ſhe venture on a ſpirited anſwer, the probable conſequence will be, to raiſe the mirth of the facetious company, and to expoſe her to a repetition of inſults. If, guided by the feelings of modeſty, ſhe avoid the preſence of the impertinent gueſts, ſhe is complained of for neglecting her duty; ſhe loſes the little perquiſite which, otherwiſe, ſhe would be entitled to; perhaps diſobliges her miſtreſs, and loſes her place. Whoever attends but for a moment to the caſe of a poor girl ſo ſituated, if he be not loſt to all ſenſe of virtue, muſt feel his heart relent at the cruelty of taking advantage of ſuch a ſituation. But the misfortune is, that we ſeldom attend to ſuch caſes at all; we ſometimes

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think of the fatigues and ſufferings incident to the bodies of our inferiors; but we ſcarcely ever allow any ſenſe of pain to their minds.

Among the *French*, whom we mimic in much *falſe* politeneſs, without learning from them, as we might do, much of the *true*, the obſervances of good-breeding are not confined merely to gentlemen, but extend to perſons of the loweſt ranks. Thus a *Frenchman* hardly ever addreſſes any man, however mean his condition, without calling him *Monſieur*, and the pooreſt woman in a county village is addreſſed by the appellation of *Madame*. The accoſting, in this manner, people of ſo very low a rank, in the ſame terms with thoſe ſo much their ſuperiors, may perhaps appear extravagant; but the practice ſhews how much that refined and elegant people are attentive to the feelings of the meaneſt, when they have extended the rules and ceremonial of politeneſs even to them.

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N°. 27. TUESDAY, *April* 27, 1779.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which ſhames all clamorous ſorrow.
LEE's THEODOSIUS.

A VERY amiable and much reſpected friend of mine, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Wentworth*, had lately the misfortune of loſing a wife, who was not only peculiarly beautiful, but whoſe ſoul was the manſion of every virtue, and of every elegant accompliſhment. She was ſuddenly cut off in the flower of her age, after having lived twelve years with the beſt and moſt affectionate of huſbands. A perfect ſimilarity of temper and diſpoſition, a kindred delicacy of taſte and ſentiment, had linked their hearts together in early youth, and each ſucceeding year ſeemed but to add new ſtrength to their affection. Though poſſeſſed of an affluent fortune, they preferred the tranquillity of the country to all the gay pleaſures of the capital. In the cultivation of their eſtate, in cheriſhing the virtuous induſtry of its inhabitants, in ornamenting a beautiful ſeat, in the ſociety of one another, in the innocent prattle of their little children,

children, and in the company of a few friends, Mr. *Wentworth* and his *Amelia* found every wish gratified, and their happiness complete.

My readers will judge then, what must have been Mr. *Wentworth*'s feelings, when *Amelia* was thus suddenly torn from him, in the very prime of her life, and in the midst of her felicity. I dreaded the effects of it upon a mind of his nice and delicate sensibility; and, receiving a letter from his brother, requesting me to come to them, I hasted thither, to endeavour, by my presence, to assuage his grief, and prevent those fatal consequences of which I was so apprehensive.

As I approached the house, the sight of all the well-known scenes brought fresh into my mind the remembrance of *Amelia;* and I felt myself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter. When my carriage stopt at the gate, I trembled, and would have given the world to go back. A heart-felt sorrow sat on the countenance of every servant; and I walked into the house without a word being uttered. In the hall I was met by the old butler, who has grown grey-headed in the family, and he hastened to conduct me up stairs. As I walked up, I commanded firmness enough to say, "Well, William, how is Mr. Went-"worth?" The old man, turning about with a look that pierced my heart, said, "Oh, Sir,

"our

" our excellent Lady!"———Here his grief overwhelmed him; and it was with difficulty he was able to open to me the door of the apartment.

Mr. Wentworth ran and embraced me with the warmeſt affection; and, after a few moments, aſſumed a firmneſs, and even an eaſe, that ſurpriſed me. His brother, with a ſiſter of Amelia's, and ſome other friends that were in the room, appeared more overpowered than my friend himſelf, who, by the fortitude of his behaviour, ſeemed rather to moderate the grief of thoſe around him, than to demand their compaſſion for himſelf. By his gentle and kind attentions, he ſeemed anxious to relieve their ſorrow; and, by a ſort of concerted tranquillity, ſtrove to prevent their diſcovering any ſymptoms of the bitter anguiſh which preyed upon his mind. His countenance was pale, and his eyes betrayed that his heart was ill at eaſe; but it was that ſilent and majeſtic ſorrow which commands our reverence and our admiration.

Next morning, after breakfaſt, I chanced to take up a volume of Metaſtaſio, that lay amongſt other books upon a table; and as I was turning over the leaves, a ſlip of paper, with ſomething written on it, dropped upon the floor. Mr. Wentworth picked it up; and as he looked at it, I ſaw the tears ſtart from

his eyes, and, fetching a deep ſigh, he uttered, in a low and broken voice, "*My poor Amelia!*" —It was the tranſlation of a favourite paſſage which ſhe had been attempting, but had left unfiniſhed. As if uneaſy leſt I had perceived his emotion, he careleſsly threw his arm over my ſhoulder, and reading aloud a few lines of the page which I held open in my hand, he went into ſome remarks on the poetry of that elegant author. Some time after, I obſerved him take up the book, and carefully replacing the ſlip of paper where it had been, put the volume in his pocket.

Mr. Wentworth propoſed that we ſhould walk out, and that he himſelf would accompany us. As we ſtepped through the hall, one of my friend's youngeſt boys came running up, and catching his Papa by the hand, cried out with joy, that "*Mama's Rover was returned.*" This was a ſpaniel, who had been the favourite of Amelia, and had followed her in all her walks; but after her death, had been ſent to the houſe of a villager, to be out of the immediate ſight of the family. Having ſomehow made his eſcape from thence, the dog had that morning found his way home; and, as ſoon as he ſaw Mr. Wentworth, leaped upon him with an exceſs of fondneſs. I ſaw my friend's lips and cheeks quiver. He catched his little Frank in his arms; and, for a few moments, hid his face in his neck.

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As we traverſed his delightful grounds, many different ſcenes naturally recalled the remembrance of Amelia. My friend, indeed, in order to avoid ſome of her favourite walks, had conducted us an unuſual road; but what corner could be found that did not bear the traces of her hand? Her elegant taſte had marked the peculiar beauty of each different ſcene, and had brought it forth to view with ſuch a happy delicacy of art, as to make it ſeem the work of nature alone. As we croſſed certain paths in the woods, and paſſed by ſome ruſtic buildings, I could ſometimes diſcern an emotion in my friend's countenance; but he inſtantly ſtifled it with a firmneſs and dignity that made me careful not to ſeem to obſerve it.

Towards night, Mr. Wentworth having ſtolen out of the room, his brother and I ſtepped out to a terrace behind the houſe. It was the duſk of the evening, the air was mild and ſerene, and the moon was riſing in all her brightneſs from the cloud of the eaſt. The fineneſs of the night made us extend our walk, and we ſtrayed into a hollow valley, whoſe ſides are covered with trees overhanging a brook that pours itſelf along over broken rocks. We approached a ruſtic grotto, placed in a ſequeſtered corner, under a half-impending rock. My companion ſtopped. "This," ſaid he, "was one of Ame-
"lia's walks, and that grotto was her favourite

" evening retreat. The laſt night ſhe ever " walked out, and the very evening ſhe caught " that fatal fever, I was with my brother and " her, while we ſat and read to each other in " that very place." While he ſpoke, we perceived a man ſteal out of the grotto, and, avoiding us, take his way by a path through a thicket of trees on the other ſide. " It is my brother," ſaid young Wentworth; " he has been here in " his Amelia's favourite grove, indulging that " grief he ſo carefully conceals from us."

We returned to the houſe, and found Mr. Wentworth with the reſt of the company. He forced on ſome converſation, and even affected a degree of gentle pleaſantry during the whole evening.

Such, in ſhort, is the noble deportment of my friend, that, in place of finding it neceſſary to temper and moderate his grief, I muſt avoid ſeeming to perceive it, and dare ſcarcely appear even to think of the heavy calamity which has befallen him. I too well know what he feels; but the more I know this, the more does the dignity of his recollection and fortitude excite my admiration, and command my ſilent attention and reſpect.

How very different is this dignified and reſerved ſorrow, from that weak and teazing grief which diſguſts, by its ſighs and tears, and clamorous lamentations? How much does ſuch noble

noble fortitude of deportment call forth our regard and reverence? How much is a character in other reſpects eſtimable, degraded by a contrary demeanour? How much does the exceſſive, the importunate, and unmanly grief of *Cicero*, diminiſh the very high reſpect which we ſhould otherwiſe entertain for the exalted character of that illuſtrious Roman?

Writers on practical morality have deſcribed and analyzed the paſſion of grief, and have pretended to preſcribe remedies for reſtoring the mind to tranquillity; but, I believe, little benefit has been derived from any thing they have adviſed. To tell a perſon in grief, that time will relieve him, is truly applying no remedy; and to bid him reflect how many others there may be who are more wretched, is a very inefficacious one. The truth is, that the exceſs of this, as well as of other paſſions, muſt be prevented rather than cured. It muſt be obviated, by our attaining that evenneſs and equality of temper, which can ariſe only from an improved underſtanding, and an habitual intercourſe with refined ſociety. Theſe will not, indeed, exempt us from the pangs of ſorrow, but will enable us to bear them with a noble grace and propriety, and will render the preſence of our friends (which is the only remedy) a very effectual cure.

This

This is well explained by a philoſopher, who is no leſs eloquent than he is profound. He juſtly obſerves, that we naturally, on all occaſions, endeavour to bring down our own paſſions, to that pitch which thoſe about us can correſpond with. We view ourſelves in the light in which we think they view us, and ſeek to ſuit our behaviour to what we think their feelings can go along with. With an intimate friend, acquainted with every circumſtance of our ſituation, we can, in ſome meaſure, give way to our grief, but are more calm than when by ourſelves. Before a common acquaintance, we aſſume a greater ſedateneſs. Before a mixed aſſembly, we affect a ſtill more conſiderable degree of compoſure. Thus, by the company of our friends at firſt, and afterwards, by mingling with ſociety, we come to ſuit our deportment to what we think they will approve of; we gradually abate the violence of our paſſion, and reſtore our mind to its wonted tranquillity.

N° 28. SATURDAY, *May* 1, 1779.

Currit ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens. HOR.

"AND did you not bluſh for our country-
"men?" ſaid Mr. *Umphraville* to Colonel *Plum*, as the latter was deſcribing the ſack of an Indian city, and the plunder of its miſerable inhabitants, with the death of a *Rajah* who had gallantly defended it.

"Not at all, Sir," anſwered the Colonel coolly: "our countrymen did no more than "their duty; and, were we to decline perform-"ing it on ſuch occaſions, we ſhould be of little "ſervice to our country in India."

Mr. *Umphraville* made no anſwer to this defence; but a ſilent indignation, which ſat upon his countenance, implied a ſtronger diſapprobation of it, than the moſt laboured reply he could have offered.

For the ſame reaſon which induced him to avoid any farther diſcuſſion of the ſubject, my friend endeavoured to give the converſation a different turn. He led the Colonel into a deſcription of the country of India; and, as that gentleman deſcribed, in very lively colours, the beauty of its appearance, the number of its people, and the variety and richneſs of its productions,

ductions, Mr. *Umphraville* liſtened to this part of his diſcourſe with an uncommon degree of pleaſure and attention.

But, after the Colonel's departure (for this converſation happened during one of my excurſions to Mr. *Umphraville*'s, where Colonel *Plum* had been on a viſit), the former part of the converſation recurred immediately to my friend's memory, and produced the following reflections:

" I know not," ſaid he, " a more mortifying proof of human weakneſs, than that power " which ſituation and habit acquire over prin- " ciple and feeling, even in men of the beſt " natural diſpoſitions.

" The gentleman who has juſt left us, has " derived from Nature a more than ordinary " degree of good ſenſe. Nor does ſhe ſeem to " have been leſs liberal to him in the affections " of the heart, than in the powers of the under- " ſtanding.

" Since his return to this country, Colonel " *Plum* has acted the part of an affectionate " and generous relation, of an attentive and " uſeful friend; he has been an indulgent land- " lord, a patron of the induſtrious, and a ſup- " port to the indigent. In a word, he has " proved a worthy and uſeful member of ſociety, " on whom fortune ſeems not to have miſplaced " her favours.

" Yet, with all the excellent diſpoſitions of " which theſe are proofs,—placed as a ſoldier " of fortune in India; inflamed with the am- " bition of amaſſing wealth; corrupted by the " contagious example of others governed by the " ſame paſſion, and engaged in the ſame pur- " ſuit, Colonel *Plum* appears to have been little " under the influence either of juſtice or huma- " nity; he ſeems to have viewed the unhappy " people of that country merely as the inſtru- " ments, which, in one way or other, were to " furniſh himſelf and his countrymen with that " wealth they had gone ſo far in queſt of.

" If theſe circumſtances could operate ſo " ſtrongly on ſuch a man as Colonel *Plum*, we " have little reaſon to wonder that they ſhould " have carried others of our countrymen to ſtill " more lamentable exceſſes; that they ſhould " have filled that unhappy country with ſcenes " of miſery and oppreſſion, of which the recital " fills us with equal ſhame and indignation. " Yet ſuch examples as that of the Colonel " ſhould perhaps diſpoſe us, in place of violently " declaiming againſt the conduct of individuals, " to inveſtigate the cauſes by which it is pro- " duced.

" The conqueſts of a commercial people have " always, I believe, proved uncommonly de- " ſtructive; and this might naturally have been " expected of thoſe made by our countrymen

" in

" in India, under the direction of a mercantile " ſociety, conducted by its members in a diſtant " country, in a climate fatal to European con- " ſtitutions, which they viſit only for the pur- " poſe of ſuddenly amaſſing riches, and from " which they are anxious to return as ſoon as " that purpoſe is accompliſhed.

" How far ſuch a company, whoſe original " connection with India was merely the proſe- " cution of their private commerce, ſhould have " ever been allowed to aſſume, and ſhould ſtill " continue to poſſeſs, the unnatural character " of ſovereigns and conquerors, and to conduct " the government of a great empire; is a point " which may, perhaps, merit the attention of " the legiſlature, as much as many of the more " minute inquiries in which they have of late " been engaged.

" I have often thought how much our ſu- " perior knowledge in the art of government " might enable us to change the condition of that " unfortunate country for the better. I have " pleaſed myſelf with fondly picturing out the " progreſs of ſuch a plan; with fancying I ſaw " the followers of *Mahomet* lay aſide their fe- " rocity and ambition; the peaceful diſciples " of *Brahma*, happy in the ſecurity of a good " government, and in the enjoyment of thoſe " innocent and ſimple manners which mark the " influence of a fruitful climate and a beneficent

" religion.—But, alas!" continued Mr. *Umphraville*, with a ſigh, " ſuch reformations are more " eaſily effected by me in my elbow-chair, than " by thoſe who conduct the great and compli- " cated machine of government.

" I wiſh," added he, " it may be only the " contracted view of things natural to a retired " old man, wich leads me to fear that, in this " country, the period of ſuch reformations is " nearly paſt; when I obſerve that almoſt all men " regulate their conduct, and form the minds of " the riſing generation, by this maxim,

Quærenda pecunia primum eſt,
Virtus poſt Nummos;

" I cannot but apprehend, from the prevalence " of ſo mean and ſo corrupt a principle, the " ſame national corruption which the *Roman* " poet aſcribes to it.

" In the lower ranks, the deſire of gain, as " it is the ſource of induſtry, may be held " equally conducive to private happineſs and " public proſperity; but thoſe who, by birth " or education, are diſtined for nobler purſuits, " ſhould be actuated by more generous paſſions. " If from luxury, and the love of vain expence, " they alſo ſhall give way to this deſire of wealth; " if it ſhall extinguiſh the ſentiments of public " virtue, and the paſſion for true glory, na- " tural to that order of the ſtate; the ſpring

" of

" of private and of national honour muſt
" have loſt its force, and there will remain
" nothing to withſtand the general corruption
" of manners, and the public diſorder and de-
" bility which are its inſeparable attendants.
" If our country has not already reached this
" point of degeneracy, ſhe ſeems, at leaſt, as
" far as a ſpectator of her manners can judge,
" to be too faſt approaching it."

Somewhat in this manner did Mr. *Umphraville* expreſs himſelf. Living retired in the country, converſing with few, and ignorant of the opinions of the many; attached to ideas of *family*, and not very fond of the mercantile intereſt; diſpoſed to give praiſe to former times, and not to think highly of the preſent; in his apprehenſion of facts he is often miſtaken, and the concluſions he draws from thoſe facts are often erroneous. In the preſent inſtance, the view which I have preſented of his opinions, may throw farther light upon his character; it gives a ſtriking picture both of the candour of his mind, and of the generoſity of his ſentiments. His opinions, though erroneous, may be uſeful; they may remind thoſe who, though endued, like Colonel *Plum*, with good diſpoſitions, are in danger of being ſeduced by circumſtances and ſituation, that our own intereſt or ambition is never to be purſued but in conſiſtency with the ſacred obligations of juſtice,

humanity, and benevolence; and they may afford a very pleaſing ſource of reflection to others, who, in trying ſituations, have maintained their virtue and their character untainted.

O

N° 29. TUESDAY, *May* 4, 1779.

Conciliat animos comitas affabilitaſque ſermonis.
CIC. DE OFFIC.

POLITENESS, or the external ſhew of humanity, has been ſtrongly recommended by ſome, and has been treated with exceſſive ridicule by others. It has ſometimes been repreſented, very improperly, as conſtituting the ſum of merit: and thus affectation and grimace have been ſubſtituted in place of virtue. There are, on the other hand, perſons who cover their own rudeneſs, and juſtify groſs ruſticity, by calling their conduct honeſt bluntneſs, and by defaming complacent manners, as fawning or hypocritical. Shakeſpeare, in his *King Lear*, ſketches this character with his uſual ability:

This is ſome fellow
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter; he,
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth,
An' they will take it ſo; if not, he's plain.

To

To extol polished external manners as constituting the whole duty of man, or to declaim against them as utterly inconsistent with truth, and the respect we owe to ourselves, are extremes equally to be avoided. Let no one believe that the shew of humanity is equal to the reality: nor let any one, from the desire of pleasing, depart from the line of truth, or stoop to mean condescension. But to presume favourably of all men; to consider them as worthy of our regard till we have evidence of the contrary; to be inclined to render them services; and to entertain confidence in their inclinations to follow a similar conduct; constitute a temper, which every man, for his own peace and for the peace of society, ought to improve and exhibit. Now, this is the temper essential to polished manners; and the external shew of civilities is a banner held forth, announcing to all men, that we hold them in due respect, and are disposed to oblige them. Besides, it will often occur, that we may have the strongest conviction of worth in another person; that we may be disposed, from gratitude or esteem, to render him suitable services; and yet may have no opportunity of testifying, by those actions which are their genuine expressions, either that conviction, or that disposition. Hence external courtesies and civilities are substituted, with great propriety, as signs and representatives of those actions which

we are desirous, and have not the power of performing. They are to be held as pledges of our esteem and affection.

" But the man of courtly manners often puts " on a placid and smiling semblance, while his " heart rankles with malignant passion."— When this is done with an intention to deceive or ensnare mankind, the conduct is perfidious, and ought to be branded with infamy. In that case, the law of courtesy is " more honoured " in the breach, than in the observance." But there may be another situation, when the shew of courtesy assumed, while the heart is still at ease, moved by disagreeable unkindly feelings, would be unjustly censured.——From a feeble constitution of body, bad health, or some untoward accident or disappointment, you lose your wonted serenity. Influenced by your present humour even to those who have no concern in the accident that hath befallen you, and who would really be inclined to relieve you from your uneasiness, you become reserved and splenetic. You know the impropriety of such a demeanour, and endeavour to beget in your bosom a very different disposition. Your passions, however, are stubborn; images of wrong and of disappointment have taken strong hold of your fancy; and your present disagreeable and painful state of mind cannot easily be removed. Meanwhile, however, you disguise the appear-

ance; you are careful to let no fretful expreſſion be uttered, nor any malignant thought lour in your aſpect; you perform external acts of civility, and aſſume the tones and the language of the moſt perfect compoſure. You thus war with your own ſpirit; and, by force of commanding the external ſymptoms, you will gain a complete victory. You will actually eſtabliſh in your mind that good humour and humanity, which, a little before, were only yours in appearance. Now, in this diſcipline, there is nothing criminal.—In this diſcipline, there is a great deal of merit. It will not only correct and alter our preſent humours, but may influence our habits and diſpoſitions.

A contrary practice may be attended, if not with dangerous, at leaſt with diſagreeable conſequences.———Sir *Gregory Blunt* was the eldeſt ſon of a reſpectable family. His fortune and his anceſtry entitled him, as he and his friends apprehended, to appear in any ſhape that he pleaſed. He owed, and would owe no man a ſhilling; but other men might be indebted to him. He received from nature, and ſtill poſſeſſes, good abilities and humane diſpoſitions. He is a man, too, of inflexible honour. Yet Sir *Gregory* has an unbending caſt of mind, that cannot eaſily be faſhioned into ſoft compliance and condeſcenſion. He never, even at an early period, had any pretenſions to winning ways,

ways, or agreeable aſſiduities; nor had he any talent for acquiring perſonal graces and accompliſhments. In every thing that confers the eaſy and engaging air of a gentleman, he was excelled by his companions. Sir *Gregory* had ſenſe enough to perceive his own incapacity; vanity enough to be hurt with the preferences ſhown to young men leſs able or honeſt, but more complaiſant than himſelf; and pride enough to caſt away all pretenſions to that ſmoothneſs of demeanour in which he could never excel. Thus he aſſumed a bluntneſs and roughneſs of manners, better ſuited to the natural caſt of his temper. He would be plain; he hated all your ſmiling and fawning attentions; he would ſpeak what he thought; he would praiſe no man, even though he thought him deſerving, becauſe he ſcorned to appear a flatterer; and he would promiſe no man good offices, not even though he meant to perform them, becauſe he abhorred oſtentation. Accordingly, in his addreſs, he is often abrupt, with an approach to rudeneſs, which, if it does not offend, diſconcerts; and he will not return a civility, becauſe he is not in the humour. He thus indulges a propenſity which he ought to have corrected; and, ſlave to a ſurly vanity, he thinks he acts upon principle.

Now, this habit not only renders him diſagreeable to perſons of poliſhed manners, but may be attended with conſequences of a more ſerious nature.

nature. Sir *Gregory* does not perceive, that, while he thinks he is plain, he only *affects* to be plain; that he often ſtifles a kindly feeling, for fear of ſeeming complacent; that "he conſtrains "the garb quite from his nature;" and that he diſguiſes his appearance as much at leaſt by *exceſſive* bluntneſs, as he would by ſhewing *ſome* complaiſance. Thus he is hardly entitled, notwithſtanding his pretenſions, to the praiſe even of *honeſt* plainneſs. Beſides, his character, in other reſpects, is ſo eminent, and his rank ſo diſtinguiſhed, that, of courſe, he has many admirers: and thus all the young men of his neighbourhood are becoming as boiſterous and as rough as himſelf. Even ſome of his female acquaintance are likely to ſuffer by the contagion of his example. Their deſire of pleaſing has taken an improper direction; they ſeem leſs ſtudious of thoſe delicate proprieties and obſervances ſo eſſential to female excellence; they alſo will not appear otherwiſe than what they are; and thus they will not only appear, but become a great deal worſe. For, as the ſhew of humanity and good humour may, in ſome inſtances, promote a gentle temper, and render us good humoured; ſo the affectation and ſhew of honeſt plainneſs may lead us to be plain without honeſty, and ſincere without good intention. Thoſe who affect timidity, may, in time, become cowards; and

and thoſe who affect roughneſs may, in time, grow inhuman.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I HAVE long had a *tendre* for a young lady, who is very beautiful, but a little capricious. I think myſelf unfortunate enough not to be in her good graces; but ſome of my friends tell me I am a ſimpleton, and don't underſtand her. Pray be ſo kind as inform me, Mr. MIRROR, what ſort of rudeneſs amounts to encouragement. When a lady calls a man impertinent, does ſhe wiſh him to be ſomewhat more aſſuming? When ſhe never looks his way, may he reckon himſelf a favourite? Or, if ſhe tells every body, that Mr. *Such-a-one* is her averſion, is Mr. *Such-a-one* to take it for granted, that ſhe is downright fond of him?

Yours reſpectfully,

MODESTUS.

N° 30. SATURDAY, *May* 8, 1779.

IT has ſometimes been matter of ſpeculation, whether or not there be a *ſex* in the *ſoul:* that there is one in *manners*, I never heard diſputed; the ſame applauſe which we involuntarily beſtow upon honour, courage, and ſpirit in *men*, we as naturally confer upon chaſtity, modeſty, and gentleneſs in *women*.

It was formerly one of thoſe national boaſts which are always allowable, and ſometimes uſeful, that the Ladies of *Scotland* poſſeſſed a purity of conduct, and delicacy of manners, beyond thoſe of moſt other countries. Free from the bad effects of overgrown fortunes, and of the diſſipated ſociety of an overgrown capital, their beauty was natural and their minds were uncorrupted.

Though I am inclined to believe, that this is ſtill the caſe in general; yet, from my own obſervation, and the complaints of ſeveral Correſpondents, I am ſorry to be obliged to conclude, that there begins to appear among us a very different ſtyle of manners. Perhaps our frequent communication with the metropolis of our ſiſter kingdom, is one great cauſe of this. Formerly a *London* journey was attended with ſome difficulty

ficulty and danger, and *poſting* thither was an atchievement as maſculine as a fox-chace. Now the goodneſs of the roads and the convenience of the vehicles, render it a matter of only a few days moderate exerciſe for a lady; "*Facilis* "*deſcenſus Averni;*" our wives and daughters are carried thither to ſee the world; and we are not to wonder if ſome of them bring back only that knowledge of it, which the moſt ignorant can acquire, and the moſt forgetful retain. That knowledge is communicated to a certain circle, on their return; the imitation is as rapid as it is eaſy; they emulate the *Engliſh*, who before have copied the *French;* the dreſs, the phraſe, and the *morale* of *Paris*, is tranſplanted firſt to *London*, and thence to *Edinburgh;* and even the ſequeſtrated regions of the country are ſometimes viſited in this northern progreſs of politeneſs.

And here I cannot help obſerving, that the imitation is often ſo clumſy, as to leave out all the *agreeable*, and retain all the *offenſive*. In the *tranſlation* of the *manners*, as in the *tranſlation* of the *language*, of our neighbours, we are apt to loſe the fineneſſes, the *petits agrémens*, which (I talk like a man of the world) give zeſt and value to the whole.

It will be ſaid, perhaps, that there is often a levity of behaviour without any criminality of conduct; that the lady who talks always loud, and

and ſometimes free, goes much abroad, or keeps a crowd of company at home, rattles in a public place with a circle of young fellows, or flirts in a corner with a ſingle one, does all this without the ſmalleſt bad intention, merely as ſhe puts on a cap, and ſticks it with feathers, becauſe ſhe has ſeen it done by others whoſe rank and faſhion entitle them to her imitation. Now, granting that moſt of thoſe ladies have all the purity of heart that is contended for, are there no diſagreeable conſequences, I would aſk, from the appearance of evil, excluſive of its reality? Decorum is at leaſt the *enſign*, if not the *outguard* of virtue; the want of it, if it does not weaken the garriſon, will, at leaſt, embolden the aſſailants; and a woman's virtue is of ſo delicate a nature, that to be impregnable is not enough, without the reputation of being ſo.

But, though female *virtue*, in the *ſingular*, means *chaſtity*, there are many other endowments, without which a woman's character is reproachable, though it is not infamous. The mild demeanor, the modeſt deportment, are valued not only as they denote internal purity and innocence, but as forming in themſelves the moſt valuable and engaging part of the female character. There was, of old, a ſtiff conſtrained manner, which the moderns finding unpleaſant, agreed to explode, and, in the common rage of reformation, ſubſtituted the very oppoſite

ſite extreme in its ſtead; to baniſh preciſeneſs, they called in levity, and ceremony gave way to ſomething like rudeneſs. But faſhion may alter the form, not the eſſence of things; and though we may lend our laugh, or even our applauſe, to the woman whoſe figure and converſation comes flying out upon us in this faſhionable forwardneſs of manner; yet, I believe, there is ſcarce a votary of the mode who would wiſh his ſiſter, his wife, or even his miſtreſs (I uſe the word in its modeſt ſenſe), to poſſeſs it.

I have hitherto pointed my obſervations chiefly at the appearance of our ladies to the world, which, beſides its being more immediately the object of public cenſorſhip, a variety of ſtrictures lately ſent me by my Correſpondents naturally led me to conſider. I am afraid, however, the ſame innovation begins to appear in our domeſtic as in our public life, and that the caſe of my friend Mr. *Homeſpun* is far from being ſingular. Some of thoſe whoſe rank and ſtation are ſuch as to enforce example, and regulate opinion, think it an honourable diſtinction to be able to lead, from the ſober track which the maxims of their mothers and grandmothers had marked out for them, ſuch young ladies as chance, relationſhip, or neighbourhood, has placed within the reach of their influence. The ſtate of diffidence and dependance, in which a young woman uſed to find herſelf happy under the protection of her

parents

parents or guardians, they teach their pupils to conſider as incompatible with ſenſe or ſpirit. With them obedience and ſubordination are terms of contempt; even the natural reſtraints of time are diſregarded; childhood is immaturely forced into youth, and youth aſſumes the confidence and ſelf-government of age; domeſtic duties are held to be ſlaviſh, and domeſtic enjoyments inſipid.

There is an appearance of brilliancy in the pleaſures of high life and faſhion, which naturally dazzles and ſeduces the young and inexperienced. But let them not believe that the ſcale of fortune is the ſtandard of happineſs, or the whirl of pleaſure, which their patroneſſes deſcribe, productive of the ſatisfaction which they affect to enjoy in it. Could they trace its courſe through a month, a week, or a day, of that life which they enjoy, they would find it commonly expire in languor, or end in diſappointment. They would ſee the daughters of faſhion in a ſtate the moſt painful of any, obliged to cover hatred with the ſmile of friendſhip, and anguiſh with the appearance of gaiety; they would ſee the miſtreſs of the feaſt, or the directreſs of the route, at the table, or in the drawing-room, in the very ſcene of her pride, torn with thoſe jarring paſſions which——but I will not talk like a moraliſt——which make

ducheſſes mean, and the fineſt women in the world ugly. I do them no injuſtice; for I ſtate this at the time of *poſſeſſion;* its value in *reflection* I forbear to eſtimate.

If I dared to contraſt this with a picture of domeſtic pleaſure; were I to exhibit a family virtuous and happy, where affection takes place of duty, and obedience is enjoyed, not exacted; where the happineſs of every individual is reflected upon the ſociety, and a certain tender ſolicitude about each other, gives a more delicate ſenſe of pleaſure than any enjoyment merely ſelfiſh can produce; could I paint them in their little circles of buſineſs or of amuſement, of ſentiment or of gaiety, I am perſuaded the ſcene would be too venerable for the moſt irreverent to deride, and its happineſs too apparent for the moſt diſſipated to deny. Yet to be the child or mother of ſuch a family, is often foregone for the miſerable vanity of aping ſome woman, weak as ſhe is worthleſs, deſpiſed in the midſt of flattery, and wretched in the very centre of diſſipation.

I have limited this remonſtrance to motives merely *temporal*, becauſe I am informed, ſome of our high-bred females deny the reality of any other. This refinement of infidelity is one of thoſe new acquirements, which, till of late, were altogether unknown to the ladies of this country, and which I hope very, very few of them are

yet poſſeſſed of. I mean not to diſpute the ſolidity of their ſyſtem, as I am perſuaded they have ſtudied the ſubject deeply, and under very able and learned maſters. I would only take the liberty of hinting the purpoſe for which, I have been told by ſome faſhionable men, ſuch doctrines have frequently been taught. It ſeems, it is underſtood by the younger claſs of our philoſophers, that a woman never thinks herſelf quite *alone*, till ſhe has put *God* out of the way, as well as her *huſband*.

V

N° 31. TUESDAY, *May* 11, 1779.

Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum. VIRG.

THERE is hardly any ſpecies of writing more difficult than that of drawing characters; and hence it is that ſo few authors have excelled in it. Among thoſe writers who have confined themſelves merely to this ſort of compoſition, *Theophraſtus* holds the firſt place among the ancients, and *La Bruyere* among the moderns. But, beſide thoſe who have profeſſedly confined themſelves to the delineation of character, every hiſtorian who relates events, and who deſcribes,

the disposition and qualities of the persons engaged in them, is to be considered as a writer of characters.

There are two methods by which a character may be delineated; and different authors have, more or less, adopted the one or the other. A character may either be given by describing the internal feelings of the mind, and by relating the qualities with which the person is endowed; or, without mentioning in general the internal qualities which he possesses, an account may be given of his external conduct, of his behaviour on this or that occasion, and how he was affected by this or that event.

An author who draws characters in the first manner, employs those words that denote the general qualities of the mind; and by means of these he gives a description and view of the character. He passes over the particular circumstances of behaviour and conduct which lead to the general conclusion with regard to the character, and gives the conclusion itself.

But an author who draws characters in the other manner above alluded to, instead of giving the general conclusion deduced from the observation of particular circumstances of conduct, gives a view of the particulars themselves, and of the external conduct of the person whose character he wishes to represent, leaving his readers to form their own conclusion from that view which

which he has given. Of the two authors I have mentioned, each excels in one of thoſe oppoſite manners. In every inſtance I can recollect, excepting the extravagant picture of *the abſent man*, *La Bruyere* lays before his readers the internal feelings of the character he wiſhes to repreſent; while *Theophraſtus* gives the action which the internal feelings produce.

Of theſe different modes of delineating characters, each has its peculiar advantages. The beſt method of giving a full and comprehenſive view of the different parts of a character, may be by a general enumeration of the qualities of mind with which the perſon is endowed: while, at the ſame time, it is, perhaps, impoſſible to mark the nice and delicate ſhades of character, without bringing the image more fully before the eye, and placing the perſon in that ſituation which calls him forth into action.

In theſe two different manners, there are faults into which authors, following the one or the other, are apt to fall, and which they ſhould ſtudiouſly endeavour to avoid. An author who gives the internal qualities of the character, ſhould guard againſt being too general; he who gives views of the conduct, and repreſents the actions themſelves, ſhould avoid being too particular. When the internal qualities of the mind are deſcribed, they may be expreſſed in ſuch vague and general terms, as to lay before the reader no

marked diſtinguiſhing feature; when, again, in the views which are given of the conduct, the detail is too particular, the author is apt to tire by becoming tedious, or to diſguſt by being trifling or familiar, or by approaching to vulgarity. Some of our moſt celebrated hiſtorians have committed errors of the firſt ſort; when, at the end of a reign, or at the exit of a hero, they draw the character of the King, or great man, and tell their readers, that the perſon they are taking leave of, was *brave*, *generous*, *juſt*, *humane;* or the tyrant they have been declaiming againſt, was *cruel*, *haughty*, *jealous*, *deceitful;* theſe general qualities are ſo little diſtinguiſhing, that they may be applied, almoſt, to any very good, or very bad man, in the hiſtory. When, on the other hand, an author, in order to give a particular view of the perſon of whom he writes, tells his readers, what ſuch perſon did before, and what after dinner; what before, and what after he ſlept; if his vivacity prevent him from appearing tedious, he will at leaſt be in danger of diſpleaſing by the appearance of vulgarity or affectation.

It may be proper here to obſerve, that, in making a right choice of the different manners in which a character may be drawn, much depends upon the ſubject, or deſign of the author; one method may be more ſuited to one kind of compoſition than to another. Thus the author who

who confines himſelf merely to drawing characters, the hiſtorian who draws a character ariſing only from, or illuſtrating the events he records, or the novelliſt who delineates characters by feigned circumſtances and ſituations, have each their ſeveral objects, and different manners may be properly adopted by each of them. Writers, ſuch as *Theophraſtus* and *La Bruyere*, take for their object a character governed by ſome one paſſion, abſorbing all others, and influencing the man in every thing; *the miſer*, *the epicure*, *the drunkard*, *&c.* The buſineſs of the hiſtorian is more difficult and more extenſive; he takes the complicated characters in real life; he muſt give a view of every diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the perſonage, the good and the bad, the fierce and the gentle, all the ſtrange diverſities which life preſents.

Novel-writers ought, like the profeſſed writers of character, to have it generally in view to illuſtrate ſome one diſtinguiſhing feature or paſſion of the mind; but then they have it in their power, by the aſſiſtance of ſtory, and by inventing circumſtances and ſituation, to exhibit its leading features in every poſſible point of view. The great error, indeed, into which novel-writers commonly fall, is, that they attend more to the ſtory and to the circumſtances they relate, than to giving new and juſt views of the character of the perſon they preſent. Their ge-

neral method is to affix names to certain perſonages, whom they introduce to their readers, whom they lead through dangers and diſtreſſes, or exhibit in circumſtances of ridicule, without having it in view to illuſtrate any one predominant or leading principle of the human heart; without making their readers one bit better acquainted with the characteriſtic features of thoſe perſons at the end of the ſtory than at the beginning. Hence there are ſo few novels which give laſting pleaſure, or can bear to be peruſed oftener than once. From the ſurpriſe occaſioned by the novelty or nature of the events, they may carry their readers once through them; but, as they do not illuſtrate any of the principles of the mind, or give any intereſting views of character, they raiſe no deſire for a ſecond peruſal, and ever after lie neglected on the ſhelf.

How very different from theſe are the novels, which, in place of relying upon the mere force of incident, bring the characters of their perſonages fully before us, paint all their ſhades and attitudes, and by making us, as it were, intimately acquainted with them, deeply engage our hearts in every circumſtance which can affect them? This happy talent of delineating all the delicate features and nice tints of human character, never fails to delight, and will often atone for many defects. It is this which renders *Richardſon* ſo intereſting, in ſpite of his immea-

immeaſureable tedioufneſs; it is this which will render *Fielding* ever delightful, notwithſtanding the indelicate coarſeneſs with which he often offends us.

A

N° 32. SATURDAY, *May* 15, 1779.

HAPPINESS has been compared, by one of my predeceſſors, to a *Game;* and he has preſcribed certain rules to be followed by the players. Theſe, indeed, are more neceſſary than one might ſuppoſe at firſt ſight; this game, like moſt others, being as often loſt by *bad play* as by *ill luck.* The circumſtances I am placed in, ſome of which I communicated to my readers in my introductory paper, make me often a ſort of looker-on at this game; and, like all lookers-on, I think I diſcover blunders in the play of my neighbours, who frequently loſe the advantages their fortune lays open to them.

To chace the alluſion a little farther, it is ſeldom that opportunities occur of *brilliant ſtrokes* or *deep calculation.* With moſt of us, the ordinary little ſtake is all that is played for; and he who goes on obſerving the common rules of the game, and keeping his temper in the reverſes

verſes of it, will find himſelf a gainer at laſt. In plainer language, *happineſs*, with the bulk of men, may be ſaid to conſiſt in the power of enjoying the ordinary pleaſures of life, and in not being too eaſily hurt by the little diſquietudes of it. There is a certain fineneſs of ſoul, and delicacy of ſentiment, with which few ſituations accord, to which many ſeeming harmleſs ones give the greateſt uneaſineſs. The art "*deſipere in loco*" (by which I underſtand being able not only to trifle, upon occaſion, ourſelves, but alſo to bear the foolery of others), is a qualification extremely uſeful for ſmoothing a man's way through the world.

I have been led into this train of thinking, by ſome circumſtances in a viſit I had lately the pleaſure of receiving from my friend Mr. *Umphraville*, with whom I made my readers acquainted in ſome former Numbers. A particular piece of buſineſs occurred, which made it expedient for him to come to town; and though he was, at firſt, extremely averſe from the journey, having never liked great towns, and now reliſhing them leſs than ever, yet the remonſtrances of his man of buſineſs, aided by very urgent requeſts from me, at length overcame him. He ſet out, therefore, attended by his old family-ſervant, *John*, whom I had not failed to remember in my invitation to his maſter.

At

At the firſt ſtage on the road, *John* told me, his maſter looked ſad, eat little, and ſpoke leſs. Though the landlord uſhered in dinner in perſon, and gave his gueſt a very minute deſcription of his manner of *feeding his mutton*, Mr. *Umphraville* remained a hearer only, and ſhewed no inclination to have him ſit down and partake of his own diſhes; and, though he deſired him, indeed, to taſte the wine, of which he brought in a bottle after dinner, he told him, at the ſame time, to let the oſtler know he ſhould want his horſes as ſoon as poſſible. The landlord left the room, and told *John*, who was eating his dinner, ſomewhat more deliberately, in the kitchen, that his maſter ſeemed a melancholy kind of a gentleman, not half ſo good-humoured as his neighbour Mr. *Jolly*.

John, who is intereſted both in the happineſs and honour of his maſter, endeavoured to mend matters in the evening, by introducing the *hoſteſs* very particularly to Mr. *Umphraville*; and, indeed, venturing to invite her to ſup with him. *Umphraville* was too ſhy, or too civil, to decline the lady's company, and *John* valued himſelf on having procured him ſo agreeable a companion.—His maſter complained to me, ſince he came to town, of the oppreſſion of this landlady's company; and declared his reſolution of not ſtopping at the *George* on his way home.

The

The morning after his arrival at my houſe, while we were ſitting together, talking of old ſtories, and old friends, with all the finer feelings afloat about us, *John* entered, with a look of much ſatisfaction, announcing the name of Mr. *Bearſkin*. This gentleman is a firſt couſin of *Umphraville*'s, who reſides in town, and whom he had not ſeen theſe ſix years. He was bred a *mercer*, but afterwards extended his dealings with his capital, and has been concerned in ſeveral great mercantile tranſactions. While *Umphraville*, with all his genius, and all his accompliſhments, was barely preſerving his eſtate from ruin at home, this man, by dint of induſtry and application, and partly from the want of genius and accompliſhments, has amaſſed a fortune greater than the richeſt of his couſin's anceſtors was ever poſſeſſed of. He holds *Umphraville* in ſome reſpect, however, as the repreſentative of his father's family, from which he derives all his gentility, his father having ſprung nobody knows whence, and lived nobody knows how, till he appeared behind the counter of a woollen-draper, to whoſe ſhop and buſineſs he ſucceeded.

My friend, though he could have excuſed his viſit at this time, received him with politeneſs. He introduced him to me as his near relation; on which the other, who mixes the flippant civility of his former profeſſion with ſomewhat of

of the monied confidence of his preſent one, made me a handſome compliment, and congratulated Mr. *Umphraville* on the poſſeſſion of ſuch a friend. He concluded, however, with a diſtant inſinuation of *his* houſe's being a more natural home for his *couſin* when in town, than that of any other perſon. This led to a deſcription of that houſe, its rooms and its furniture, in which he made no inconſiderable eulogium on his own taſte, the taſte of his wife, and the taſte of the times. *Umphraville* bluſhed, bit his lips, complained of the heat of the room, changed his ſeat, in ſhort ſuffered torture all the way from the *cellar* to the *garret*.

Mr. *Bearſkin* cloſed this deſcription of his houſe with an expreſſion of his and his wife's earneſt deſire to ſee their *couſin* there. *Umphraville* declared his intention of calling to enquire after Mrs. *Bearſkin* and the young folks, mentioning, at the ſame time, the ſhortneſs of his propoſed ſtay in town, and the hurry his buſineſs would neceſſarily keep him in while he remained. But this declaration by no means ſatisfied his kinſman; he inſiſted on his ſpending a day with them ſo warmly, that the other was at laſt overcome, and the third day after was fixed on for that purpoſe, which Mr. *Bearſkin* informed us would be the more agreeable to all parties, as he ſhould then have an opportunity of introducing us to his *London* correſpondent, a man of great fortune,

fortune, who had juſt arrived here on a jaunt to ſee the country, and had promiſed him the favour of eating a bit of mutton with him on that day. I would have excuſed myſelf from being of the party; but not having, any more than *Umphraville*, a talent at refuſal, was, like him, overpowered by the ſolicitations of his couſin.

The hiſtory of that dinner I may poſſibly give my readers hereafter, in a ſeparate paper, a dinner, now-a-days, being a matter of conſequence, and not to be managed in an *epiſode*. The time between was devoted by Mr. *Umphraville* to buſineſs, in which he was pleaſed commonly to aſk my advice, and to communicate his opinions. The laſt I found generally unfavourable both of men and things; my friend carries the "*priſca* "*fides*" too much about with him to be perfectly pleaſed in his dealings with people of buſineſs. When we returned home in the evening, he ſeemed to feel a relief in having got out of the reach of the world, and muttered expreſſions, not to mention the inflections of his countenance, which, if fairly ſet down on paper, would almoſt amount to calling his *banker* a Jew, his *lawyer* not a gentleman, and his *agent* a pettifogger. He was, however, very ready to clap up a truce with his ideas when in company with theſe ſeveral perſonages; and though he thought he ſaw them taking advantages, of which I am perſuaded

perſuaded they were perfectly innocent, he was contented to turn his face another way, and paſs on. A man of *Umphraville*'s diſpoſition is willing to ſuffer all the penalties of ſillineſs, but that of being thought ſilly.

I

N° 33. Tuesday, *May* 18, 1779.

Among the many advantages ariſing from cultivated ſentiment, one of the firſt and moſt truly valuable, is that delicate complacency of mind which leads us to conſult the feelings of thoſe with whom we live, by ſhowing a diſpoſition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency.

They muſt, indeed, have attended little to what paſſes in the world, who do not know the importance of this diſpoſition; who have not obſerved, that the want of it often poiſons the domeſtic happineſs of families, whoſe felicity every other circumſtance concurs to promote.

Among the letters lately received from my Correſpondents, are two, which, as they afford a lively picture of the bad conſequences reſulting

ing from the neglect of this complacency, I shall here lay before my readers. The first is from a lady, who writes as follows:

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MY father was a merchant of some eminence, who gave me a good education, and a fortune of several thousand pounds. With these advantages, a tolerable person, and I think not an unamiable temper, I was not long arrived at womanhood before I found myself possessed of many admirers. Among others was Mr. *Gold*, a gentleman of a very respectable character, who had some connections in trade with my father; to him, being a young man of a good figure, and of very open and obliging manners, I soon gave the preference, and we were accordingly married with the universal approbation of my friends.

We have now lived together above three years, and I have brought him two boys and a girl, all very fine children. I go little abroad, attend to nothing so much as the œconomy of our family, am as obliging as possible to all my husband's friends, and study in every particular to be a kind and dutiful wife. Mr. *Gold*'s

Gold's reputation and ſucceſs in buſineſs daily increaſes, and he is in the main, a kind and attentive huſband; yet I find him ſo particular in his temper, and ſo often out of humour about trifles, that, in ſpite of all thoſe comfortable circumſtances, I am perfectly unhappy.

At one time he finds fault with the diſhes at table; at another, with the choice of my maid-ſervants; ſometimes he is diſpleaſed with the trimming of my gown, ſometimes with the ſhape of my cloak, or the figure of my head-dreſs; and, ſhould I chance to give an opinion on any ſubject which is not perfectly to his mind, he probably looks out of humour at the time, and he is ſure to chide me about it when we are by ourſelves.

It is of no conſequence whether I have been right or wrong in any of thoſe particulars. If I ſay a word in defence of my choice or opinion, it is ſure to make matters worſe, and I am only called a fool for my pains; or, if I expreſs my wonder that he ſhould give himſelf uneaſineſs about ſuch trifles, he anſwers, ſullenly, that, to be ſure, every thing is a *trifle* in which I chooſe to diſoblige him.

It was but the other day, as we were juſt going out to dine at a friend's houſe, he told me my *gown* was extremely ugly. I anſwered, his obſervation ſurpriſed me, for it was *garnet*,

and I had taken it off on hearing him say he wondered I never chose one of that colour. Upon this he got into a passion, said it was very odd I should charge my bad taste upon him; he had never made any such observation, for the colour was his aversion. The dispute at last grew so warm, that I threw myself down on a settee, unable to continue it, while he flung out of the room, ordered away the coach from the door, and wrote an apology to his friend for our not waiting upon him.

We dined in our different apartments: and though, I believe, we were equally sorry for what had passed, and Mr. *Gold*, when we met at supper, asked my pardon for having contradicted me so roughly; yet we had not sat half an hour together, when he told me, that, after all, I was certainly mistaken, in saying he had recommended a *garnet colour;* and, when I very coolly assured him I was not, he renewed the dispute with as much keenness as ever. We parted in the same bad humour we had done before dinner, and I have hardly had a pleasant look from him since.

In a word, Mr. *Gold* will allow me to have no mind but his: and, unless I can see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and taste with his palate (none of which I can very easily bring myself to do, as you must know all of them are somewhat particular), I see no prospect of our situation

tion changing for the better; and what makes our preſent one doubly provoking is, that, but for this unfortunate weakneſs, Mr. *Gold*, who is, in other reſpects, a very worthy man, would make one of the beſt of huſbands.

Pray tell me, Sir, what I ſhould do in this ſituation, or take your own way of letting my huſband ſee his weakneſs, the reformation of which would be the greateſt of all earthly bleſſings to

Your's, &c.

SUSANNA GOLD.

I was thinking how I ſhould anſwer this letter, or in what way I could be uſeful to my Correſpondent, when I received the following; the inſertion of which is, I believe, the beſt reply I can make to it.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS bred a merchant; by my ſucceſs in trade I am now in affluent circumſtances, and I have reaſon to think that I am ſo with an unblemiſhed character.

Some years ago, I married the daughter of a reſpectable citizen, who brought a comfortable addition to my fortune; and as ſhe had been virtuouſly educated, and ſeemed cheerful and good-tempered, as I was myſelf naturally of a domeſtic turn, and reſolved to make a good huſband, I thought we bade fair for being happy in each other.

But, though I muſt do my ſpouſe the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe is diſcreet and prudent, attentive to the affairs of her family, a careful and fond mother to her children, and, in many reſpects, an affectionate and dutiful wife; yet one foible in her temper deſtroys the effect of all theſe good qualities. She is ſo much attached to her own opinions in every trifle, ſo impatient of contradiction in them, and withal ſo ready to diſpute mine, that, if I diſapprove of her taſte or ſentiments, in any one particular, or ſeem diſſatisfied, when ſhe diſapproves of my taſte or ſentiments, it is the certain ſource of a quarrel; and, while we perfectly agree as to our general plan of life, and every eſſential circumſtance of our domeſtic œconomy, this ſilly fancy, that I muſt eat, dreſs, think, and ſpeak, preciſely as ſhe would have me, while ſhe will not accommodate herſelf to me in the moſt trifling of theſe particulars, gives me perpetual uneaſineſs; and with almoſt every thing I could wiſh, a genteel income, a good reputation, promiſing

miſing children, and a virtuous wife, whom I ſincerely eſteem, I have the mortification to find myſelf abſolutely unhappy.

I am ſure this foible of my poor wife's will appear to you, Mr. MIRROR, in its proper light; your making it appear ſo to her, may be the means of alleviating our mutual diſtreſs; for, to tell you the truth, I believe ſhe is almoſt as great a ſufferer as I am. I hope you will gratify me in this deſire; by doing ſo, you may be of general ſervice, and will particularly oblige

Your conſtant reader, and

Obedient humble ſervant,

NATHANIEL GOLD.

On comparing theſe two letters it is evident that, from the want of that *complacency* mentioned in the beginning of this paper, the very ſenſibility of temper, and ſtrength of affection, which, under its influence, would have made this good couple happy, has had a quite contrary effect. The ſource of the diſquiet they complain of, is nothing elſe than the want of that reſpect for the taſte, feelings, and opinions of each other, which conſtitutes the diſpoſition I have recommended above, and which, ſo far from being inconſiſtent with a reaſonable deſire

of reforming each other in theſe particulars, is the moſt probable means of accompliſhing it.

Nor is the caſe of Mr. and Mrs. *Gold* ſingular in this reſpect. By much the greateſt part of domeſtic quarrels originate from the want of this pliancy of diſpoſition, which people ſeem, very abſurdly, to ſuppoſe may be diſpenſed with in trifles. I have known a man who would have parted with half his eſtate to ſerve a friend, to whom he would not have yielded a hair's breadth in an argument. But the leſſer virtues muſt be attended to as well as the greater; the manners as well as the duties of life. They form a ſort of *Pocket Coin*, which, though it does not enter into great and important tranſactions, is abſolutely neceſſary for common and ordinary intercourſe.

K

N° 34. SATURDAY, *May* 22, 1779.

IN compliance with a promiſe I made my readers at the cloſe of laſt *Saturday*'s paper (at leaſt it was that ſort of promiſe which a man keeps when the thing ſuits his inclination), I proceed to give them an account of that dinner to which my friend Mr. *Umphraville* and I were invited by his couſin Mr. *Bearſkin*.

On

On our way to the houſe, I perceived certain ſymptoms of diſſatisfaction, which my friend could not help bringing forth, though he durſt not impute them to the right cauſe, as I have heard of men beating their wives at home, to revenge themſelves for the croſſes they have met with abroad. He complained of the moiſtneſs of the weather, and the dirtineſs of the ſtreet; was quite fatigued with the length of the way (Mr. *Bearſkin*'s houſe being faſhionably eccentric), and almoſt curſed the taylor for the tightneſs of a ſuit of clothes, which he had beſpoke on his arrival in town, and had now put on for the firſt time. His chagrin, I believe, was increaſed by his having juſt learned from his lawyer, that the buſineſs he came to town about, could not be finiſhed at the time he expected, but would probably laſt a week longer.

When we entered Mr. *Bearſkin*'s drawing-room, we found his wife ſitting with her three daughters ready to receive us. It was eaſy to ſee, by the air of the lady, that ſhe was perfectly miſtreſs of the houſe, and that her huſband was only a ſecondary perſon there. He ſeemed, however, contented with his ſituation, and an admirer of his wife; a ſort of lap-dog huſband (of whom I have ſeen many), who looks ſleek, runs about briſkly, and, though he now and then gets a kick from his miſtreſs, is as ready to play over his tricks again as ever.

Mr. *Bearſkin*, after many expreſſions of his happineſs in ſeeing his couſin in his new houſe, propoſed walking us down ſtairs again, to begin ſhowing it from the ground ſtory upwards. *Umphraville*, though I ſaw him ſweating at the idea, was ready to follow his conductor, when we were ſaved by the interpoſition of the lady, who uttered a "Pſha! Mr. *Bearſkin*," with ſo ſignificant a look, that her huſband inſtantly dropped his deſign, ſaying, "to be ſure there was "not much worth ſeeing, though he could have "wiſhed to have ſhown his couſin his *ſtudy*, "which he thought was tolerably clever." "I "thought, Papa," ſaid the eldeſt of the Miſſes, "it was not quite in order yet."—"Why, not "altogether;" replied her father: "I have not "been able to get up my *heads*, as *Pope* has loſt "an ear, and *Homer* the left ſide of his beard, "by the careleſſneſs of a packer; and I want "about three feet and a half of folios for my "loweſt ſhelf."—"I don't care if there was not "a *folio* in the world," rejoined Miſs. "Child!" ſaid her mother, in a tone of rebuke—Miſs bridled up, and was ſilent;—I ſmiled;—*Umphraville* walked to the window, and wiped his forehead.

Bearſkin now pulled out his watch, and telling the hour, ſaid, he wondered his friend Mr. *Blubber* was not come, as he was generally punctual to a minute. While he ſpoke, a loud rap at the door

door announced the expected company; and presently Mr. *Blubber*, his wife, a son, and two daughters, entered the room. The first had on an old-fashioned *pompadour* coat, with gold buttons, and very voluminous sleeves, his head adorned by a large *major* wig, with curls as white and as stiff as if they had been cast in *plaster of Paris;* but the females, and heir of the family, were dressed in the very height of the mode. *Bearskin* introduced the old gentleman to his cousin Mr. *Umphraville:*—" Mr. " *Blubber*, Sir, a very particular friend of mine, " and (turning to me with a whisper) worth " fourscore thousand pounds, if he's worth a " farthing." *Blubber* said, he feared they had kept us waiting; but that his wife and daughters had got under the hands of the hair-dresser, and he verily thought would never have had done with him. The ladies were too busy to reply to this accusation; they had got into a committee of enquiry on Mr. *Edward Blubber*'s waistcoat, which had been *tamboured*, it seems, by his sisters, and was universally declared to be *monstrous handsome*. The young man himself semed to be highly delighted with the reflection of it in a mirror that stood opposite to him. " Isn't it vastly pretty, Sir?" said one of the young ladies to *Umphraville*. " Ma'am!" said he, starting from a reverie, in which I saw, by his countenance, he was meditating on the young gentleman

gentleman and his waiſtcoat in no very favourable manner.—I read her countenance too; ſhe thought *Umphraville* juſt the fool he did her brother.

Dinner was now announced, and the company, after ſome ceremonial, got into their places at table, in the centre of which ſtood a ſumptuous *epargne*, filled, as *Bearſkin* informed us, with the produce of his *farm*. This joke, which, I ſuppoſe, was as regular as the grace before dinner, was explained to the ignorant to mean, that the ſweetmeats came from a plantation in one of the *Weſt-India* iſlands, in which he had a concern. The *epargne* itſelf now produced another diſſertation from the ladies, and, like the waiſtcoat, was alſo pronounced *monſtrous handſome*. *Blubber*, taking his eye half off a plate of ſalmon, to which he had juſt been helped, obſerved, that it would come to a handſome price too;—"Sixty ounces, I'll warrant "it," ſaid he; "but as the *plate tax* is now "repealed, it will coſt but the intereſt a-keeping."—"La, Papa," ſaid Miſs *Blubber*, "you "are always thinking of the money things "coſt!"—"Yes," added her brother, "*Tables* "*of intereſt* are an excellent accompaniment for "a *deſſert*."——At this ſpeech all the ladies laughed very loud. *Blubber* ſaid, he was an impudent dog; but ſeemed to reliſh his ſon's wit notwithſtanding. *Umphraville* looked ſtern-

ly

ly at him; and, had not a glance at his *waiſt-coat* ſet him down as ſomething beneath a man's anger, I don't know what conſequences might have followed. During the reſt of the entertainment, I could ſee the *fumet* of fool and coxcomb on every morſel that *Umphraville* ſwallowed, though Mrs. *Bearſkin*, next whom he ſat, was at great pains to help him to the nice bits of every thing within her reach.

When dinner was over, Mr. *Blubber* mentioned his deſign of making a tour through the *Highlands*, to viſit *Stirling*, *Taymouth*, and *Dunkeld;* and applying to our landlord for ſome deſcription of theſe places, was by him referred to Mr. *Umphraville* and me. Mr. *Umphraville* was not in a communicative mood; ſo I was obliged to aſſure Mr. *Blubber*, who talked with much uncertainty and apprehenſion of theſe matters, that he would find *beds* and *bed-clothes*, *meat* for himſelf, and *corn* for his horſes, at the ſeveral places above mentioned; that he had no *dangerous ſeas* to croſs in getting at them; and that there were no *highwaymen* upon the road.

After this there was a conſiderable interval of ſilence, and we were in danger of getting once more upon Mr. *Edward*'s fine waiſtcoat, when Mr. *Bearſkin*, informing the company that his couſin was a great lover of muſic, called on his daughter, Miſs *Polly*, for a *ſong*, with which, after ſome of the uſual apologies, ſhe complied; and,

and, in compliment to Mr. *Umphraville*'s taſte, who ſhe was ſure muſt like *Italian* muſic, ſhe ſung, or rather *ſqualled*, a ſong of *Sacchini*'s, in which there was ſcarce one bar in tune from beginning to end. Miſs *Blubber* ſaid, in her uſual phraſeology, that it was *a monſtrous ſweet* air.—Her brother ſwore it was *divinely ſung*.—*Umphraville* gulped down a falſehood with a very bad grace, and ſaid, Miſs would be a good ſinger with a little more practice.—A compliment which was not more diſtant from truth on one ſide, than from Miſs's expectations on the other, and I could plainly perceive, did not ſet him forward in the favour of the family.

" My father is a judge of ſinging too," ſaid Mr. *Edward Blubber;* " what is your opinion " of the ſong, Sir?"—" My opinion is," ſaid he, " that your *Italianos* always ſet me aſleep; " Engliſh ears ſhould have Engliſh ſongs, I " think."—" Then, ſuppoſe one of the ladies " ſhould give us an Engliſh ſong," ſaid I. " 'Tis " a good motion," ſaid Mr. *Bearſkin*, " I ſecond " it; Miſs *Betſy Blubber* ſings an excellent " Engliſh ſong."—Miſs *Betſy* denied ſtoutly that ſhe ever ſung at all; but evidence being produced againſt her, ſhe, at laſt, ſaid, ſhe would try if ſhe could make out " *The Maid's Choice.*" " Ay, ay, *Betſy*," ſaid her father, " a very good " ſong; I have heard it before.

——" If I could but find,
" I care not for fortune—Umh!—a man to my mind."

Miſs

Miſs *Betſy* began the ſong accordingly, and to make up for her want of *voice*, accompanied it with a great deal of *action*. Either from the accident of his being placed oppoſite to her, or from a ſly application to his ſtate as an *old bachelor*, ſhe choſe to perſonify the maid's choice in the figure of *Umphraville*, and pointed the deſcription of the ſong particularly at him. *Umphraville*, with all his dignity, his abilities, and his knowledge, felt himſelf uneaſy and ridiculous under this ſilly alluſion of a ballad; he bluſhed, attempted to laugh, bluſhed again, and ſtill looked with that awkward importance which only the more attracted the ridicule of the fools around him. Not long after the ladies retired; and no perſuaſion of his couſin could induce him to ſtay the evening, or even to enter the drawing-room where they were aſſembled at tea.

" Thank Heaven!" ſaid *Umphraville*, when the door was ſhut, and we had got fairly into the ſtreet. " Amen!" I replied, ſmiling, " for " our good dinner and excellent wine!"—— " How the devil, Charles," ſaid he, " do you " contrive to bear all this nonſenſe with the " compoſure you do?"—" Why, I have often " told you, my friend, that our earth is not a " planet fitted up only for the reception of wiſe " men.—Your *Blubbers* and *Bearſkins* are neceſ- " ſary parts of the ſyſtem; they deſerve the en-

" joyments

" joyments they are capable of feeling;—and I " am not ſure if he who ſuffers from his own " ſuperiority does not deſerve his ſufferings."

N° 35. TUESDAY, *May* 25, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

TILL I arrived at the age of twenty, my time was divided between my books, and the ſociety of a few friends, whom a ſimilarity of purſuits and diſpoſitions recommended to me. About that period, finding that the habits of reſerve and retirement had acquired a power over me, which my ſituation, as heir to a conſiderable fortune, would render inconvenient, I was prevailed upon, partly by a ſenſe of this, partly by the importunity of my relations, to make an effort for acquiring a more general acquaintance, and faſhionable deportment. As I was conſcious of an inclination to oblige, and a quick ſenſe of propriety, two qualities which I eſteemed the ground of good-breeding; as my wit was tolerably ready, and my figure not diſadvantageous, I own to you that I entertained ſome hopes of ſucceſs.

I was,

I was, however, unſucceſsful. The novelty of the ſcenes in which I found myſelf engaged, the multiplicity of obſervances and attention requiſite upon points which I had always regarded as below my notice, embarraſſed and confounded me. The feelings to which I had truſted for my direction, ſerved only to make me awkward, and fearful of offending. My obſequious ſervices in the drawing-room paſſed unrewarded; and my obſervations, when I ventured to mingle, either in the chat of the women, or the politics of the men, being delivered with timidity and heſitation, were overlooked or neglected. Some of the more elderly and diſcreet among the former ſeemed to pity me; and I could not help remarking, that they often, as if they had meant the hint for me, talked of the advantage to be derived from the peruſal of Lord *Cheſterfield's Letters*. To this author, then, as ſoon as I learned his ſubject, I had recourſe, as to a guide that would point out my way, and ſupport me in my journey. But, how much was I aſtoniſhed, when, through a veil of wit, ridicule, elegant expreſſion, and lively illuſtration, I diſcerned a ſtudied ſyſtem of frivolity, meanneſs, flattery, and diſſimulation, inculcated as the ſureſt and moſt eligible road to eminence and popularity?

Young as I am, Mr. MIRROR, and heedleſs as I may conſequently be ſuppoſed, I cannot think

think that this work is a code proper for being held up to us as the regulator of our conduct. The talents inſiſted on with peculiar emphaſis, the accompliſhments moſt earneſtly recommended, are ſuch as, in our days, if they ought to be treated of at all, ſhould be mentioned only to put us on our guard againſt them. If riches naturally tend to render trifles of importance; if they direct our attention too much toward exterior accompliſhments; if they propagate the courtly and complying ſpirit too extenſively at any rate, we certainly, in this country, ſo wealthy and luxurious, have no need of exhortations to cultivate or acquire thoſe qualifications. The habits that may arreſt for a little time the progreſs of this corruption, ought now to be inſiſted on. Independence, fortitude, ſtubborn integrity, and pride that diſdains the ſhadow of ſervility; theſe are the virtues which a tutor ſhould inculcate, theſe the bleſſings which a fond father ſhould ſupplicate from Heaven for his offspring.

It is, throughout, the error of his Lordſhip's ſyſtem, to conſider talents and accompliſhments according to the uſe that may be made of them, rather than their intrinſic worth. In this catechiſm, *applauſe* is *rectitude*, and *ſucceſs* is *morality*. That, in our days, a perſon may riſe to eminence by trivial accompliſhments, and become popular by flattery and diſſimulation, may, perhaps,

haps, be true. But from this it ſurely does not follow, that theſe are the means which an honourable character ſhould employ. There is a dignity in the mind which cultivates thoſe arts alone that are valuable, which courts thoſe characters alone that are worthy, which diſdains to conceal its own ſentiments, or miniſter to the foibles of others; there is, I ſay, a conſcious dignity and ſatisfaction in theſe feelings, which neither applauſe, nor power, nor popularity, without them, can ever beſtow.

Many of his Lordſhip's diſtinctions are too nice for my faculties. I cannot, for my part, diſcern the difference between feigned confidence and inſincerity; between the conduct that conveys the approbation of a ſentiment, or the flattery of a foible, and the words that declare it. I ſhould think the man whoſe countenance was open, and his thoughts concealed, a hypocrite; I ſhould term him who could treat his friends as if they were at the ſame time to be his enemies, a monſter of ingratitude and duplicity. It is dangerous to trifle thus upon the *borders of virtue*. By teaching us that it may inſenſibly be blended with vice, that their reſpective limits are not in every caſe evident and certain, our veneration for it is diminiſhed. Its chief ſafeguard is a jealous ſenſibility, that ſtartles at the colour or ſhadow of deceit. When this barrier has been inſulted, can any other be oppoſed at

which conſcience will ariſe and proclaim, Thus far, and no farther, ſhalt thou advance?

The love of general applauſe, recommended by his Lordſhip, as the great principle of conduct, is a folly and a weakneſs. He that directs himſelf by this compaſs cannot hope to ſteer through life with ſteadineſs and conſiſtency. He muſt ſurrender his own character, and aſſume the hue of every company he enters. To court the approbation of any one, is, in a tacit manner, to do homage to his judgment or his feelings. He that extends his courtſhip of it beyond the praiſe-worthy, violates the excluſive privilege of virtue, and muſt ſeek it by unworthy arts.

On the other hand, though I am by no means a friend to raſh and unguarded cenſure, yet I cannot help conſidering the conduct of him who will cenſure nothing, who will ſpeak his ſentiments of no character with freedom, who palliates every error, and apologizes for every failing, as more nearly allied to meanneſs, timidity, and a time-ſerving temper, than it is connected with candour, or favourable to the cauſe of virtue.

Nor can I perſuade myſelf that his Lordſhip's ſyſtem will be attended with general ſucceſs. The real character is the only one that can be maintained at all times, and in all diſpoſitions. Profeſſions of friendſhip and regard

will

will lead to expectations of ſervice that cannot be anſwered. The ſentiments delivered in one company, the manners aſſumed upon one occaſion, will be remembered, and contraſted with thoſe that are preſented on another. Suſpicion, once awakened, will penetrate the darkeſt cloud which art can throw around a perſon in the common intercourſe of life.

Let us conſider, too, were this ſyſtem generally adopted, what a dull inſipid ſcene muſt ſociety become! No diſtinction; no natural expreſſion of character; no confidence of profeſſions of any kind; no aſſurance of ſincerity; no ſecret ſympathy, nor delightful correſpondence of feeling. All the ſallies of wit, all the graces of polite manners, would but ill ſupply the want of theſe pleaſures, the pureſt and moſt elegant which human life affords.

EUGENIUS.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you treat much of politeneſs, I wiſh you would take notice of a particular ſort of incivility from which one ſuffers, without being thought entitled to complain. I mean that of never contradicting one at all.

I have lately come from my father's in the country, where I was reckoned a girl of tolerable parts, to reſide for ſome time at my aunt's in town. Here is a viſitor, Mr. *Dapperwit*, a good-looking young man, with white teeth, a fine complexion, his cheeks dimpled, and rather a little full and large at bottom; in ſhort, the civilleſt, moſt complying ſort of face you can imagine. As I have often taken notice of his behaviour, I was reſolved to minute down his diſcourſe the other evening at tea. The converſation began about the *weather*, my aunt obſerving, that the ſeaſons were wonderfully altered in her memory. "Certainly, my lady," ſaid Mr. *Dapperwit*, "amazingly altered indeed" —"Now I have heard my father ſay (ſaid I), that "is a vulgar error; for that it appears from re- "giſters kept for the purpoſe, that the ſtate of the "weather, though it may be different in cer- "tain ſeaſons, months, or weeks, preſerves a "wonderful equilibrium in general."—"Why, "to be ſure, Miſs, I believe, in general, as "you ſay;—but, talking of the weather, I "hope your Ladyſhip caught no cold at the "play t'other night; we were ſo awkwardly "ſituated in getting out."—"Not in the leaſt, "Sir; I was greatly obliged to your ſervices "there."—"You were well entertained, I hope, "my Lady?"—"Very well, indeed; I laugh- "ed exceedingly; there is a great deal of wit

"in

" in *Shakeſpeare*'s comedies; 'tis pity there is ſo " much of *low life* in them."—" Your ladyſhip's " criticiſm is extremely juſt; every body muſt " be ſtruck with it."———" Why now I think " (ſaid I again), that what you call *low life*, is " *nature*, which I would not loſe for all the reſt " of the play."—" Oh! doubtleſs, Miſs; for " *nature*, *Shakeſpeare* is inimitable; every body " muſt allow that."—" What do you think, Sir " (ſaid my couſin Betſy, who is a piece of poe- " teſs herſelf), of that *monody* you were ſo kind " as to ſend us yeſterday?"—" I never deliver " my opinion, Ma'am, before ſo able a judge, " till I am firſt informed of hers."—" I think it " the moſt beautiful poem, Sir, I have read of " a great while."—" Your opinion, Ma'am, flat- " ters me extremely, as it agrees exactly with " my own; they are, I think, inconteſtably the " ſweeteſt lines"—" Sweet they may be (here I " broke in): I allow them merit in the *verſi-* " *fication*; but that is only one, and, with me, " by no means the chief requiſite in a poem; " they want *force* altogether."—" Nay, as to " the matter of *force*, indeed, it muſt be own- " ed—"—" Yes, Sir, and *unity*, and *propriety*, " and a thouſand other things; but, if my couſin " will be kind enough to fetch the poem from " her dreſſing-room, we will be judged by you, " Mr. *Dapperwit*."—" Pardon me, ladies, you " would not have me be ſo rude.

" Who ſhall decide when doctors diſagree ?"

And, with that, he made one of the fineſt *bows* in the world.

If all this, Sir, proceed from ſillineſs, we muſt pity the man, and there's an end on't; if it ariſe from an idea of ſillineſs in us, let ſuch gentlemen as Mr. *Dapperwit* know, that they are very much miſtaken. But if it be the effect of pure civility,—pray inform them, Mr. MIRROR, that it is the moſt provoking piece of rudeneſs they can poſſibly commit.

Yours, &c.

BRIDGET NETTLEWIT.

N° 36. SATURDAY, *May* 29, 1779.

Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may reſt. GRAY.

NOTHING has a greater tendency to elevate and affect the heart than the reflection upon thoſe perſonages who have performed a diſtinguiſhed part on the theatre of life, whoſe actions were attended with important conſequences to the world around them, or whoſe writings have animated or inſtructed mankind. The thought that they are now no more, that their aſhes are mingled with thoſe of the meaneſt and moſt worthleſs, affords a ſubject of contemplation, which, however melancholy, the mind, in a moment of penſiveneſs, may feel a ſecret ſort of delight to indulge. "Tell her," ſays *Hamlet*, "that ſhe may paint an inch thick; yet to this "ſhe muſt come at laſt."

When *Xerxes*, at the head of his numerous army, ſaw all his troops ranged in order before him, he burſt into tears at the thought, that, in a ſhort time, they would be ſweeped from the face of the earth, and be removed to give place to thoſe who would fill other armies, and rank under other generals.

Something of what *Xerxes* felt, from the conſideration that thoſe who then were, ſhould ceaſe

to be, it is equally natural to feel from the reflection, that all who have formerly lived have ceaſed to live, and that nothing more remains than the memory of a very few who have left ſome memorial which keeps alive their names, and the fame with which thoſe names are accompanied.

But ſerious as this reflection may be, it is not ſo deep as the thought, that even of thoſe perſons who were poſſeſſed of talents for diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the world, for having their memories handed down from age to age, much the greater part it is likely, from hard neceſſity, or by ſome of the various fatal accidents of life, have been excluded from the poſſibility of exerting themſelves, or of being uſeful either to thoſe who lived in the ſame age, or to poſterity. Poverty in many, and "diſ-"aſtrous chance" in others, have "chill'd the "genial current of the ſoul," and numbers have been cut off by premature death in the midſt of project and ambition. How many have there been in the ages that are paſt, how many may exiſt at this very moment, who, with all the talents fitted to ſhine in the world, to guide or to inſtruct it, may, by ſome ſecret misfortune, have had their minds depreſſed, or the fire of their genius extinguiſhed!

I have been led into theſe reflections from the peruſal of a ſmall volume of poems which happens

pens now to lie before me, which, though poſſeſſed of very conſiderable merit, and compoſed in this country, are, I believe, very little known. In a well-written preface the reader is told, That moſt of them are the production of *Michael Bruce:* That this *Michael Bruce* was born in a remote village in *Kinroſs-ſhire*, and deſcended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and ſimplicity of their lives: That in the twenty-firſt year of his age, he was ſeized with a conſumption, which put an end to his life.

Nothing, methinks, has more the power of awakening benevolence, than the conſideration of genius thus depreſſed by ſituation, ſuffered to pine in obſcurity, and ſometimes, as in the caſe of this unfortunate young man, to periſh, it may be, for want of thoſe comforts and conveniencies which might have foſtered a delicacy of frame or of mind, ill calculated to bear the hardſhips which poverty lays on both. For my own part, I never paſs the place (a little hamlet ſkirted with a circle of old aſh trees, about three miles on this ſide of *Kinroſs*) where *Michal Bruce* reſided; I never look on his dwelling,—a ſmall thatched houſe, diſtinguiſhed from the cottages of the other inhabitants only by a *ſaſhed window* at the end, inſtead of a *lattice*, fringed with a *honeyſuckle* plant, which the poor youth had trained around it;—I never find myſelf in that ſpot, but I ſtop my horſe involuntarily;

tarily; and looking on the window, which the honey-ſuckle has now almoſt covered, in the dream of the moment, I picture out a figure for the gentle tenant of the manſion; I wiſh, and my heart ſwells while I do ſo, that he were alive, and that I were a great man to have the luxury of viſiting him there, and bidding him be happy. I cannot carry my readers thither; but, that they may ſhare ſome of my feelings, I will preſent them with an extract from the laſt poem in the little volume before me, which, from its ſubject, and the manner in which it is written, cannot fail of touching the heart of every one who reads it.

A young man of genius, in a deep conſumption, at the age of twenty-one, feeling himſelf every moment going faſter to decline, is an object ſufficiently intereſting; but how much muſt every feeling on the occaſion be heightened, when we know that this perſon poſſeſſed ſo much dignity and compoſure of mind, as not only to contemplate his approaching fate, but even to write a poem on the ſubject!

In the *French* language there is a much admired poem of the *Abbé de Chaulieu*, written, in expectation of his own death, to the *Marquis de la Farre*, lamenting his approaching ſeparation from his friend. *Michael Bruce*, who, it is probable, never heard of the *Abbé de Chaulieu*, has alſo written a poem on his own approaching death;

death; with the latter part of which I ſhall conclude this paper.

Now ſpring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known:
Dim in my breaſt life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and ſhiv'ring in th' unconſtant wind,
Meager and pale, the ghoſt of what I was,
Beneath ſome blaſted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the ſilent moments as they paſs:

The winged moments, whoſe unſtaying ſpeed
No art can ſtop, or in their courſe arreſt;
Whoſe flight ſhall ſhortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that reſt.

Oft morning dreams preſage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
Led by pale ghoſts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpleſs wail, the ſhriek of woe;
I ſee the muddy wave, the dreary ſhore,
The ſluggiſh ſtreams that ſlowly creep below,
Which mortals viſit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with ſtill Silence reigns,
And the rank graſs waves o'er the cheerleſs ground.

There let me wander at the cloſe of eve,
When ſleep ſits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its buſy follies leave,
And talk with wiſdom where my DAPHNIS lies.

There

There let me ſleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When death ſhall ſhut theſe weary aching eyes,
Reſt in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the laſt morn ariſe.

P

N° 37. TUESDAY, *June* 1, 1779.

———Credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore ſemper ait. TIBUL.

THE following eſſay I received ſome time ago from a Correſpondent, to whom, if I may judge from the hand-writing, I was once before indebted for an ingenious communication.

THE experience which every day affords, of the mortifying difference between thoſe ideal pleaſures which we conceive to flow from the poſſeſſion of certain objects of our wiſhes, and the feelings conſequent upon their actual attainment, has furniſhed to moſt moraliſts a text for declaiming on the vanity of human purſuits, the folly of covetouſneſs, the madneſs of ambition, and the only true wiſdom of being humbly ſatisfied with the lot and ſtation which Providence has aſſigned us.

It

It will not appear extraordinary, that thoſe moraliſts have hitherto laboured in vain, when it is conſidered that their doctrine, taken in the latitude in which they uſually preach it, would cut off the greateſt ſource of our happineſs, overthrow every ſocial eſtabliſhment, and is nothing leſs than an attempt to alter the nature of man. It may be a truth, that the balance of happineſs and miſery is much the ſame in moſt conditions of life, and conſequently that no change of circumſtances will either greatly enlarge the one, or diminiſh the other. But, while we know that, to attain an object of our wiſhes, or to change our condition, is not to increaſe our happineſs, we feel, at the ſame time, that the purſuit of this object, and the expectation of this change, can increaſe it in a very ſenſible degree. It is by hope that we truly exiſt; our only enjoyment is the expectation of ſomething which we do not poſſeſs: the recollection of the *paſt* ſerves us but to direct and regulate thoſe expectations; the *preſent* is employed in contemplating them; it is therefore only the *future* which we may be properly ſaid to enjoy.

A philoſopher who reaſons in this manner, has a much more powerful incentive to cheerfulneſs and contentment of mind, than what is furniſhed by that doctrine which inculcates a perpetual warfare with ourſelves, and a reſtraint upon the ſtrongeſt feelings of our nature. For, while

while he feels that the poſſeſſion of the object of his moſt earneſt deſires has given him far leſs pleaſure than was promiſed by a diſtant view of it, he is conſoled by reflecting that the expectation of this object has, perhaps, brightened many years of his life, enabled him to toil for its attainment with vigour and alacrity, to diſcharge, with honour, his part in ſociety; in ſhort, has given him in reality as ſubſtantial happineſs as human nature is capable of enjoying.

Though ſeveral years younger than *Euphanor*, I have been long acquainted with him. He is now in his fifty-ſecond year; an age when, with moſt men, the romantic ſpirit and enthuſiaſm of youth have long given place to the cool and ſteady maxims of buſineſs and the world. It is, however, a peculiarity of my friend's diſpoſition, that the ſame ſanguine temperament of mind which, from infancy, has attended him through life, ſtill continues to actuate him as ſtrongly as ever. As he diſcovered, very early, a fondneſs for claſſical learning, his father, at his own deſire, advanced his patrimony for his education at the univerſity. At the age of twenty he was left without a ſhilling, to make the beſt of his talents in any way he thought proper. Certain concurring circumſtances, rather than choice, placed him as an under-clerk in a counting-houſe. His favourite ſtudies were here totally uſeleſs; but while he gave to buſineſs the moſt

moſt ſcrupulous attention, they ſtill, at the intervals of relaxation, furniſhed his chief amuſement. It would be equally tedious and foreign to my purpoſe to mark minutely the ſteps by which *Euphanor*, in the courſe of thirty years application to buſineſs, roſe to be maſter of the moderate fortune of twenty thouſand pounds. My friend always conſidered money not in the common light, as merely the *end* of labour, but as the *means* of purchaſing certain enjoyments which his fancy had pictured as conſtituting the ſupreme happineſs of life.

In the beginning of laſt ſpring I received from *Euphanor* the following letter:

" MY DEAR SIR,

" YOU, who are familiar with my diſpoſition, " will not be ſurprized at a piece of information, " which, I doubt not, will occaſion ſome won- " der in the general circle of my acquaintance. " I have now fairly begun to execute that reſo- " lution, of which you have long heard me " talk, of entirely withdrawing myſelf from " buſineſs. You know with what ardour I have " longed for that period, when Fortune ſhould " bleſs me with a competence juſt ſuffici- " ent to proſecute my favourite ſcheme of " retiring to the country. It was that darling " proſpect which made the toils of buſineſs (for

" which, God knows, I never was intended by " nature) light, and even pleaſant to me. I have " acquired, by honeſt induſtry, a fortune equal " to my wiſhes. Theſe were always moderate; " for my aim was not wealth, but happineſs. " Of that, indeed, I have been truly covetous; " for I muſt confeſs, that, for theſe thirty years " paſt, I have never laid my head to my pillow, " without that ardent wiſh which my favourite " Horace ſo beautifully expreſſes:

" O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit
" Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno et inertibus horis,
" Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

" Or the ſame ſentiment in the words of the " penſive moral Cowley:

" Oh fountains! when in you ſhall I
" Myſelf eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts eſpy?
" Oh fields! oh woods! when, when ſhall I be made
" The happy tenant of your ſhade?"

" That bliſsful period, my dear friend, is at " length arrived. I yeſterday made a formal " reſignation of all concern in the houſe in favour " of my nephew, a deſerving young man, who, " I doubt not, will have the entire benefit of " thoſe numerous connections with perſons in " trade, whoſe good opinion his uncle never, to " his knowledge, forfeited.

" I have

" I have made a purchaſe of a ſmall eſtate in " ——ſhire, of about 200 acres. The ſitua- " tion is delightfully romantic;"

" Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata,
" ——— hic nemus ———"

" My houſe is ſmall, but wonderfully com- " modious. It is emboſomed in a tall grove " of oak and elm, which opens only to the " ſouth. A green hill riſes behind the houſe, " partly covered with furze, and ſeamed with " a winding ſheep-path. On one ſide is an " irregular garden, or rather border of ſhrub- " bery, adorning the ſloping bank of a rivulet; " but intermixed, without the ſmalleſt injury " to its beauty, with all the variety of herbs " for the kitchen. On the other ſide, a little " more remote, but ſtill in ſight of the houſe, " is an orchard filled with excellent fruit-trees. " The brook which runs through my garden " retires into a hollow dell, ſhaded with " birch and hazle copſe, and, after a winding " courſe of half a mile, joins a large river. " Theſe are the outlines of my little paradiſe. " —And now, my dear friend, what have I " more to wiſh, but that you, and a very few " others, whoſe ſouls are congenial to my own, " ſhould witneſs my happineſs? In two days " hence I bid adieu to the town, a long, a " laſt adieu!

" Farewell, thou buſy world! and may
" We never meet again!———

" The remainder of my life I dedicate to thoſe " purſuits in which the beſt and wiſeſt of men " did not bluſh to employ themſelves; the de- " lightful occupations of a country life, which " *Cicero* well ſaid, and after him *Columella*, are " next in kindred to true philoſophy. What " charming ſchemes have I already formed; what " luxurious plans of ſweet and rational enter- " tainment! But theſe, my friend, you muſt " approve and participate. I ſhall look for you " about the beginning of May; when, if you " can ſpare me a couple of months, I can ven- " ture to promiſe that time will not linger with " us. I am, with much regard, yours, &c."

As I am, myſelf, very fond of the country, it was with conſiderable regret that I found it not in my power to accept of my friend's invitation, an unexpected piece of buſineſs having detained me in town during the greateſt part of the ſum- mer. I heard nothing of *Euphanor*, till about nine months after, when he again wrote me as follows:

" MY DEAR SIR,

" It was a ſenſible mortification to me not to " have the pleaſure of ſeeing you laſt ſummer " in ———ſhire, when I ſhould have been

" much the better for your advice in a disagree-
" able affair, which, I am afraid, will occasion
" my paying a visit to town much sooner than
" I expected. I have always had a horror at
" going to law, but now I find myself unavoid-
" ably compelled to it. Sir *Ralph Surly*, whose
" estate adjoins to my little property, has, for
" the purpose of supplying a new barley-mill,
" turned aside the course of a small stream which
" ran through my garden and inclosures, and
" which formed, indeed, their greatest orna-
" ments. In place of a beautiful winding rivu-
" let, with a variety of fine natural falls, there
" is now nothing but a dry ditch, or rather
" crooked gulph, which is hideous to look at.
" The malice of this procedure is sufficiently
" conspicuous, when I tell you, that there is
" another, and a larger stream, in the same
" grounds, which I have offered to be at the
" sole expence of conducting to his mill. I
" think the law must do me justice. At any
" rate, it is impossible tamely to bear such an
" injury. I shall probably see you in a few
" days. To say the truth, my dear friend, even
" before this last mortification, I had begun to
" find, that the expectations I had formed of
" the pleasures of a country-life were by far too
" sanguine. I must confess, that, notwithstand-
" ing the high relish I have for the beauties of
" nature, I have often felt, amidst the most ro-

" mantic ſcenes, that languor of ſpirit which " nothing but ſociety can diſſipate. Even when " occupied with my favourite ſtudies, I have " ſometimes thought, with the *bard of Mantua*, " that the eaſe and retirement which I courted " were rather ignoble. I have ſuffered an ad- " ditional diſappointment in the ideas I had form- " ed of the characters of the country-people. " It is but a treacherous picture, my friend, " which the poets give us of their innocence " and honeſt ſimplicity. I have met with ſome " inſtances of inſincerity, chicane, and even " downright knavery, in my ſhort acquaintance " with them, that have quite ſhocked and mor- " tified me.

" Whether I ſhall ever again enter into the " buſy world (a ſmall concern in the houſe, " without allowing my name to appear, would " perhaps be ſome amuſement), I have not yet " determined. Of this, and other matters, we " ſhall talk fully at meeting. Meantime believe " me, dear Sir, yours,

" EUPHANOR."

Euphanor has been, for this month paſt, in town. I expected to have found him peeviſh, chagrined, and out of humour with the world. But in this I was diſappointed. I have never ſeen my friend in better health, or higher ſpirits. I have been with him at ſeveral convivial meet-

ings

ings with our old acquaintances, who felt equal ſatisfaction with himſelf at what they term his *recovery*. He has actually reſumed a ſmall ſhare in trade, and purpoſes, for the future, to devote one half of the year to buſineſs. His counſel have given him aſſurance of gaining his law-ſuit: he expects, in a few months, to return in triumph to ———ſhire, and has invited all his friends to be preſent at a *Fête Champêtre* he intends to celebrate, on the reſtoration of his beloved rivulet to its wonted channel.

The life of *Euphanor* muſt be a ſeries of diſappointments; but, on the whole, I muſt conſider him as a HAPPY MAN.

N° 38. SATURDAY, *June* 5, 1779.

THE following letter I received only yeſterday; but, as I am particularly intereſted in every project of ingenious men, I poſtponed another Eſſay which was ready for publication, and put my printer to conſiderable inconvenience to get it ready for this day's paper. I was the more ſolicitous, likewiſe, to give it a place as ſoon after my 35th Number as poſſible, in order to ſhew my impartiality. This paper (as the London *Gazetteer* ſays) *is open to all parties;*

with this proviſo, however, which is exactly the reverſe of the terms of admiſſion into the *Gazetteer*, that my Correſpondents do *not* write politics.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN a late paper, you ſhewed the neceſſity of accommodating ourſelves to the temper of perſons with whom we are particularly connected, by ſometimes ſubmitting our own taſte, inclination, and opinions, to the taſte, inclination, and opinions of thoſe perſons. I apprehend, Sir, you might have carried your idea a good deal farther, and have preſcribed to us the ſame receipt for happineſs in our intercourſe not only with our wives and children, but with our companions, our acquaintance, in ſhort with all mankind.

But, as the diſpoſition to this is not always born with one, and as to form a temper is not ſo eaſy as to regulate a behaviour, it is the buſineſs of maſters in the art of *politeneſs*, to teach people, at leaſt the better ſort of them, to counterfeit as much of this complacency in their deportment as poſſible. In this, indeed, they begin at quite the different end of the matter from you, Sir; complacency to huſbands, wives, children, and relations, they leave people to teach themſelves; but the art of pleaſing every body elſe,

elſe, as it is a thing of much greater importance, they take proportionably greater pains to inſtil into their diſciples.

I have, for ſome time paſt, been employed in reducing this art into a ſyſtem, and have ſome thoughts of opening a ſubſcription for a *courſe of lectures* on the ſubject. To qualify myſelf for the taſk, I have ſtudied, with unwearied attention, the letters of the immortal *Earl of Cheſterfield*, which I intend to uſe as my *text-book* on this occaſion, allowing only for the difference which even a few years produce in an art ſo fluctuating as this. Before I lodge my *ſubſcription-paper* with the bookſellers, I wiſh to give a ſpecimen of my abilities to the readers of the MIRROR; for which purpoſe I beg the favour of you to inſert in your next Number the following ſubſtance of a *lecture* on *Simulation*. Our noble author, indeed, extends his doctrine the length of *Diſſimulation* only, from which he diſtinguiſhes *Simulation* as ſomething not quite ſo fair and honeſt. But, for my part, I have not ſufficient nicety of ideas to make the diſtinction, and would humbly recommend to every perſon who wiſhes to be thoroughly well bred, not to confuſe his head with it. Taking, therefore, the ſhorter word as the more gentlemanlike, I proceed to my ſubject of

" SIMULATION.

" SIMULATION is the great basis of the " art which I have the honour to teach. I shall " humbly endeavour to treat this branch of my " subject, though much less ably, yet more sci- " entifically than my great master, by reducing " it into a form like that adopted by the pro- " fessors of the other sciences, and even borrow- " ing from them some of the *terms* by which I " mean to illustrate it.

" This *rule of false* (to adopt an algebraical " term) I shall divide into two parts; that " which regards the external figure of the man " or woman; and that which is necessary in the " accomplishment of the mind, and its seeming " developement to others.

" *Fashion* may be termed the regulator of " the first, *decorum* of the latter. But I must " take this opportunity of informing my audi- " ence, that the signification of words, when " applied to persons of condition, is often quite " different from that which they are understood " to bear in the ordinary standard of language. " With such persons (if I may be allowed so " bold an expression) it may often be the *fashion* " to be *unfashionable*, and *decorum* to act against " all propriety; *good breeding* may consist in " *rudeness*, and *politeness* in being very *impertinent*. This will hold in the *passive*, as well

" as

" as in the *active* of our art; people of fashion " will be pleased with such treatment from " people of fashion, the natural feelings in this, " as in the other, fine arts, giving way, amongst " connoisseurs, to knowledge and taste.

" Having made this preliminary observation, " I return to my subject of *Simulation*.

" It will be found, that *appearing what one* " *is not*, is, in both divisions of my subject, the " criterion of politeness. The man who is rich " enough to afford fine clothes, is, by this *rule* " *of false*, entitled to wear very shabby ones; " while he who has a narrow fortune is to be " dressed in the *inverse ratio* to his finances. " One *corollary* from this proposition is obvious: " he who takes off his suit on *credit*, and has " neither inclination nor ability to pay for it, " is to be dressed the most expensively of the " three. The same rule holds in houses, din- " ners, servants, horses, equipages, &c. and is " to be followed, as far as the law will allow, " even the length of bankruptcy, or, perhaps, a " little beyond it.

" On the same principle, a simple *Gentleman*, " or *Esquire*, must, at all places of public re- " sort, be apparelled like a *Gentleman* or *Esquire*. " A *Baronet* may take the liberty of a dirty " shirt; a *Lord* need not shew any shirt at all, " but wear a handkerchief round his neck in its " stead; an *Earl* may add to all this a bunch

" of

" of uncombed hair hanging down his back; and " a *Duke*, over and above the privileges above- " mentioned, is entitled to appear in boots and " buck-ſkin breeches.

" Following the ſame rule of inverſion, the " ſcholar of a provincial dancing-maſter muſt " bow at coming into, and going out of, a " drawing-room, and that pretty low too. The " pupil of *Gallini* is to puſh forward with the " rough ſtride of a porter, and make only a " ſlight inclination of his head when he has got " into the middle of the room. At going out " of it, he is to take no notice of the company " at all.

" In the externals of the female world, from " the great complication of the machine, it is " not eaſy to lay down preciſe regulations. Still, " however, the *rule of falſe* may be traced as the " governing principle. It is very *feminine* to " wear a riding-habit and a ſmart cocked hat " one half of the day; becauſe that dreſs ap- " proaches nearer to the maſculine apparel than " than any other. It is very *modeſt* to lay open " the greateſt part of the neck and boſom to the " view of the beholders; and it is incumbent " on thoſe ladies who occupy the front row of " a box at a play, to wear high feathers, and to " wave them more unceaſingly than any other " ladies, becauſe otherwiſe the company who " ſit behind might be ſuppoſed to have ſome

" deſire

" deſire of ſeeing the ſtage. Since I have men-
" tioned the *theatre*, I may remark (though it
" is foreign to this part of my diſcourſe), that,
" in the moſt affecting ſcenes of a tragedy, it is
" polite to laugh; whereas, in the ordinary de-
" tail of the two firſt acts, it is not required that
" a lady ſhould make any greater noiſe than to
" talk aloud to every one around her.

" *Simulation of Perſon*, which is only, in-
" deed, a ſort of dreſs, is alſo neceſſary among
" ladies of faſhion. Nature is to be *falſified* as
" well in thoſe parts of the ſhape which ſhe has
" left ſmall, as in thoſe which ſhe has made large.

" The *Simulation of Face*, I am happy to
" find, from an examination of the books of
" ſome perfumers and colourmen of my ac-
" quaintance, is daily gaining ground among
" the politer females of this country. But it has
" hitherto been regulated by principles ſome-
" what different from thoſe which govern other
" parts of external appearance, laid down in the
" beginning of this paper, as it is generally
" practiſed by thoſe who are moſt under the
" neceſſity of practiſing it. I would, therefore,
" humbly recommend to that beautiful young
" lady, whom I ſaw at the laſt aſſembly of the
" ſeaſon, with a coat of *rouge* on her cheeks, to
" lay it aſide for theſe three or four years at
" leaſt: at preſent, it too much reſembles their
" natural colour to be proper for her to wear—

" though,

" though, on ſecond thoughts, I believe I may " retract my advice, as the laying it on for a " little while longer will reduce her ſkin to that " dingy appearance which the *rule of falſe* al- " lows to be converted, by paint, into the com- " plexion of lilies and roſes."

The ſecond part of my obſervations on this ſubject I ſhall ſend you at ſome future period, if I find you ſo far approve of my deſign as to favour this with a ſpeedy inſertion.

I am, &c.

SIMULATOR.

V

N° 39. TUESDAY, *June* 8, 1779.

AS it is the buſineſs of the politician to beſtow his chief attention on the encouragement and regulation of thoſe members of the community who contribute moſt to the ſtrength and permanency of the ſtate; ſo it is the duty of the moral writer to employ his principal endeavours to regulate and correct thoſe affections of the mind, which, when carried to exceſs, often obſcure the moſt deſerving characters, though they are ſeldom or never to be found among the worthleſs.

It

It is vain to think of reclaiming, by human means, thoſe rooted vices which proceed from a depraved or unfeeling heart. Avarice is not to be overcome by a panegyric on generoſity, nor cruelty and oppreſſion by the moſt eloquent diſplay of the beauties of compaſſion and humanity. The moraliſt ſpeaks to them a language they do not underſtand; it is not therefore ſurpriſing, that they ſhould neither be convinced nor reclaimed. I would not be underſtood to mean, that the enormity of a vice ſhould free it from cenſure: on the contrary, I hold all glaring deviations from rectitude the moſt proper objects for the ſevereſt laſh of ſatire, and that they ſhould frequently be held up to public view, that, if the guilty cannot be reclaimed, the wavering may be confirmed, and the innocent warned to avoid the danger.

But it is a no leſs uſeful, and a much more pleaſing taſk, to endeavour to remove the veil that covers the luſtre of virtue, and to point out, for the purpoſe of amending, thoſe errors and imperfections which tarniſh deſerving characters, which render them uſeleſs, in ſome caſes hurtful, to ſociety.

An honeſt ambition for that fame which ought to follow ſuperior talents employed in the exerciſe of virtue, is one of the beſt and moſt uſeful paſſions that can take root in the mind of man; and, in the language of the *Roman* poet, "Ter-

"rarum

" rarum dominos evehit ad Deos ;"—" Heroes " lifts to gods." But when this laudable ambition happens to be joined with great delicacy of taſte and ſentiment, it is often the ſource of much miſery and uneaſineſs. In the earlier periods of ſociety, before mankind are corrupted by the exceſſes of luxury and refinement, the candidates for fame enter the liſts upon equal terms, and with a reaſonable degree of confidence, that the judgment of their fellow-citizens will give the preference where it is due. In ſuch a conteſt, even the vanquiſhed have no inconſiderable ſhare of glory; and that virtue which they cultivate, forbids them to with-hold their reſpect and applauſe from the ſuperiority by which they are overcome. Of this, the firſt ages of the Grecian and Roman republics are proper examples, when merit was the only road to fame, becauſe fame was the only reward of merit.

Though it were unjuſt to accuſe the preſent age of being totally regardleſs of merit, yet this will not be denied, that there are many other avenues which lead to diſtinction, many other qualities by which competitors carry away a prize, that, in leſs corrupted times, could have been attained only by a ſteady perſeverance in the paths of virtue.

When a man of acknowledged honour and abilities, not unconſcious of his worth, and poſ-

ſeſſed

ſeſſed of thoſe delicate feelings I have mentioned, ſees himſelf ſet aſide, and obliged to give way to the worthleſs and contemptible, whoſe vices are ſometimes the means of their promotion, he is too apt to yield to diſguſt or deſpair; that ſenſibility which, with better fortune, and placed in a more favourable ſituation, would have afforded him the moſt elegant pleaſures, made him the delight of his friends, and an honour to his country, is in danger of changing him into a moroſe and ſurly miſanthrope, diſcontented with himſelf, the world, and all its enjoyments.

This weakneſs (and I think it a great one) of quarrelling with the world, would never have been carried the length I have lamented in ſome of my friends, had they allowed themſelves to reflect on the folly of ſuppoſing, that the opinions of the reſt of mankind are to be governed by the ſtandard which they have been pleaſed to erect, had they conſidered what a ſtate of languor and inſipidity would be produced, if every individual ſhould have marked out to him the rank he was to hold, and the line in which he was to move, without any danger of being joſtled in his progreſs.

The Author of Nature has diverſified the mind of man with different and contending paſſions, which are brought into action as chance or circumſtances direct, or as he is pleaſed to order in the

the wiſdom of his providence. Our limited faculties, far from comprehending the univerſal ſcale of being, or taking in at one glance what is beſt and fitteſt for the purpoſes of creation, cannot even determine the beſt mode of governing the little ſpot that ſurrounds us.

I believe moſt men have, at times, wiſhed to be creators, poſſeſſed of the power of moulding the world to their fancy; but they would act more wiſely to mould their own prepoſſeſſions and prejudices to the ſtandard of the world, which may be done, in every age and ſituation, without tranſgreſſing the bounds of the moſt rigid virtue. A diſtaſte at mankind never fails to produce peeviſhneſs and diſcontent, the moſt unrelenting tyrants that ever ſwayed the human breaſt; that cloud which they caſt upon the ſoul ſhuts out every ray that ſhould warm to manly exertion, and hides, in the boſom of indolence and ſpleen, virtues formed to illumine the world.

I muſt, therefore, earneſtly recommend to my readers to guard againſt the firſt approaches of miſanthropy, by oppoſing reaſon to ſentiment, and reflecting on the injury they do themſelves and ſociety, by tamely retreating from injuſtice. The paſſive virtues only are fit to be buried in a cloiſter; the firm and active mind diſdains to recede, and riſes upon oppoſition.

The

The cultivation of cheerfulneſs and good-humour will be found another ſovereign antidote to this mental diſorder. They are the harbingers of virtue, and produce that ſerenity which diſpoſes the mind to friendſhip, love, gratitude, and every other ſocial affection; they make us contented with ourſelves, our friends, and our ſituation, and expand the heart to all the intereſts of humanity.

T

N° 40. SATURDAY, *June* 12, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promiſe, I ſend you the ſecond diviſion of my lecture on SIMULATION, as it reſpects the *internal* part of the ſcience of politeneſs.

" AMONG barbarous nations, it has been " obſerved, the emotions of the mind are not " more violently felt than ſtrongly expreſſed. " *Grief*, *anger*, and *jealouſy*, not only tear the

" heart, but disfigure the countenance; while " *love*, *joy*, and *mirth*, have their oppoſite ef- " fects on the ſoul, and are viſible, by op- " poſite appearances, in the aſpect. Now, as " a very refined people are in a ſtate exactly the " reverſe of a very rude one, it follows, that, " inſtead of allowing the paſſions thus to lord " it over their minds and faces, it behoves them " to mitigate and reſtrain thoſe violent emotions, " both in feeling and appearance; the latter, at " leaſt, is within the power of art and educa- " tion, and to regulate it is the duty of a " well-bred perſon. On this truly philoſophi- " cal principle is founded that eaſe, indiffer- " ence, or *nonchalance*, which is the great mark " of a modern man of faſhion.

" That inſtance of politeneſs which I men- " tioned (ſomewhat out of place indeed) in the " firſt part of this diſcourſe, the conduct of a " fine lady at a tragedy, is to be carried into " ſituations of real ſorrow as much as poſſible. " Indeed, though it may ſeem a bold aſſertion, " I believe the art of putting on indifference " about the real object, is not a whit more " difficult than that of aſſuming it about the " theatrical. I have known ſeveral ladies and " gentlemen who had acquired the firſt in per- " fection, without being able to execute the " latter, at leaſt to execute it in that maſterly

" manner

" manner which marks the performances of an " adept.—One night, laſt winter, I heard *Bob* " *Buſtle* talking from a front-box, to an ac- " quaintance in the pit, about the death of " their late friend *Jack Riot*.—" *Riot* is dead, " *Tom;* kick'd this morning, egad!"—" *Riot* " dead! poor *Jack!* what did he die of?"— " One of your damnation apoplectics kill'd " him in the chucking of a bumper; you " could ſcarce have heard him wheazle!"— " Damn'd bad that! *Jack* was an honeſt fel- " low!—What becomes of his grey poney?"— " The poney is mine."—" Yours!"—" Why, " yes; I ſtaked my white and liver-colour'd " bitch *Phillis* againſt the grey poney, *Jack*'s " life to mine for the ſeaſon."——At that in- " ſtant, a lady entering the box (it was about " the middle of the fourth act), obliged *Bob* to " ſhift his place; he ſat out of ear-ſhot of his " friend in the pit, biting his nails, and look- " ing towards the ſtage, in a ſort of *nothing- " to-doiſh* way, juſt as the laſt parting ſcene " between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* was going on " there. I obſerved (I confeſs, with regret, for " he is one of my favourite pupils) the pro- " greſs of its victory over *Bob*'s politeneſs. He " firſt grew attentive, then humm'd a tune, " then grew attentive again, then took out his " toothpick caſe, then looked at the players in " ſpite of him, then grew ſerious, then agitated,

" ——till, at laſt, he was fairly beat out of " his ground, and obliged to take ſhelter behind " lady *Cockatoo*'s head, to prevent the diſgrace " of being abſolutely ſeen weeping.

" But to return from this digreſſion.—— " The *Simulation* of indifference in affliction is " equally a female as a male accompliſhment. " On the death of a very, very near relation, " a *huſband*, for inſtance, cuſtom has eſta- " bliſhed a practice, which polite people have " not yet been able to overcome; a lady muſt " ſtay at home, and play cards for a week or " two. But the deceaſe of any one more " diſtant, ſhe is to talk of as a matter of very " little moment, except when it happens on " the eve of an aſſembly, a ball, or a ridotto; " at ſuch ſeaſons ſhe is allowed to regret it as " a very unfortunate accident. This rule of " deportment extends to diſtreſſes poignant in- " deed; as, in perfect good-breeding, the fall " of a ſet of *Dreſden*, the ſpilling of a plate of " ſoup on a new *brocade*, or even a *bad run of* " *cards*, is to be born with as equal a counte- " nance as may be.

" *Anger*, the ſecond paſſion above enume- " rated, is to be covered with the ſame cloak " of eaſe and good manners; injury, if of a " deep kind, with profeſſions of eſteem and " friendſhip. Thus, though it would be im- " proper to ſqueeze a gentleman's hand, and

" call

" call him *my dear Sir*, or *my beſt friend*, when " we mean to hit him a ſlap on the face, or to " throw a bottle at his head; yet it is perfectly " conſiſtent with politeneſs, to ſhew him all " thoſe marks of civility and kindneſs, when " we intend to ſtrip him of his fortune at play, " to counterplot him at an election, or to ſe- " duce his wife. The laſt mentioned particu- " lar ſhould naturally lead to the conſideration " of *jealouſy*; but on this it it needleſs to inſiſt, " as among well-bred people, the feeling itſelf is " quite in diſuſe.

" *Love* is one of thoſe paſſions which polite- " neſs lays us under a particular obligation to " diſguiſe, as the diſcovery of it to third per- " ſons is peculiarly offenſive and diſagreeable. " Therefore, when a man happens to ſit by a " tolerably handſome girl, for whom he does " not care a farthing, he is at liberty to kiſs " her hand, call her an angel, and tell her he " dies for her; but, if he has a real *tendre* for " her, he is to ſtare in her face with a broad " unfeeling look, tell her ſhe looks monſtrous " ill this evening, and that her *coiffeuſe* has " pinned her cap ſhockingly awry. From not " attending to the practice of this rule amongſt " people of faſhion, the inferior world has been " led to imagine, that matrimony with them is " a ſtate of indifference or averſion; whereas, " in truth, the appearances from which that

" judgment is formed, are the ſtrongeſt indica-
" tions of connubial happineſs and affection.

" On the ſubject of *joy*, or at leaſt of *mirth*,
" that great maſter of our art, my Lord *Cheſter-*
" *field*, has been preciſe in his directions. He
" does not allow of *laughter* at all; by which,
" however, he is to be underſtood as only pre-
" cluding that exerciſe as a ſign, common with
" the vulgar, of internal ſatisfaction; it is by
" no means to be reprobated as a diſguiſe for
" chagrin, or an engine of wit; it is, indeed,
" the readieſt of all repartees, and will often give
" a man of faſhion the victory over an inferior,
" with every talent, but that of aſſurance, on
" his ſide.

" As the paſſions and affections, ſo are the
" *virtues* of a polite man to be carefully con-
" cealed or diſguiſed. In this particular, our
" art goes far beyond the rules of philoſophers,
" or the precepts of the Bible; they enjoined
" men not to boaſt of their virtues; we teach
" them to brag of their vices, which is cer-
" tainly a much ſublimer pitch of ſelf-denial.
" Beſides, the merit of diſintereſtedneſs lies al-
" together on our ſide, the diſciples of thoſe
" antiquated teachers expecting, as they con-
" feſs, a reward ſomewhere; our conduct has
" only the pure conſciouſneſs of acting like a
" man of faſhion for its recompence, as we
" evidently profit nothing by it at preſent, and the

" idea

" idea of future retribution, were we ever to " admit of it, is rather againſt us."

Such, Mr. *Mirror*, is the ſubſtance of one of my lectures, which, I think, promiſe ſo much edification to our country (yet only in an improving ſtate with regard to the higher and more refined parts of politeneſs), that it muſt be impoſſible for your patriotiſm to refuſe their encouragement. If you inſert this in your next paper (if accompanied with ſome commendatory paragraphs of your own, ſo much the better), I ſhall take care to preſent you with a dozen admiſſion tickets, as ſoon as the number of my ſubſcribers enables me to begin my courſe.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SIMULATOR.

V

N° 41. TUESDAY, *June* 15, 1779.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui. VIRG.

PASSING the Exchange a few days ago I perceived a little before me a ſhort plump-looking man, ſeeming to ſet his watch by *St. Giles*'s clock, which had juſt then ſtruck two. On obſerving him a little more cloſely, I recogniſed Mr. *Blubber*, with whom I had become acquainted at the houſe of my friend *Umphraville*'s couſin, Mr. *Bearſkin*. He alſo recollected me, and ſhaking me cordially by the hand, told me he was juſt returned ſafe from his journey to the *Highlands*, and had been regulating his watch by our town-clock, as he found the ſun did not go exactly in the Highlands as it did in the Low-country. He added, that, if I would come and eat a Welſh rabbit, and drink a glaſs of punch with him and his family that evening, at their lodgings hard by, they would give me an account of their expedition. He ſaid, they found my deſcription of things a very juſt one; and was pleaſed to add, that his wife and daughters had taken a great liking to me ever ſince the day we met at his friend *Bearſkin*'s. After this, it was impoſſible to reſiſt his invitation, and I went to his

his lodgings in the evening accordingly, where I found all the family assembled, except Mr. *Edward*, whom they accounted for in the history of their expedition.

I could not help making one preliminary observation, that it was much too early in the season for viewing the country to advantage; but to this Mr. *Blubber* had a very satisfactory answer; they were resolved to complete their tour before the new tax upon *post-horses* should be put in execution.

The first place they visited after they left *Edinburgh* was *Carron*, which Mr. *Blubber* seemed to prefer to any place he had seen; but the ladies did not appear to have relished it much. The mother said, "She had like to have fell "into a fit at the noise of the great *bellows*." Miss *Blubber* agreed, that it was *monstrous* frightful indeed. Miss *Betsy* had spoiled her petticoat in getting in, and said it was a nasty place, not fit for genteel people, in her opinion. *Blubber* put on his wisest face, and observed, that women did not know the use of them things. There was much the same difference in their sentiments with regard to the *Great Canal;* Mr. *Blubber* took out a bit of paper, on which he had marked down the *lockage duty* received in a week there; he shook his head, however, and said, he was sorry to find the shares were *below par*.

Of

Of *Stirling*, the young ladies remarked, that the view from the caſtle was very fine, and the windings of the river very curious. But neither of them had ever been at *Richmond*. Mrs. *Blubber*, who had been oftener than once there, told us, " that from the *hill* was a much " grander proſpect; that the river *Thames* made " two twiſts for one that the *Forth* made at *Stir-* " *ling*; beſides, there was a wood ſo charming " thick, that unleſs when you got to a riſing " ground, like what the *Star and Garter* ſtands " on, you could ſcarce ſee a hundred yards " before you."

Taymouth ſeemed to ſtrike the whole family. The number and beauty of the *temples* were taken particular notice of; nor was the trimneſs of the walks and hedges without commendation. Miſs *Betſy Blubber* declared herſelf charmed with the ſhady walk by the ſide of the *Tay*, and remarked, what an excellent fancy it was to ſhut out the view of the river, ſo that you might hear the ſtream without ſeeing it. Mr. *Blubber*, however, objected to the vicinity of the *hills*, and Mrs. *Blubber* to that of the *lake*, which ſhe was ſure muſt be extremely unwholeſome. To this circumſtance ſhe imputed her rheumatiſm, which ſhe told us, " had been very " troubleſome to her the firſt night ſhe lay'd " there; but that ſhe had always the precau- " tion of carrying a bottle of *Beaume de Vie* in

" the

" the chaiſe, and that a doſe of it had effectually " cured her."

The ladies were delighted with the *Hermitage*. Mrs. *Blubber* confeſſed, " ſhe was ſomewhat " afeard at firſt to truſt herſelf with the guide, " down a dark narrow path, to the Lord knows " where; but then it was ſo charming when he " let in the light upon them."—" Yes, and ſo " natural," ſaid her eldeſt daughter, " with the " flowers growing out of the wall, and the *Bear-* " *ſkins* ſo pure ſoft for the *Hermit* to ſleep on." " ——" And their *garter-blue* colour ſo lively " and ſo pretty," ſaid Miſs *Betſy*; " I vow I " could have ſtay'd there for ever.——You " wa'n't there, Papa."——" No," replied he, rather ſullenly, " but I ſaw one of them ſame " things at *Dunkeld*, next day."—The young ladies declared they were quite different things; and that no judgment could be formed of the one from the other; upon which Mr. *Blubber* began to grow angry; and Mrs. *Blubber* interpoſing, put an end to the queſtion; whiſpering me, at the ſame time, that her huſband had fallen aſleep, after a hearty dinner at the inn near *Taymouth*, and that ſhe and her children had gone to ſee the *Hermitage* without him. I was farther informed, that Mr. *Edward Blubber* had left their party at this place, having gone along with two *Engliſh* gentlemen whom he met there, to ſee a great many curioſities farther off in the *Highlands*.

Highlands. "For my part," ſaid *Blubber*, "though I was told it was a great way "off, and over terrible mountains, as indeed "we could perceive them to be from the win-"dows, I did not care to hinder his going, as I "like to ſee ſpirit in a young man."

The reſt of the family returned by the way of *Dunkeld*, which the ladies likewiſe commended as a *monſtrous* pleaſant place. Mr. *Blubber* diſſented a little, ſaying, "he could not "ſee the pleaſure of always looking at the ſame "things; hills, and wood, and water, over and "over again. The river here, he owned, was "a pretty rural thing enough; but, for his "part, he ſhould think it much more lively if "it had a few *ſhips* and *lighters* on it." Miſs *Blubber* did not agree with him as to the ſhips and lighters; but ſhe confeſſed, ſhe thought a little *company* would improve it a good deal. Miſs *Betſy* differed from both, and declared, ſhe reliſhed nothing ſo much as ſolitude and retirement. This led to a deſcription of a ſecond *hermitage* they had viſited at this place, from which, and ſome of the grottoes adjoining, Miſs *Betſy* had taken down ſome *ſweet copies of verſes*, as ſhe called them, in her memorandum-book. The fall of water here had ſtruck the family much. Mrs. *Blubber* obſerved, how like it was to the *caſcade* at *Vauxhall;* her eldeſt daughter remarked, however, that the fancy of looking at it through

through panes of different coloured glaſs in the *Hermitage-room*, was an improvement on that at *Spring-gardens*.

The bridge at *Perth* was the laſt ſection of the family journal that we diſcourſed on. The ladies had inadvertently croſſed it in the carriage to ſee the palace at *Scone*, at which they complained there was nothing to be ſeen; and Mr. *Blubber* complained of the extravagance of the *Toll* on the bridge, which he declared was higher than at *Blackfriars*. He was aſſured, however, that he had paid no more than the legal charge, by his landlord, Mr. *Marſhall*, at whoſe houſe he received ſome conſolation from an excellent dinner, and a bed, he ſaid, which the *Lord Mayor of London* might have laid on. "I hope "there is no offence (continued Mr. *Blubber*, "very politely); as I underſtand the landlord "is an *Engliſhman;* but, at the *King's Arms*, "I met with the only real good *buttered toaſt* "that I have ſeen in *Scotland*."

But however various were the remarks of the family on the particulars of their journey in detail, I found they had perfectly ſettled their reſpective opinions of travelling in general. The ladies had formed their concluſion, that it was *monſtrous pleaſant*, and the gentleman his, that it was *monſtrous dear*.

N° 42. SATURDAY, *June* 19, 1779.

WHEN I firſt undertook this pulication, it was ſuggeſted by ſome of my friends, and, indeed, accorded entirely with my own ideas, that there ſhould be nothing of religion in it. There is a ſacredneſs in the ſubject that might ſeem profaned by its introduction into a work, which, to be extenſively read, muſt ſometimes be ludicrous, and often ironical. This conſideration will apply, in the ſtrongeſt manner, to any thing myſtic or controverſial; but it may, perhaps, admit of an exception, when religion is only introduced as a feeling, not a ſyſtem, as appealing to the ſentiments of the heart, not to the diſquiſitions of the head. The following ſtory holds it up in that light, and is therefore, I think, admiſſible into the MIRROR. It was ſent to my editor as a *tranſlation from the French*. Of this my readers will judge. Perhaps they might be apt to ſuſpect, without any ſuggeſtion from me, that it is an original, not a tranſlation. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that it contains in it much of that picturesque deſcription, and that power of awakening the tender feelings, which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſh the compoſition of a gentleman whoſe writings I have often read with pleaſure. But, be that

as it may, as I felt myſelf intereſted in the narrative, and believed that it would affect my readers in the like manner, I have ventured to give it entire as I received it, though it will take up the room of three ſucceſſive papers.

S

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MORE than forty years ago, an *Engliſh* philoſopher, whoſe works have ſince been read and admired by all *Europe*, reſided at a little town in *France*. Some diſappointments in his native country had firſt driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect ſecluſion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abſtract ſubjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the ſtructure of ſuch a mind as Mr. ——'s, the finer and more delicate ſenſibilities are ſeldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great meaſure extinguiſhed by the exertions of intenſe ſtudy and profound inveſtigation. Hence the idea of philoſophy and unfeelingneſs being united, has become proverbial, and in common language,

language, the former word is often uſed to expreſs the latter.—Our philoſopher has been cenſured by ſome, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildneſs of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not eaſily melted into compaſſion, it was, at leaſt, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he ſat buſied in thoſe ſpeculations which afterwards aſtoniſhed the world, an old female domeſtic, who ſerved him for a houſekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to ſome diſtant country, and that the father had been ſuddenly ſeized in the night with a dangerous diſorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that ſhe had been ſent for, as having ſome knowledge in medicine, the village-ſurgeon being then abſent; and that it was truly piteous to ſee the good old man, who ſeemed not ſo much afflicted by his own diſtreſs, as by that which it cauſed to his daughter.——Her maſter laid aſide the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inſpired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the ſick man's apartment.

'Twas the beſt in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithſtanding. Mr. —— was obliged to ſtoop as he entered it. It was floored

floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. —— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.—"Mademoiselle!" said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.—She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Mon-"sieur lies miserably ill here," said the gouvernante; "if he could possibly be moved any "where"——"If he could be moved to our "house," said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them,

them, were overcome, and the baſhful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its uſe to her father. The ſick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried acroſs the ſtreet to the *Engliſh* gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurſe him there. The ſurgeon, who arrived ſoon after, preſcribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his hoſt had learned the name and character of his gueſt. He was a Proteſtant clergyman of *Switzerland*, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illneſs, for which travelling had been preſcribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its aſperity; I mean that aſperity which men, called devout, ſometimes indulge in. Mr. ——, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thankſgivings which they put up on his recovery; for ſhe, too, was a heretic, in the phraſe of the village.——The philoſopher walked out, with his long ſtaff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thankſgivings.——"My maſter,"—ſaid the old

woman,

woman, " alas! he is not a Chriſtian; but he " is the beſt of unbelievers."——" Not a Chriſ- " tian!"——exclaimed Mademoiſelle *La Roche*, " yet he ſaved my father! Heaven bleſs him " for't; I would he were a Chriſtian!" " There " is a pride in human knowledge, my child," ſaid her father, " which often blinds men to the " ſublime truths of revelation; hence oppoſers " of Chriſtianity are found among men of vir- " tuous lives, as well as among thoſe of diſſi- " pated and licentious characters. Nay, ſome- " times, I have known the latter more eaſily " converted to the true faith than the former, " becauſe the fume of paſſion is more eaſily " diſſipated than the miſt of falſe theory and " deluſive ſpeculation."—" But Mr. ——," ſaid his daughter, " alas! my father, he ſhall " be a Chriſtian before he dies."——She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindneſs:——She drew it away from him in ſilence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.—— " I have been thanking God," ſaid the good *La Roche*, " for my recovery."——" That is " right," replied his landlord.—" I would not " wiſh," continued the old man, heſitatingly, " to think otherwiſe; did I not look up with " gratitude to that Being, I ſhould barely be " ſatisfied with my recovery, as a continuation " of life, which, it may be, is not a real good:

" Alas! I may live to wiſh I had died, that " you had left me to die, Sir, inſtead of kindly " relieving me (he claſped Mr. ——'s hand); " —but, when I look on this renovated being " as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far dif- " ferent ſentiment—my heart dilates with gra- " titude and love to him: it is prepared for " doing his will, not as a duty but as a pleaſure, " and regards every breach of it, not with diſ- " approbation, but with horror."—— " You ſay " right, my dear Sir," replied the philoſopher; " but you are not yet re-eſtabliſhed enough to " talk much—you muſt take care of your health, " and neither ſtudy nor preach for ſome time. " I have been thinking over a ſcheme that ſtruck " me to-day, when you mentioned your in- " tended departure. I never was in *Switzer-* " *land;* I have a great mind to accompany your " daughter and you into that country.—I will " help to take care of you by the road; for, as " I was your firſt phyſician, I hold myſelf re- " ſponſible for your cure." *La Roche*'s eyes gliſtened at the propoſal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleaſed with her father; for they really loved their landlord —not perhaps the leſs for his infidelity; at leaſt that circumſtance mixed a ſort of pity with their regard for him——their ſouls were not of a mould for harſher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

N° 43. TUESDAY, *June* 22, 1779.

Continuation of the Story of LA ROCHE.

THEY travelled by ſhort ſtages; for the philoſopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man ſhould not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendſhip was increaſed by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of ſimplicity and gentleneſs in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wiſe man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that ſelf-importance which ſuperior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philoſophy or religion; he ſeemed to enjoy every pleaſure and amuſement of ordinary life, and to be intereſted in the moſt common topics of diſcourſe; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmoſt plainneſs, and without the leaſt ſhadow of dogmatiſm.

On his part, he was charmed with the ſociety of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileleſs manner of the earlieſt times, with the culture and

accompliſhment of the moſt refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repreſſed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himſelf happy in being the friend of *Mademoiſelle La Roche*, and ſometimes envied her father the poſſeſſion of ſuch a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was ſituated in one of thoſe valleys of the canton of *Berne*, where nature ſeems to repoſe, as it were, in quiet, and has encloſed her retreat with mountains inacceſſible.——A ſtream, that ſpent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the houſe, and a broken water-fall was ſeen through the wood that covered its ſides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the ſpire of *La Roche*'s church, riſing above a clump of beeches.

Mr. —— enjoyed the beauty of the ſcene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had loſt.—The old man's ſorrow was ſilent; his daughter ſobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kiſſed it twice, preſſed it to his boſom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was juſt about to drop from each, began to point out to his gueſt ſome of the moſt ſtriking objects which the proſpect afforded. The philoſopher inter-

interpreted all this; and he could but ſlightly cenſure the creed from which it aroſe.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche*'s pariſhioners, who had heard of his return, came to the houſe to ſee and welcome him. The honeſt folks were awkward, but ſincere, in their profeſſions of regard.—They made ſome attempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. "It has pleaſed God,"—ſaid he; and they ſaw he had ſettled the matter with himſelf.—Philoſophy could not have done ſo much with a thouſand words.

It was now evening, and the good peaſants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to ſtrike ſeven, and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their paſtor, turned their looks towards him at the ſound; he explained their meaning to his gueſt. "That is the ſignal," ſaid he, "for our evening exerciſe; this is one "of the nights of the week in which ſome of "my pariſhioners are wont to join in it; a little "ruſtic ſaloon ſerves for the chapel of our fa-"mily, and ſuch of the good people as are with "us;—if you chuſe rather to walk out, I will "furniſh you with an attendant; or here are a "few old books that may afford you ſome en-"tertainment within."—"By no means," anſwered the philoſopher; "I will attend Ma'moi-

" ſelle at her devotions."—" She is our or-
" ganiſt," ſaid *La Roche;* " our neighbourhood
" is the country of muſical mechaniſm; and I
" have a ſmall organ fitted up for the purpoſe
" of aſſiſting our ſinging."—" 'Tis an additional
" inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end ſtood the organ mentioned by *La Roche;* before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aſide, and, placing herſelf on a ſeat within, and drawing the curtain cloſe, ſo as to ſave her the awkwardneſs of an exhibition, began a voluntary, ſolemn and beautiful in the higheſt degree. Mr. —— was no muſician, but he was not altogether inſenſible to muſic; this faſtened on his mind more ſtrongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The ſolemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which ſuch of the audience as could ſing immediately joined; the words were moſtly taken from holy writ; it ſpoke the praiſes of God, and his care of good men. Something was ſaid of the death of the juſt, of ſuch as die in the Lord.——The organ was touched with a hand leſs firm;—it pauſed, it ceaſed;—and the ſobbing of Ma'moiſelle *La Roche* was heard in its ſtead. Her father gave a ſign for ſtopping the pſalmody, and roſe to pray. He was diſcompoſed at firſt, and his voice faltered as he ſpoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarraſſment. He addreſſed

dreſſed a Being whom he loved, and he ſpoke for thoſe he loved. His pariſhioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philoſopher felt himſelf moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he ſhould not.

La Roche's religion was that of ſentiment, not theory, and his gueſt was averſe from diſputation; their diſcourſe, therefore, did not lead to queſtions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man ſometimes ſpeak of his, from the fulneſs of a heart impreſſed with its force, and wiſhing to ſpread the pleaſure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were ſo congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philoſopher might have called him an enthuſiaſt; but, if he poſſeſſed the fervour of enthuſiaſts, he was guiltleſs of their bigotry. "Our Father which "art in heaven!" might the good man ſay—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," ſaid he to Mr. ——, "when my daughter and I talk of the "exquiſite pleaſure derived from muſic, you "regret your want of muſical powers and muſi-"cal feelings; it is a department of ſoul, you "ſay, which nature has almoſt denied you, "which, from the effects you ſee it have on "others, you are ſure muſt be highly delightful. "—Why ſhould not the ſame thing be ſaid of "religion?

" religion? Truſt me, I feel it in the ſame way, " an energy, an inſpiration, which I would not " loſe for all the bleſſings of ſenſe, or enjoy- " ments of the world; yet, ſo far from leſſen- " ing my reliſh of the pleaſures of life, methinks " I feel it heighten them all. The thought of " receiving it from God, adds the bleſſing of " ſentiment to that of ſenſation in every good " thing I poſſeſs; and when calamities overtake " me—and I have had my ſhare—it confers a " dignity on my affliction,—ſo lifts me above " the world.——Man, I know, is but a worm " —yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!" —It would have been inhuman in our philoſopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the ſunſhine of this belief.

His diſcourſe, indeed, was very remote from metaphyſical diſquiſition, or religious controverſy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary converſation was the leaſt tinctured with pedantry, or liable to diſſertation. With *La Roche* and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the compariſon of both with thoſe of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the ſentiments they conveyed, and the paſſions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality, or alternate advantage, among the ſpeakers, were the ſubjects they talked on. Their hours too of riding and walking were

were many, in which Mr. ——, as a ſtranger, was ſhewn the remarkable ſcenes and curioſities of the country. They would ſometimes make little expeditions to contemplate in different attitudes, thoſe aſtoniſhing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal ſnows, and ſometimes ſhooting into fantaſtic ſhapes, form the termination of moſt of the Swiſs proſpects. Our philoſopher aſked many queſtions as to their natural hiſtory and productions. *La Roche* obſerved the ſublimity of the ideas which the view of their ſtupendous ſummits, inacceſſible to mortal foot, was calculated to inſpire, which naturally, ſaid he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—"They "are not ſeen in Flanders!" ſaid Ma'moiſelle with a ſigh. "That's an odd remark," ſaid Mr. ——, ſmiling.——She bluſhed, and he enquired no farther.

'Twas with regret he left a ſociety in which he found himſelf ſo happy; but he ſettled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correſpondence; and they took his promiſe that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he ſhould travel thoſe fifty leagues to viſit them.

N° 44. SATURDAY, *June* 26, 1779.

Conclusion of the Story of LA ROCHE.

ABOUT three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at *Geneva*; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ——'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family,

family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiſelle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the moſt amiable diſpoſition, and reſpectable character. Attached from their earlieſt years, they had been ſeparated by his joining one of the ſubſidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the ſervice of a foreign power. In this ſituation, he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf as much for courage and military ſkill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his ſervice was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expreſſed it in his letter, to join their hands, and ſee them happy before he died.

Our philoſopher felt himſelf intereſted in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether ſo happy in the tidings of Ma'moiſelle *La Roche*'s marriage, as her father ſuppoſed him.——Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the moſt amiable women he had ſeen, and there was ſomething in the idea of her being another's for ever, that ſtruck him, he knew not why, like a diſappointment.—— After ſome little ſpeculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this viſit to ſee his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the laſt day of his journey, different acci-

dents

dents had retarded his progreſs; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* reſided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himſelf at laſt in view of the lake, which I have before deſcribed, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche*'s dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that ſeemed to proceed from the houſe; it moved ſlowly along as he proceeded up the ſide of the lake, and at laſt he ſaw it glimmer through the trees, and ſtop at ſome diſtance from the place where he then was. He ſuppoſed it ſome piece of bridal merriment, and puſhed on his horſe that he might be a ſpectator of the ſcene; but he was a good deal ſhocked, on approaching the ſpot, to find it proceed from the torch of a perſon clothed in the dreſs of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by ſeveral others, who, like him, ſeemed to have been employed in the rites of ſepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making inquiry who was the perſon they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profeſſion, anſwered, "Then you knew "not Mademoiſelle, Sir!—you never beheld a "lovelier"—"*La Roche!*" exclaimed he in reply—"Alas! it was ſhe indeed!"—The appearance of ſurpriſe and grief which his countenance aſſumed, attracted the notice of the peaſant with whom he talked.—He came up cloſer

to Mr. ———; "I perceive, Sir, you were "acquainted with Mademoiſelle *La Roche*."—"Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when "—how—where did ſhe die?—Where is her "father?—"She died, Sir, of heart-break, "I believe; the young gentleman to whom ſhe "was ſoon to have been married, was killed in "a duel by a French officer, his intimate com-"panion, and to whom, before their quarrel, he "had often done the greateſt favours. Her "worthy father bears her death, as he has often "told us a Chriſtian ſhould; he is even ſo com-"poſed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to de-"liver a few exhortations to his pariſhioners, as "is the cuſtom with us on ſuch occaſions:—"Follow me, Sir, and you ſhall hear him."—He followed the man without anſwering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was ſeated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a pſalm to that Being whom their paſtor had taught them ever to bleſs and to revere. *La Roche* ſat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half-cloſed, lifted up in ſilent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light ſtrong on his head, and marked the ſhadowy lines of age acroſs the paleneſs of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The muſic ceaſed;—*La Roche* ſat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him.

His

His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not leſs affected than they.—*La Roche* aroſe.—" Father of mercies!" ſaid he, " forgive theſe tears; aſſiſt thy ſervant to lift " up his ſoul to thee; to lift to thee the ſouls of " thy people!—My friends! it is good ſo to do: " at all ſeaſons it is good; but, in the days of " our diſtreſs, what a privilege it is! Well " ſaith the ſacred book, " Truſt in the Lord; " at all times truſt in the Lord." When every " other ſupport fails us, when the fountains of " worldly comfort are dried up, let us then " ſeek thoſe living waters which flow from the " throne of God.—'Tis only from the belief of " the goodneſs and wiſdom of a Supreme Be- " ing, that our calamities can be borne in that " manner which becomes a man. Human wiſ- " dom is here of little uſe; for, in proportion " as it beſtows comfort, it repreſſes feeling, " without which we may ceaſe to be hurt by " calamity, but we ſhall alſo ceaſe to enjoy " happineſs.—I will not bid you be inſenſible, " my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would " (his tears flowed afreſh)—I feel too much " myſelf, and I am not aſhamed of my feelings; " but therefore may I the more willingly be " heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me " ſtrength to ſpeak to you; to direct you to him, " not with empty words, but with theſe tears; " not from ſpeculation, but from experience,—

" that

" that while you see me suffer, you may know
" also my consolation.

" You behold the mourner of his only child,
" the last earthly stay and blessing of his de-
" clining years! Such a child too!—It be-
" comes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it
" is but gratitude to mention them, because
" they were exerted towards myself.——Not
" many days ago you saw her young, beautiful,
" virtuous, and happy;—ye who are parents
" will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge
" of my affliction now. But I look towards
" him who struck me; I see the hand of a fa-
" ther amidst the chastenings of my God.——
" Oh! could I make you feel what it is to
" pour out the heart, when it is pressed down
" with many sorrows, to pour it out with con-
" fidence to him, in whose hands are life and
" death, on whose power awaits all that the first
" enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disap-
" pears all that the last can inflict!—For we
" are not as those who die without hope; we
" know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we
" shall live with him, with our friends his ser-
" vants, in that blessed land where sorrow is un-
" known, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.
" —Go then, mourn not for me; I have not
" lost my child: but a little while, and we shall
" meet again, never to be separated.—But ye
" are also my children: would ye that I should

" not grieve without comfort?—So live as ſhe " lived; that, when your death cometh, it may " be the death of the righteous, and your latter " end like his."

Such was the exhortation of *La Roche;* his audience anſwered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had loſt its ſadneſs, and aſſumed the glow of faith and of hope.—Mr. ——— followed him into his houſe.—The inſpiration of the pulpit was paſt; at ſight of him the ſcenes they had laſt met in ruſhed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they went together, in ſilence, into the parlour where the evening ſervice was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open; *La Roche* ſtarted back at the ſight.——" Oh! my friend!" ſaid he, and his tears burſt forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himſelf; he ſtept forward, and drew the curtains cloſe—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend's hand, " You ſee my " weakneſs," ſaid he; "tis the weakneſs of huma- " nity; but my comfort is not therefore loſt."— " I heard you," ſaid the other, " in the pulpit; " I rejoice that ſuch conſolation is yours."—— " It is, my friend," ſaid he, " and I truſt I ſhall " ever hold it faſt;—if there are any who doubt " our faith, let them think of what importance " religion

" religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken " its force; if they cannot reſtore our happi- " neſs, let them not take away the ſolace of " our affliction."

Mr. ———'s heart was ſmitten;—and I have heard him, long after, confeſs that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakneſs; when, amidſt all the pleaſures of philoſophical diſcovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wiſhed that he had never doubted.

Z

N° 45. TUESDAY, *June* 29, 1779.

IS he a *man of faſhion?* is the uſual queſtion on the appearance of a ſtranger, or the mention of a perſon with whom we are unacquainted. But, though this phraſe be in the mouth of every body, I have often found people puzzled when they attempted to give an idea of what they meant by it; and, indeed, ſo many and ſo various are the qualities that enter into the compoſition of a modern *man*

of faſhion, that it is difficult to give an accurate definition or a juſt deſcription of him. Perhaps he may, in the general, be defined, a being who poſſeſſes ſome quality or talent which intitles him to be received into every company; to make one in all parties, and to aſſociate with perſons of the higheſt rank and the firſt diſtinction.

If this definition be juſt, it may be amuſing to conſider the different ideas that have prevailed, at different times, with regard to the qualities requiſite to conſtitute a *man of faſhion*. Not to go farther back, we are told by Lord *Clarendon*, that in the beginning of the laſt century, the men of rank were diſtinguiſhed by a ſtately deportment, a dignified manner, and a certain ſtiffneſs of ceremonial, admirably calculated to keep their inferiors at a proper diſtance. In thoſe days, when pride of family prevailed ſo univerſally, it is to be preſumed, that no circumſtance could atone for the want of birth. Neither riches nor genius, knowledge nor ability, could then have entitled their poſſeſſor to hold the rank of a *man of faſhion*, unleſs he fortunately had ſprung from an ancient and honourable family. The immenſe fortunes which we are now accuſtomed to ſee acquired, almoſt inſtantaneouſly, were then unknown. In imagination, however, we may fancy what an awkward appearance a modern *nabob*, or *contractor*, would

would have made in a circle of these proud and high-minded nobles. With all his wealth, he would have been treated as a being of a different species; and any attempt to imitate the manners of the *great*, or to rival them in expence and splendour, would only have served to expose him the more to ridicule and contempt.

As riches, however, increased in the nation, men became more and more sensible of the solid advantages they brought along with them; and the pride of birth gradually relaxing, *monied* men rose proportionally into estimation. The haughty lord, or proud country-gentleman, no longer scrupled to give his daughter in marriage to an opulent citizen, or to repair his ruined fortune by uniting the heir of his title or family with a rich heiress, though of plebeian extraction. These connections daily becoming more common, removed, in some measure, the distinction of rank; and every man, possessed of a certain fortune, came to think himself entitled to be treated as a gentleman, and received as a *man of fashion*. Above all, the happy expedient of purchasing *Seats in Parliament*, tended to add weight and consideration to what came to be called the *Monied Interest*. When a person, who had suddenly acquired an enormous fortune, could find eight or ten proper, well-dressed, gentlemen-like figures ready to vote for him, as his proxies, in the House of Commons, it is not

ſurpriſing, that, in his turn, he ſhould come to look down on the heirs of old eſtabliſhed families, who could neither cope with him in influence at court, nor vie with him in ſhow and oſtentation.

About the beginning of this century, there ſeems to have been an intermediate, though ſhort interval, when genius, knowledge, talents, and elegant accompliſhments, intitled their poſſeſſor to hold the rank of a *man of faſhion*, and were even deemed eſſentially requiſite to form that character. The ſociety of *Swift*, *Pope*, *Gay*, and *Prior*, was courted by all; and, without the advantages of high birth, or great fortune, an *Addiſon* and a *Craggs* attained the firſt offices in the ſtate.

In the preſent happy and enlightened age, neither birth nor fortune, ſuperior talents, nor ſuperior abilities, are requiſite to form a *man of faſhion*. On the contrary, all theſe advantages united are inſufficient to entitle their owners to hold that rank, while we daily ſee numbers received as *men of faſhion*, though ſprung from the meaneſt of the people, and though deſtitute of every grace, of every polite accompliſhment, and of all pretenſions to genius or ability.

This, I confeſs, I have often conſidered as one of the greateſt and moſt important improvements in modern manners. Formerly it behoved

behoved every perſon born in obſcurity, who wiſhed to riſe into eminence, either to acquire wealth by induſtry or frugality, or, following a ſtill more laborious and difficult purſuit, to diſtinguiſh himſelf by the exertion of ſuperior talents in the field or in the ſenate. But now nothing of all this is neceſſary. A certain degree of knowledge the *man of faſhion* muſt indeed poſſeſs. He muſt be maſter of the principles contained in the celebrated treatiſe of Mr. *Hoyle;* he muſt know the chances of *Hazard;* he muſt be able to decide on any diſpute with regard to the form of a *hat*, or the faſhion of a *buckle;* and he muſt be able to tell my Lady Ducheſs, whether *Marechalle powder* ſuits beſt a brown or a fair complexion.

From the equipage, the dreſs, the external ſhow of a modern *man of faſhion*, a ſuperficial obſerver might be apt to think that *fortune*, at leaſt, is a neceſſary article; but a proper knowledge of the world teaches us the contrary. A *man of faſhion* muſt, indeed, live as if he were a *man of fortune*. He muſt rival the wealthieſt in expence of every kind; he muſt puſh to exceſs every ſpecies of extravagant diſſipation; and he muſt game for more money than he can pay. But all theſe things a *man of faſhion* can do, without poſſeſſing any viſible revenue whatever. This, though perhaps the moſt important, is not the only advantage which

the *man of faſhion* enjoys over the reſt of mankind. Not to mention that he may ſeduce the daughter, and corrupt the wife, of his friend, he may alſo, with perfect honour, rob the ſon of that friend of his whole fortune in an evening; and it is altogether immaterial that the one party was intoxicated, and the other ſober; that the one was ſkilled in the game, and the other ignorant of it; for, if a young man will play in ſuch circumſtances, who but himſelf can be blamed for the conſequences?

The ſuperiority enjoyed by a *man of faſhion*, in his ordinary dealings and intercourſe with mankind, is ſtill more marked. He may, without any impeachment on his *character*, and with the niceſt regard to his *honour*, do things which, in a common man, would be deemed *infamous*. Thus the *man of faſhion* may live in luxury and ſplendour, while his creditors are ſtarving in the ſtreets, or rotting in a jail; and, ſhould they attempt to enforce the laws of their country againſt him, he would be entitled to complain of it as a groſs violation of the reſpect that is due to his perſon and character.

The laſt time my friend Mr. *Umphraville* was in town, I was not a little amuſed with his remarks on the *men of faſhion* about this city, and on the change that had taken place in our manners ſince the time he had retired from the world. When we met a young man gaily dreſſed,

dreſſed, lolling in his chariot, he ſeldom failed to aſk, "What young lord is that?" One day we were invited to dine with an old acquaintance, who had married a lady paſſionately fond of the *ton*, and of every thing that had the appearance of faſhion. We went at the common hour of dining, and, after waiting ſome time, our hoſt (who had informed us that he would invite nobody elſe, that we might talk over old ſtories without interruption) propoſed to order dinner; on which his lady, after chiding his impatience, and obſerving that nobody kept ſuch unfaſhionable hours, ſaid, ſhe expected Mr. ———, and another friend, whom ſhe had met at the play the evening before, and had engaged to dine with her that day. After waiting a full hour longer, the noiſe of a carriage, and a loud rap at the door, announced the arrival of the expected gueſts. They entered dreſſed in the very *pink* of the mode; and neither my friend's dreſs nor mine being calculated to inſpire them with reſpect, they bruſhed paſt us, and addreſſed the lady of the houſe, and two young ladies who were with her, in a ſtrain of coarſe familiarity, ſo different from the diſtant and reſpectful manner to which Mr. *Umphraville* had been accuſtomed, that I could plainly diſcover he was greatly ſhocked with it. When we were called to dinner, the two young gentlemen ſeated themſelves on each hand of the lady of the houſe, and there

ingroſſed

ingroſſed the whole converſation, if a recital of the particulars of their adventures at the tavern the evening before deſerves that name. For a long time, every attempt made by our landlord to enter into diſcourſe with Mr. *Umphraville* and me proved abortive. At laſt, taking advantage of an accidental pauſe, he congratulated my friend on the conqueſt of *Pondicherry*. The latter, drawing his brows together, and ſhaking his head with an expreſſion of diſſent, obſerved, that, although he was always pleaſed with the exertions of our countrymen, and the bravery of our troops, he could not receive any ſatiſfaction from an *Indian* conqueſt. He then began an harangue on the corruption of manners—the evils of luxury—the fatal conſequences of a ſudden influx of wealth—and would, I am perſuaded, ere he had done, have traced the loſs of liberty in *Greece* and the fall of *Rome* to *Aſiatic* connections, had he not been, all at once, cut ſhort with the exclamation of "Damn it, *Jack*, "how does the old boy do to-day? I hope "he begins to get better. Nay, pr'ythee, "don't look grave; you know I am too much "your friend to wiſh him to hold out long; "but if he tip before *Tueſday* at twelve o'clock, "I ſhall loſe a hundred to *Dick Hazard*.—— "After that time, as ſoon as you pleaſe.—— "Don't you think, Madam," (addreſſing himſelf to one of the young ladies,) "that when

"an

" an old fellow has been ſcraping money to-
" gether with both hands for forty years, the
" civileſt thing he can do is to die, and leave
" it to a ſon who has ſpirit to ſpend it?" Without uttering a word, the lady gave one look, that, had he been able to tranſlate it into language, muſt, for a time, at leaſt, have checked his vivacity. But the rebuke being too delicate to make any impreſſion on our hero, he ran on in the ſame ſtrain; and being properly ſupported by his companion, effectually excluded the diſcourſe of every body elſe. *Umphraville* did not once again attempt to open his mouth; and, for my own part, as I had heard enough of the converſation, his countenance ſerved as a ſufficient fund of entertainment for me. A painter, who wiſhed to expreſs indignation, contempt, and pity, blended together, could not have found a finer *ſtudy*.

At length we withdrew; and we had no ſooner got fairly out of the houſe, than *Umphraville* began to interrogate me with regard to the gentlemen who had dined with us. " They are *men*
" *of faſhion*," ſaid I.—" But who are they? of
" what families are they deſcended?"—" As to
" that," replied I, " you know I am not ſkilled
" in the ſcience of *genealogy*; but, though I
" were, it would not enable me to anſwer your
" preſent enquiries; for I believe, were you to
" put the queſtion to the gentlemen themſelves,
" it

" it would puzzle either of them to tell you " who his grandfather was."—" What then," said he, in an elevated tone of voice, " entitles " them to be received into company as *men of* " *fashion?* Is it extent of ability, superiority of " genius, refinement of taste, elegant accom- " plishments, or polite conversation? I admit, " that where these are to be found in an emi- " nent degree, they may make up for the want " of birth; but where a person can neither talk " like a man of sense, nor behave like a gentle- " man, I must own I cannot easily pardon our " men of rank for allowing every barrier to be " removed, and every frivolous, insignificant " fellow, who can adopt the reigning vices of " the age, to be received on an equal footing " with themselves.—But after all," continued he, in a calm tone, " if such be the manners of " our men of rank, it may be doubted whether " they, or their imitators, are the greatest ob- " jects of contempt."

N° 46. SATURDAY, *July* 3, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I HAPPENED lately to dine in a large company where I was, in a great meaſure, *unknowing* and *unknown*. To enter into farther particulars, would be to tell you more than is neceſſary to my ſtory.

The converſation, after dinner, turned on that common-place queſtion; "Whether a parent "ought to chuſe a profeſſion for his child, or "leave him to chuſe for himſelf?"

Many remarks and examples were produced on both ſides of the queſtion; and the argument hung *in equilibrio*, as is often the caſe, when all the ſpeakers are moderately well informed, and none of them are very eager to convince, or unwilling to be convinced.

At length an elderly gentleman began to give his opinion. He was a ſtranger to moſt of the company; had been ſilent, but not ſullen; of a ſteady, but not voracious appetite; and one rather civil than polite.

"In my younger days," ſaid he, "nothing "would ſerve me but I muſt needs make a cam-

"paign

" paign againſt the *Turks* in *Hungary*."——At mention of the *Turks* in *Hungary*, I perceived a general impatience to ſeize the company.

" I rejoice exceedingly, Sir," ſaid a young phyſician, " that fortune has placed me near one " of your character, Sir, from whom I may be " informed with preciſion, whether *lavemens* of " *ol. amygd.* did indeed prove a ſpecific in the " *Hungarian Dyſenteria*, which deſolated the " *German* army ?"

" Ipecacuanha in ſmall doſes," added another gentleman of the faculty, " is an excellent *re-* " *cipe*, and was generally preſcribed at our " hoſpitals in *Weſtphalia*, with great, although " not infallible ſucceſs: but that method was " not known in the laſt wars between the *Ot-* " *tomans*, vulgarly termed *Turks*, and the *Impe-* " *rialiſts*, whom, through an error exceedingly " common, my good friend has denominated " *Germans*."

" You muſt pardon me, Doctor," ſaid a third, " ipecacuanha, in ſmall doſes, was admi- " niſtered at the ſiege of *Limerick*, ſoon after " the Revolution; and if you will be pleaſed to " add *ſeventy-nine*, the years of *this* century, " to *ten* or *eleven*, which carries us back to the " ſiege of *Limerick* in the laſt, you will find, " if I miſtake not, that this *recipe* has been " uſed for fourſcore and nine, or for ninety " years."

" Twice the years of *the longeſt preſcription*, " Doctor," cried a pert barriſter from the other end of the table, " even after making a reaſon- " able allowance for minorities."

" You mean if *that* were neceſſary," ſaid a thoughtful aged perſon who ſat next him.

" As I was ſaying," continued the third phy- ſician, " ipecacuanha was adminiſtered in ſmall " doſes at the ſiege of *Limerick:* for it is a " certain fact, that a ſurgeon in King *Wil-* " *liam*'s army communicated the receipt of that " preparation to a friend of his, and that friend " communicated it to the father, or rather, as " I incline to believe, to the grandfather, of a " friend of mine. I am peculiarly attentive to " the exactitude of my facts; for, indeed, it is " by facts alone that we can proceed to reaſon " with aſſurance. It was the *great Bacon*'s " method."

A grave perſonage in black then ſpoke:— " There is another circumſtance reſpecting the " laſt wars in *Hungary*, which, I muſt confeſs, " does exceedingly intereſt my curioſity; and " that is, Whether General *Doxat* was juſtly " condemned for yielding up a fortified city to " the Infidels; or whether, being an innocent " man, and a *Proteſtant*, he was perſecuted unto " death by the intrigues of the Jeſuits at the " court of *Vienna?*"

" I know

"I know nothing of General *Doxy*," said the ſtranger, who had hitherto liſtened attentively; "but, if he was perſecuted by the Je-"ſuits, I ſhould ſuppoſe him to have been a "very honeſt gentleman; for I never heard "any thing but ill of the people of that re-"ligion."

"You forget," ſaid the firſt phyſician, "the "*Quinquina*, that celebrated febrifuge, which was "brought into *Europe* by a father of that order, "or, as you are pleaſed to expreſs it in a *French* "idiom, of that *religion*."

"*That* of the introduction of the *Quinquina* "into *Europe* by the Jeſuits is a vulgar error," ſaid the ſecond phyſician: "the truth is, that "ſecret was communicated by the natives of "*South America* to a humane *Spaniſh* Governor "whom they loved. He told his chaplain of "it; the chaplain, a *German* Jeſuit, gave ſome "of the bark to Dr. *Helvetius*, of *Amſterdam*, "Father of that *Helvetius*, who, having com-"poſed a book concerning *matter*, gave it the "title of *ſpirit*."

"What!" cried the third phyſician, "was "*that* Dr. *Helvetius* who cured the Queen of "*France* of an intermittent, the father of *Hel-*"*vetius* the renowned philoſopher? The fact is "exceedingly curious; and I wonder whether "it has come to the knowledge of my correſpon-"dent Dr. *B*——."

"As

" As the gentleman ſpeaks of his campaigns," ſaid an officer of the army, " he will probably be " in a condition to inform us, whether Marſhal " *Saxe* is to be credited when he tells us, in his " *Reveries*, that the *Turkiſh* horſe, after having " drawn out their fire, mowed down the Im- " perial infantry?"

" Perhaps we ſhall have ſome account of " *Petronius* found at *Belgrade*," ſaid another of the company; " but I ſuſpend my enqui- " ries until the gentleman has finiſhed his " ſtory.

" I have liſtened with great pleaſure," ſaid the ſtranger, " and, though I cannot ſay that I " underſtand all the ingenious things ſpoken, I " can ſee the truth of what I have often been " told, that the *Scots*, with all their faults, are a " learned nation.

" In my younger days, it is true, that no- " thing would ſerve me but I muſt needs make " a campaign againſt the *Turks*, or the *Hotmen* " in *Hungary;* but my father could not afford " to breed me like a gentleman, which was my " own wiſh, and ſo he bound me for ſeven years " to a ſhip-chandler in *Wapping*. Juſt as my " time was out, my maſter died, and I married " the widow. What by marriages, and what " by purchaſing damaged ſtores, I got together " a pretty capital. I then dealt in ſailors' tickets, " and I *peculated*, as they call it, in divers things.

" I am now well known about 'Change, aye, " and ſomewhere elſe too," ſaid he, with a ſignificant nod.

" Now, Gentlemen, you will judge whether " my father did not chuſe better for me, than I " ſhould have done for myſelf. Had I gone to " the wars, I might have loſt ſome of my precious " limbs, or have had my tongue cut out by the " *Turks*. But ſuppoſe that I had returned ſafe " to *Old England*, I might indeed have been " able to brag, that I was acquainted with the " *laughing man* of *Hungary*, and with *Peter*, *o* — " I can't hit on his name; and I might have " learned the way of curing *Great Bacon*, and " known whether a *Turkiſh* horſe mowed " down *Imperial Infants*; but my pockets would " have been empty all the while, and I ſhould " have been put to hard ſhifts for a dinner. " And ſo you will ſee that my father did well in " binding me apprentice to a ſhip-chandler.— " Here is to his memory in a bumper of port; " and ſucceſs to *omnium*, and the *Iriſh Tong-* " *teing!*"

I am, Sir, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

THOUGH I early ſignified my reſolution of declining to take any public notice of communications of letters ſent me; yet there is a ſet of Correſpond-

Correſpondents whoſe favours, lately received, I think myſelf bound to acknowledge; and this I do the more willingly, as it ſhows the fame of my predeceſſors to have extended farther than even I had been apt to imagine.

The *Spectator's Club* is well known to the literary and the faſhionable of both ſexes; but I confeſs I was not leſs ſurpriſed than pleaſed to find it familiar (much to the credit of the gentlemen who frequent ſuch places) to the very *tavern keepers* of this city; the greateſt part of whom, not doubting that I was to follow ſo illuſtrious an example, in the inſtitution of a Convivial Society, have ſeverally applied to me, through the channel of my Editor, to beg that they may be honoured with the reception of the *Mirror Club*.

Like all other candidates for employment, none of them has been at a loſs for reaſons why his propoſals ſhould have the preference. One deſcribes his houſe as in the moſt *public*, another recommends his as in the moſt *private* part of the town. One ſays, his tavern is reſorted to by the politeſt company; another, that he only receives gentlemen of the moſt regular and reſpectable characters. One offers me the largeſt room of its kind; another, the moſt quiet and commodious. I am particularly pleaſed with the attention of one of theſe gentlemen, who tells me he has provided an excellent *elbow-chair*

for Mr. *Umphraville;* and that he ſhall take care to have no *children* in his houſe to diſturb Mr. *Fleetwood.*

I am ſorry to keep theſe good people in ſuſpence; but I muſt inform them, for many obvious reaſons, that though my friends and I viſit them oftener perhaps than they are aware of, it may be a conſiderable time before we find it convenient to conſtitute a regular Club, or to make known, even to the maſter of the houſe which has the honour of receiving us, where we have fixed the place of our convention.

Mean time, as all of them reſt their chief pretenſions on the character of the clubs who already favour them with their countenance, and as the names of moſt of theſe clubs excite my curioſity to be acquainted with their hiſtory and conſtitution, I muſt hereby requeſt the landlords who entertain the reſpective ſocieties of the *Capillaire*, the *Whin-buſh*, the *Knights of the Cap and Feather*, the *Tabernacle*, the *Stoic*, the *Poker*, the *Hum-drum*, and the *Antemanum*, to tranſmit me a ſhort account of the origin and nature of theſe ſocieties;—I ſay the landlords, becauſe I do not think myſelf entitled to deſire ſuch an account from the clubs themſelves; and becauſe it is probable that the moſt material tranſactions carried on at their meetings are perfectly well known, and, indeed, may be ſaid to come through the hands of the hoſts and their deputies.

N° 47. TUESDAY, *July* 6, 1779.

Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum. HOR.

THAT falſe refinement and miſtaken delicacy I have formerly deſcribed in my friend Mr. *Fleetwood*, a conſtant indulgence in which has rendered all his feelings ſo acute, as to make him be diſguſted with the ordinary ſocieties of men, not only attends him when in company, or engaged in converſation, but ſometimes diſturbs thoſe pleaſures, from which a mind like his ought to receive the higheſt enjoyment. Though endowed with the moſt excellent taſte, and though his mind be fitted for reliſhing all the beauties of good compoſition; yet, ſuch is the effect of that exceſs of ſenſibility he has indulged, that he hardly ever receives pleaſure from any of theſe, which is not mixed with ſome degree of pain. In reading, though he can feel all the excellencies of the author, and enter into his ſentiments with warmth, yet he generally meets with ſomething to offend him. If a poem, he complains that, with all its merit, it is, in ſome places, turgid, in others languid; if a proſe compoſition, that the ſtyle is laboured or careleſs, ſtiff or familiar, and that the matter is either trite or ob-

ſcure. In his remarks, there is always ſome foundation of truth; but that exquiſite ſenſibility which leads to the too nice perception of blemiſhes, is apt to carry him away from the contemplation of the beauties of the author, and gives him a degree of uneaſineſs which is not always compenſated by the pleaſure he receives.

Very different from this turn of mind is that of *Robert Morley*, Eſq. He is a man of very conſiderable abilities. His father (poſſeſſed of a conſiderable fortune) ſent him, when a boy, to an *Engliſh* academy. He contracted, from the example of his teachers, an attachment to ancient learning; and he was led to think that he felt and reliſhed the claſſics, and underſtood the merits of their compoſition. From theſe circumſtances, he began to fancy himſelf a man of fine taſte, qualified to decide with authority upon every ſubject of polite literature. But, in reality, Mr. *Morley* poſſeſſes as little taſte as any one I ever knew of his talents and learning. Endowed, by Nature, with great ſtrength of mind, and ignorant of the feebleneſs and weakneſs of human character, he is a ſtranger to all thoſe finer delicacies of feeling and perception which conſtitute the man of genuine taſte. But, this notwithſtanding, from the perſuaſion that he is a perſon of *fine taſte*, he reads and talks, with fancied rapture, of a poem, or a poetical deſcription. All his remarks, however, diſcover

discover that he knows nothing of what he talks about; and almost every opinion which he gives differs from the most approved upon the subject. Catched by that spirit which *Homer*'s heroes are possessed of, he agrees with the greatest part of the world in thinking that author the first of all Poets; but *Virgil* he considers as a poet of very little merit. To him he prefers *Lucan;* but thinks there are some passages in *Statius* superior to either. He says *Ovid* gives a better picture of love than *Tibullus;* and he prefers *Quintus Curtius*, as an historian, to *Livy*. The modern writers, particularly the *French*, he generally speaks of with contempt. Amongst the *English*, he likes the style of the *Rambler* better than that of Mr. *Addison*'s *Spectator;* and he prefers *Gordon* and *Macpherson* to *Hume* and *Robertson*. I have sometimes heard him repeat an hundred lines at a stretch, from one of the most bombast of our *English* poets, and have seen him in apparent rapture at the high-sounding words, and swell of the lines, though I am pretty certain that he could not have a distinct picture or idea of any one thing the poet meant. Though he has no ear, I have heard him talk with enthusiasm in praise of music, and lecture, with an air of superiority, upon the different qualities of the greatest masters in the art.

Thus, while Mr. *Fleetwood* is often a prey to disappointment, and rendered uneasy by excessive

refinement and ſenſibility, Mr. *Morley*, without any taſte at all, receives gratification unmixed and unalloyed.

The character of *Morley* is not more different from *Fleetwood*'s, than that of *Tom Dacres* is from both. *Tom* is a young man of ſix-and-twenty, and being owner of an eſtate of about five hundred pounds a-year, he reſides conſtantly in the country. He is not a man of parts; nor is he poſſeſſed of the leaſt degree of taſte; but *Tom* lives eaſy, contented, and happy. He is one of the greateſt talkers I ever knew; he rambles, with great volubility, from ſubject to ſubject; but he never ſays any thing that is worth being heard. He is every where the ſame; and he runs on with the like undiſtinguiſhing eaſe, whether in company with men in high or in low rank, with the knowing or the ignorant. The morning, if the weather be good, he employs in traverſing the fields, dreſſed in a ſhort coat, and an old ſlouched hat with a tarniſhed gold binding. He is expert at all exerciſes; and he paſſes much of his time in ſhooting, playing at cricket, or at ninepins. If the weather be rainy, he moves from the farm-yard to the ſtable, or from the ſtable to the farm-yard. He walks from one end of the parlour to the other, humming a tune, or whiſtling to himſelf; ſometimes he plays on the fiddle, or takes a hit at back-gammon. *Tom*'s ſiſters, who are very accompliſhed girls,

girls, now and then put into his hands any new book with which they are pleaſed; but he always returns it, ſays he does not ſee the uſe of reading, that the book may be good, is well pleaſed that they like it, but *that it is not a thing of his ſort.* Even in the preſence of ladies, he often indulges in jokes coarſe and indecent, which could not be heard without a bluſh from any other perſon; but from *Tom*, *for his way is known*, they are heard without offence. *Tom* is pleaſed with himſelf, and with every thing around him, and wiſhes for nothing that he is not poſſeſſed of. He ſays he is much happier than your wiſer and graver gentlemen. *Tom* will never be reſpected or admired; but he is diſliked by none, and made welcome wherever he goes.

In reflecting upon theſe characters, I have ſometimes been almoſt tempted to think, that *taſte* is an acquiſition to be avoided. I have been apt to make this concluſion, when I conſidered the many undeſcribable uneaſineſſes to which Mr. *Fleetwood* is expoſed, and the many unalloyed enjoyments of *Morley* and *Dacres;* the one without taſte, but believing himſelf poſſeſſed of it; the other without taſte, and without thinking that he has any. But I have always been withdrawn from every ſuch reflection, by the contemplation of the character of my much-valued friend Mr. *Sidney.*

Mr.

Mr. *Sidney* is a man of the beſt underſtanding, and of the moſt correct and elegant taſte; but he is not more remarkable for thoſe qualities, than for that uncommon goodneſs and benevolence which preſides in all he ſays and does. To this it is owing that his refined taſte has never been attended with any other conſequence than to add to his own happineſs, and to that of every perſon with whom he has any connection. Mr. *Sidney* never unboſoms the ſecrets of his heart, except to a very few particular friends; but he is polite and complaiſant to all. It is not, however, that politeneſs which ariſes from a deſire to comply with the rules of the world; it is politeneſs dictated by the heart, and which, therefore, ſits always eaſy upon him. At peace with his own mind, he is pleaſed with every one about him; and he receives the moſt ſenſible gratification from the thought, that the little attentions which he beſtows upon others, contribute to their happineſs. No perſon ever knew better how to eſtimate the different pleaſures of life; but none ever entered with more eaſe into the enjoyment of others, though not ſuited to his own taſte. This flows from the natural benevolence of his heart; and I know he has received more delight from taking a ſhare in the pleaſures of others, than in cultivating his own. In reading, no man has a nicer diſcernment of the faults of an author; but he always contrives

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to overlook them; and says, that he hardly ever read any book from which he did not receive some pleasure or instruction.

Mr. *Sidney* has, in the course of his life, met with disappointments and misfortunes, though few of them are known, except to his most particular friends. While the impression of those misfortunes was strongest on his mind, his outward conduct in the world remained invariably the same; and those few friends whom he honoured by making partners of his sorrows, know that one great source of his consolation was the consciousness that, under the pressure of calamity, his behaviour remained unaltered, and that he was able to go through the duties of life with becoming dignity and ease. Instead of being peevish and discontented with the world, the disappointments he has met with have only taught him to become more detached from those enjoyments of life which are beyond his power, and have made him value more highly those which he possesses. Mr. *Sidney* has, for a long time past, been engaged in business of a very difficult and laborious nature; but he conducts it with equal ease and spirit. Far from the elegance and sensibility of his mind unfitting him for the management of those transactions which require great firmness and perseverance, I believe it is his good taste and elegant refinement of mind, which enable him to support that load

of

of buſineſs; becauſe he knows that, when it is finiſhed, he has pleaſure in ſtore. He is married to a very amiable and beautiful woman, by whom he has four fine children. He ſays that, when he thinks it is for them, all toil is eaſy, and all labour light.

The intimate knowledge I have of Mr. *Sidney* has taught me, that refinement and delicacy of mind, when kept within proper bounds, contribute to happineſs; and that their natural effect, inſtead of producing uneaſineſs and chagrin, is to add to the enjoyments of life. In comparing the two characters of *Fleetwood* and *Sidney*, which Nature ſeems to have caſt in the ſame mould, I have been ſtruck with the fatal conſequences to *Fleetwood*, of indulging his ſpleen at thoſe little rubs in life, which a juſter ſenſe of human imperfection would make him conſider equally unavoidable, and to be regarded with the ſame indifference, as a rainy day, a duſty road, or any the like trifling inconvenience. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable which may not become of importance, when made an object of ſerious attention. *Sidney* never repines like *Fleetwood;* and, as he is much more reſpected, ſo he has much more real happineſs than either *Morley* or *Dacres*. *Fleetwood*'s weakneſſes are amiable; and, though we pity, we muſt love him; but there is a complacent dignity in the character of *Sidney*, which excites at once our love, reſpect, and admiration.

A

N° 48. SATURDAY, *July* 10, 1779.

THE following paper was lately received from a Correſpondent, who accompanied it with a promiſe of carrying his idea through ſome of the other fine arts. I have ſince been endeavouring to make it a little leſs *technical*, in order to fit it more for general peruſal; but, finding I could not accompliſh this, without hurting the illuſtrations of the writer, I have given it to my readers in the terms in which I received it.

THE perceptions of different men, ariſing from the impreſſions of the ſame object, are very often different. Of theſe we always ſuppoſe one to be juſt and true; all the others to be falſe. But which is the true, and which the falſe, we are often at a loſs to determine: as the poet has ſaid,

> 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
> Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

With regard to our external ſenſes, this diverſity of feeling, as far as it occurs, is of little conſequence; but the truth of perception, in our internal ſenſes, employed in morals and criticiſm, is more intereſting and important.

In the judgments we form concerning the beauty and excellency of the ſeveral imitative arts,

arts, this difference of feeling is very conſpicuous; and 'tis difficult to ſay why each man may not believe his own, or how a ſtandard may be eſtabliſhed, by which the truth of different judgments may be compared and tried. Whether there is, or is not, a ſtandard of taſte, I ſhall not attempt to determine; but there is a queſtion connected with that, which, properly anſwered, may have ſome effect in the deciſion: whether in the imitative arts, a perſon exerciſed in the practice of the art, or in the frequent contemplation of its productions, be better qualified to judge of theſe, than a perſon who only feels the direct and immediate effects of it? In the words of an ancient critic, *An docti, qui rationem operis intelligunt, an qui voluptatem tantum percipiunt, optimè dijudicant?* or, as I may expreſs it in *Engliſh*, Whether the artiſt or *connoiſſeur* have any advantage over other perſons of common ſenſe or common feeling?

This queſtion ſhall be conſidered at preſent with regard to one art only, to wit, that of *painting*; but ſome of the principles which I ſhall endeavour to illuſtrate, will have a general tendency to eſtabliſh a deciſion in all. In the *firſt* place, it is proper to mention the chief ſources of the pleaſure we receive in viewing pictures. One ariſes from the perception of imitation, however produced; a ſecond from the art diſplayed in producing ſuch imitation;

and

and a third, from the beauty, grace, agreeableneſs, and propriety of the object imitated. Theſe may all occur in the imitation of one ſingle object; but a much higher pleaſure ariſes from ſeveral objects combined together in ſuch a manner, that, while each of them ſingly affords the ſeveral ſources of pleaſure already mentioned, they all unite in producing one effect, one particular emotion in the ſpectator, and an impreſſion much ſtronger than could have been raiſed by one object alone.

Theſe ſeem to be the chief ſources of the pleaſure we receive from pictures; and, with regard to the true and accurate perceptions of each, let us conſider who is moſt likely to form them, the painter and *connoiſſeur*, or the unexperienced ſpectator.

In viewing imitation, we are more or leſs pleaſed according to the degree of exactneſs with which the object is expreſſed; and, ſuppoſing the object to be a common one, it might be imagined, that every perſon would be equally a judge of the exactneſs of the imitation; but, in truth, it is otherwiſe. Our recollection of an object does not depend upon any ſecret remembrance of the ſeveral parts of which it conſiſts, of the exact poſition of theſe, or of the dimenſions of the whole. A very inaccurate reſemblance ſerves the purpoſe of memory, and will often paſs with us for a true repreſentation, even

of the ſubjects that we fancy ourſelves very well acquainted with.

The ſelf-applauſe of *Zeuxis* was not well founded when he valued himſelf on having painted grapes, that ſo far deceived the birds as to bring them to peck at his picture. Birds are no judges of an accurate reſemblance, when they often miſtake a ſcare-crow for a man. Nor had *Parrhaſius* much reaſon to boaſt of his deceiving even *Zeuxis*, who, viewing it haſtily, and from a diſtance, miſtook the picture of a linen cloth for a real one. It always requires ſtudy to perceive the exactneſs of imitation; and moſt perſons may find, by daily experience, that, when they would examine the accuracy of any repreſentation, they can hardly do it properly, but by bringing together the picture and its archetype, ſo that they may quickly paſs from the one to the other, and thereby compare the form, ſize, and proportions of all the different parts. Without ſuch ſtudy of objects as the painter employs to imitate them, or the *connoiſſeur* employs in comparing them with their imitations, there is no perſon can be a judge of the exactneſs of the repreſentation. The painters, therefore, or the *connoiſſeurs*, are the perſons who will beſt perceive the truth of imitation, and beſt judge of its merit. It is true, ſome perſons may be acquainted with certain objects, even better than the painters themſelves, as the ſhoemaker was with

with the ſhoe in the picture of *Apelles;* but moſt perſons, like the ſame ſhoemaker, are unfit to extend their judgment beyond their *laſt;* and muſt, in other parts, yield to the more general knowledge of the painter.

As we are, in the firſt place, pleaſed with viewing imitation; ſo we are, in the ſecond place, with conſidering the art by which the imitation is performed. The pleaſure we derive from this, is in proportion to the difficulty we apprehend in the execution, and the degree of genius neceſſary to the performance of it. But this difficulty, and the degree of genius exerted in ſurmounting it, can only be well known to the perſons exerciſed in the practice of the art.

When a perſon has acquired an exact idea of an object, there is ſtill a great difficulty in expreſſing that correctly upon his canvas. With regard to objects of a ſteady figure, they may perhaps be imitated by an ordinary artiſt; but tranſient objects, of a momentary appearance, require ſtill a nicer hand. To catch the more delicate expreſſions of the human ſoul, requires an art of which few are poſſeſſed, and none can ſufficiently admire, but thoſe who have themſelves attempted it. Theſe are the difficulties of painting, in forming even a correct outline; and the painter has yet more to ſtruggle with. To repreſent a ſolid upon a plain ſurface, by the poſition and ſize of the ſeveral parts; to be

exact in the perſpective; by theſe, and by the diſtribution of light and ſhade, to make every figure ſtand out from the canvas; and, laſtly, by natural and glowing colours to animate and give life to the whole: theſe are parts of the painter's art, from which chiefly the pleaſure of the ſpectator, ariſing from his conſciouſneſs of the imitation, is derived, but, at the ſame time, ſuch as the uninformed ſpectator has but an imperfect notion of, and, therefore, muſt feel an inferior degree of pleaſure in contemplating.

The next ſource of the pleaſures derived from painting, above taken notice of, is that ariſing from the beauty, the grace, the elegance of the objects imitated. When a painter is happy enough to make ſuch a choice, he does it by a conſtitutional taſte that may be common to all. *Raphael* could not learn it from his maſter *Pietro Perugino*; *Rubens*, though converſant with the beſt models of antiquity, could never acquire it. In judging, therefore, of this part of painting, the artiſt has ſcarcely any advantage above the common ſpectator. But it is to be obſerved, that a perſon of the fineſt natural taſte cannot become ſuddenly an *elegans formarum ſpectator*, an expreſſion which it is ſcarce poſſible to tranſlate. It is only by compariſon that we arrive at the knowledge of what is moſt perfect in its kind. The *Madonas* of *Carlo Maratt* appear exquiſitely beautiful; and it is only when we

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ſee thoſe of *Raphael* that we diſcern their imperfections. A perſon may even be ſenſible of the imperfections of forms; but, at the ſame time, may find it impoſſible to conceive, with preciſion, an idea of the moſt perfect. Thus *Raphael* could not form an idea of the Divine Majeſty, till he ſaw it ſo forcibly expreſſed in the paintings of *Michael Angelo*. As our judgment, therefore, of beauty, grace, and elegance, though founded in perception, becomes accurate only by compariſon and experience, ſo the painter, exerciſed in the contemplation of forms, is likely to be a better judge of beauty than any perſon leſs experienced.

The laſt and moſt conſiderable pleaſure received from painting, is that ariſing from *compoſition*. This is properly diſtinguiſhed into two kinds, the pictureſque and the poetical. To the firſt belongs the diſtribution of the ſeveral figures, ſo that they may all be united and conſpire in one ſingle effect; while each is ſo placed, as to preſent itſelf in proportion to its importance in the action repreſented. To this alſo belongs the diverſifying and contraſting the attitudes of different figures, as well as the ſeveral members of each. Above all, the pictureſque compoſition has belonging to it the diſtribution of light and ſhade, while every ſingle figure has its proper ſhare of each. One maſs of light, and its proportionable ſhade, ſhould unite the whole piece,

and make every part of it conſpire in one ſingle effect. To this alſo belongs the harmony, as well as the contraſt, of colours. Now, in all this *ordonnance pictureſque*, there appears an exquiſite art only to be acquired by cuſtom and habit; and of the merit of the execution, no perſon can be a judge but one who has been in ſome meaſure in the practice of it. It is enough to ſay, that hardly any body will doubt, that *Paulo Veroneſe* was a better judge of the diſpoſition of figures than *Michael Angelo;* and that *Caravaggio* was a better judge of the diſtribution of light and ſhade than *Raphael;* ſo, in ſome meaſure, every painter, in proportion to his knowledge, muſt be a better judge of the merit of pictureſque compoſition, than any perſon who judges from the effects only.

With regard to poetical compoſition, it comprehends the choice of the action to be repreſented, and of the point of time at which the perſons are to be introduced, the invention of circumſtances to be employed, the expreſſion to be given to every actor; and, *laſtly*, the obſervance of the *coſtume*, that is, giving to each perſon an air ſuitable to his rank, repreſenting the complexion and features that expreſs his temperament, his age, and the climate of his country, and dreſſing him in the habit of the time in which he lived, and of the nation to which he belongs.

From

From this enumeration of the ſeveral conſiderations that employ the hiſtory-painter, it will immediately appear, why this department of painting is called poetical compoſition; for here, in truth, it is the imagination of a poet that employs the hand of a painter. This imagination is nowiſe neceſſarily connected with the imitative hand. *Lucas* of *Leyden* painted more correctly, that is, imitated more exactly, than *Salvator Roſa*; but the former did not chuſe ſubjects of ſo much grace and dignity, nor compoſed with ſo much force and ſpirit, becauſe he was not a poet like the latter. *Salvator Roſa* has given us elegant verſes full of pictureſque deſcription; and, in every one of his pictures, he ſtrikes us by thoſe circumſtances which his poetical imagination had ſuggeſted. Now it is plain, that a poetical imagination muſt be derived from nature, and can ariſe neither from the practice of painting, nor even from the ſtudy of pictures. The painter, therefore, and even the *connoiſſeur*, in judging of the merit of poetical compoſition, can have little advantage above other ſpectators; but even here it muſt be allowed, that if the painter has an equal degree of taſte, he muſt, from the more frequent exerciſe of it, have great advantages in judging above any other perſon leſs experienced.

I have thus endeavoured to ſhew, that, in judging of painting, the painter himſelf, and

even the *connoiſſeur*, much engaged and exerciſed in the ſtudy of pictures, that is, *illi qui rationem operis intelligunt*, have advantages above the common ſpectators, *qui voluptatem tantum precipiunt*. But, as a caution to the former, it may not be improper to conclude with obſerving, that the painter and *connoiſſeur* are often in danger of having their ſenſibility deadened, or their natural taſte corrupted, by a knowledge of the technical *minutiæ* of the art, ſo far as to throw the balance towards the ſide of the common ſpectator.

D

N° 49. TUESDAY, *July* 13, 1779.

AS I walked one evening, about a fortnight ago, through *St. Andrew's Square*, I obſerved a girl, meanly dreſſed, coming along the pavement at a ſlow pace. When I paſſed her, ſhe turned a little towards me, and made a ſort of halt; but ſaid nothing. I am ill at looking any body full in the face; ſo I went on a few ſteps before I turned my eye to obſerve her. She had, by this time, reſumed her former pace. I remarked a certain elegance in her form, which the

the poorneſs of her garb could not altogether overcome: her perſon was thin and genteel, and there was ſomething not ungraceful in the ſtoop of her head, and the ſeeming feebleneſs with which ſhe walked. I could not reſiſt the deſire, which her appearance gave me, of knowing ſomewhat of her ſituation and circumſtances: I therefore walked back, and repaſſed her with ſuch a look (for I could bring myſelf to nothing more) as might induce her to ſpeak what ſhe ſeemed deſirous to ſay at firſt. This had the effect I wiſhed.—"Pity a poor orphan!" ſaid ſhe, in a voice tremulous and weak. I ſtopped, and put my hand in my pocket: I had now a better opportunity of obſerving her. Her face was thin and pale; part of it was ſhaded by her hair, of a light brown colour, which was parted, in a diſordered manner, at her forehead, and hung looſe upon her ſhoulders; round them was caſt a piece of tattered cloak, which with one hand ſhe held acroſs her boſom, while the other was half-outſtretched to receive the bounty I intended for her. Her large blue eyes were caſt on the ground: ſhe was drawing back her hand as I put a trifle into it; on receiving which ſhe turned them up to me, muttered ſomething which I could not hear, and then, letting go her cloak, and preſſing her hands together, burſt into tears.

It was not the action of an ordinary beggar,

and my curioſity was ſtrongly excited by it. I deſired her to follow me to the houſe of a friend hard by, whoſe beneficence I have often had occaſion to know. When ſhe arrived there, ſhe was ſo fatigued and worn out, that it was not till after ſome means uſed to reſtore her, that ſhe was able to give us an account of her misfortunes.

Her name, ſhe told us, was *Collins;* the place of her birth one of the northern counties of *England.* Her father, who had died ſeveral years ago, left her remaining parent with the charge of her, then a child, and one brother, a lad of ſeventeen. By his induſtry, however, joined to that of her mother, they were tolerably ſupported, their father having died poſſeſſed of a ſmall farm, with the right of paſturage on an adjoining common, from which they obtained a decent livelihood: that, laſt ſummer, her brother having become acquainted with a recruiting ſerjeant, who was quartered in a neighbouring village, was by him enticed to enliſt as a ſoldier, and ſoon after was marched off, along with ſome other recruits, to join his regiment: that this, ſhe believed, broke her mother's heart, for that ſhe had never afterwards had a day's health; and, at length, had died about three weeks ago: that, immediately after her death, the ſteward, employed by the 'ſquire of whom their farm was held, took poſſeſſion of every thing for the arrears of their rent: that, as ſhe had heard her brother's

brother's regiment was in *Scotland* when he enlisted, she had wandered hither in quest of him, as she had no other relation in the world to own her! But she found, on arriving here, that the regiment had been embarked several months before, and was gone a great way off, she could not tell whither.

"This news," said she, "laid hold of my "heart; and I have had something wrong here," putting her hand to her bosom, "ever since. I "got a bed and some victuals in the house of "a woman here in town, to whom I told my "story, and who seemed to pity me. I had "then a little bundle of things, which I had "been allowed to take with me after my mo-"ther's death; but the night before last, some-"body stole it from me while I slept; and so "the woman said she would keep me no longer, "and turned me out into the street, where I "have since remained, and am almost famished "for want."

She was now in better hands; but our assistance had come too late. A frame, naturally delicate, had yielded to the fatigues of her journey and the hardships of her situation. She declined by slow but uninterrupted degrees, and yesterday breathed her last. A short while before she expired, she asked to see me; and taking from her bosom a little silver *locket*, which she told me had been her mother's, and which

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all her diſtreſſes could not make her part with, begged I would keep it for her dear brother, and give it him, if ever he ſhould return home, as a token of her remembrance.

I felt this poor girl's fate ſtrongly; but I tell not her ſtory merely to indulge my feelings; I would make the reflections it may excite in my readers, uſeful to others who may ſuffer from ſimilar cauſes. There are many, I fear, from whom their country has called brothers, ſons, or fathers, to bleed in her ſervice, forlorn, like poor *Nancy Collins*, with " no relation in the world " to own them." Their ſufferings are often unknown, when they are ſuch as moſt demand compaſſion. The mind that cannot obtrude its diſtreſſes on the ear of pity, is formed to feel their poignancy the deepeſt.

In our idea of military operations, we are too apt to forget the misfortunes of the *people*. In defeat, we think of the fall, and in victory, of the glory of *Commanders*; we ſeldom allow ourſelves to conſider how many, in a lower rank, both events make wretched: how many, amidſt the acclamations of national triumph, are left to the helpleſs miſery of the widowed and the orphan, and, while victory celebrates her feſtival, feel, in their diſtant hovels, the extremities of want and wretchedneſs!

It was with pleaſure I ſaw, among the reſolutions of a late patriotic aſſembly in this city,

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an agreement to aſſiſt the poor families of our abſent ſoldiers and ſeamen. With no leſs ſatiſfaction I read in ſome late newſpapers, a benevolent advertiſement for a meeting of gentlemen, to conſider of a ſubſcription for the ſame purpoſe. At this ſeaſon of general and laudable exertion, I am perſuaded ſuch a ſcheme cannot fail of patronage and ſucceſs. The benevolence of this country requires not argument to awaken it; yet the pleaſures of its exertion muſt be increaſed by the thought, that pity to ſuch objects is patriotiſm; that, here, private compaſſion becomes public virtue. Bounties for the encouragement of recruits to our fleets and armies, are highly meritorious donations. Theſe, however, may ſometimes bribe the covetous, and allure the needy; but that charity which gives ſupport and protection to the families they leave behind, addreſſes more generous feelings; feelings which have always been held congenial to bravery and to heroiſm. It endears to them that home which their ſwords are to defend, and ſtrengthens thoſe ties which ſhould ever bind the ſoldier of a free ſtate to his country.

Nor will ſuch a proviſion be of leſs advantage to poſterity than to the preſent times. It will ſave to the ſtate many uſeful ſubjects which thoſe families thus ſupported may produce, whoſe lives have formerly been often nurtured by penury to vice, and rendered not only uſeleſs, but baneful

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to the community; that community which, under a more kindly influence, they might, like their fathers, have enriched by their induſtry, and protected by their valour.

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N° 50. SATURDAY, *July* 17, 1779.

THOUGH the following letter has been pretty much anticipated by a former paper, yet it poſſeſſes too much merit to be refuſed inſertion.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

ACTIVITY is one of thoſe virtues indiſpenſably requiſite for the happineſs and welfare of mankind, which nature appears to have diſtributed to them with a parſimonious hand. All men ſeem naturally averſe, not only to thoſe exertions that ſharpen and improve the mental powers, but even to ſuch as are neceſſary for maintaining the health, or ſtrengthening the organs of the body. Whatever induſtry and enterprize the ſpecies have at any time diſplayed, originated in the boſom of pain, of want, or of neceſſity;

neceſſity; or, in the abſence of theſe cauſes, from the experience of that liſtleſſneſs and languor which attend a ſtate of total inaction. But with how great a number does this experience lead to no higher object than the care of external appearances, or to the proſtitution of their time in trivial purſuits, or in licentious pleaſures? The ſureſt, the moſt permanent remedy, and, in the end too, the moſt delightful, which is to be found in unremitted ſtudy, or in the labours of a profeſſion, is, unhappily, the laſt we recur to. Of all who have riſen to eminence in the paths of literature or ambition, how few are there, who at firſt enjoyed the means of pleaſure, or the liberty of being idle? and how many could every one enumerate, within the circle of his acquaintance, poſſeſſed of excellent abilities, and even anxious for reputation, whom the fatal inheritance of a bare competency has doomed to obſcurity through life, and quiet oblivion when dead?

Let no man confide entirely in his reſolutions of activity, in his love of fame, or in his taſte for literature. All theſe principles, even where they are ſtrongeſt, unleſs ſupported by habits of induſtry, and rouſed by the immediate preſence of ſome great object to which their exertion leads, gradually loſe, and at laſt reſign their influence. The ſmalleſt particle of natural indolence, like the principle of gravitation in matter,

unleſs counterbalanced by continual impulſe from ſome active cauſe, will inſenſibly lower, and at laſt overcome the flight of the ſublimeſt genius. In computing it, we ought to recollect, that it is a cauſe for ever preſent with us, in all moods, in every diſpoſition; and that, from the weakneſs of our nature, we are willing, at any rate, to relinquiſh diſtant proſpects of happineſs and advantage, for a much ſmaller portion of preſent indulgence.

I have been led into theſe reflections by a viſit which I lately paid to my friend *Mordaunt*, in whom they are, unhappily, too well exemplified. I have known him from his infancy, and always admired the extent of his genius, as much as I reſpected the integrity of his principles, or loved him for the warmth and benevolence of his heart. But, ſince the time when he began to contemplate his own character, he has often confeſſed to me, and feelingly complained, that nature had infuſed into it a large portion of indolence, an inclination to deſpondency, and a delicacy of feeling, which diſqualified him for the drudgery of buſineſs, or the buſtle of public life. Frequently in thoſe tedious hours, when his melancholy claimed the attendance and ſupport of a friend, have I ſeen a conſcious bluſh of ſhame and ſelf-reproach mingle with the ſecret ſigh, extorted from him by the ſenſe of this defect. His ſituation, however,

ever, as second son of a family, which, though old and honourable, possessed but a small fortune, and no interest, absolutely required that he should adopt a profession. The law was his choice; and, such is the power of habit and necessity, that, after four years spent in the study of that science, though at first it had impaired his health, and even soured his temper, he was more sanguine in his expectation of success, and enjoyed a more constant flow of spirits, than I had ever known him to do at any former period. The law, unfortunately, seldom bestows its honours or emoluments upon the young; and my friend, too reserved, or too indifferent, to court a set of men on whose good-will the attainment of practice, in some degree, depends, found himself, at the end of two years close attendance at the bar, though high in the esteem of all that knew him well, as poor, and as distant from preferment, as when he first engaged in it. All my assurances, that better days would soon shine upon him, and that his present situation had, at first, been the lot of many now raised to fame and distinction, were insufficient to support him. A deep gloom settled on his spirits, and he had already resolved to relinquish this line of life, though he knew not what other to enter upon, when the death of a distant relation unexpectedly put him in possession of an estate, which, though of small extent, was opu-

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lence to one that wiſhed for nothing more than independence, and the diſpoſal of his own time.

After many uſeleſs remonſtrances upon my part, he ſet out for his manſion in the country, with his mother, and a nephew of eight years old, reſolved, as he ſaid, to engage immediately in ſome work to be laid before the public; and having previouſly given me his word that he would annually dedicate a portion of his time to the ſociety of his friends in town. In the courſe of eighteen months, however, I did not ſee him; and finding that his letters, which had at firſt been full of his happineſs, his occupations, and the progreſs of his work, were daily becoming ſhorter, and ſomewhat myſterious on the two laſt of theſe points, I reſolved to ſatisfy myſelf with my own remarks with regard to his ſituation.

I arrived in the evening, and was ſhown into the parlour; where the firſt objects that caught my attention were a fiſhing-rod, and two fowling-pieces, in a corner of the room, and a brace of pointers ſtretched upon the hearth. On a table lay a German flute, ſome muſic, a pair of ſhuttle-cocks, and a volume of the *Annual Regiſter*. Looking from the window, I diſcovered my friend in his waiſtcoat, with a ſpade in his hand, moſt diligently cultivating a ſpot of ground in the kitchen-garden. Our mutual joy, and congratu-

congratulations at meeting, it is needleſs to trouble you with. In point of figure I could not help remarking, that *Mordaunt*, though moſt negligently apparelled, was altered much for the better, being now plump, roſy, and robuſt, inſtead of pale and ſlender as formerly. Before returning to the houſe, he inſiſted that I ſhould ſurvey his *grounds*, which, in his own opinion, he ſaid, he had rendered a paradiſe, by modeſtly ſeconding and bringing forth the intentions of nature. I was conducted to a young grove, which he had planted himſelf, reſted in a hut which he had built, and drank from a rivulet for which he had tracked a channel with his own hands. During the courſe of this walk, we were attended by a flock of tame pigeons, which he fed with grain from his pocket, and had much converſation with a ragged family of little boys and girls, all of whom ſeemed to be his intimate acquaintance. Near a village in our way homewards, we met a ſet of country-men, engaged at cricket; and ſoon after, a marriage company, dancing the bride's dance upon the green. My friend, with a degree of gaiety and alacrity which I had never before ſeen him diſplay, not only engaged himſelf, but compelled me likewiſe to engage, in the exerciſe of the one, and the merriment of the other. In a field before his door, an old horſe, blind of one eye,

came up to us at his call, and eat the remainder of the grain from his hand.

Our converſation for that evening, relating chiefly to the ſituation of our common friends, the memory of former ſcenes in which we had both been engaged, and other ſuch ſubjects as friends naturally converſe about after a long abſence, afforded me little opportunity of ſatisfying my curioſity. Next morning I aroſe at my wonted early hour, and ſtepping into his ſtudy, found it unoccupied. Upon examining a heap of books and papers that lay confuſedly mingled on the table and the floor, I was ſurpriſed to find, that by much the greater part of them, inſtead of politics, metaphyſics, and morals (the ſciences connected with his ſcheme of writing), treated of *Belles Lettres*, or were calculated merely for amuſement. The *Tale of a Tub* lay open on the table, and ſeemed to have concluded the ſtudies of the day before. The letters of *Junius*, *Brydon*'s Travels, the *World*, *Triſtram Shandy*, and two or three volumes of the *Britiſh Poets*, much uſed, and very dirty, lay ſcattered above a heap of quarto's, which, after blowing the duſt from them, I found to be an *Eſſay on the Wealth of Nations*, *Helvetius de l'Eſprit*, *Hume's Eſſays*, *the Spirit of Laws*, *Bayle*, and a commonplace-book. The laſt contained a great deal of paper, and an excellent arrangement, under

under the heads of which, excepting thoſe of anecdote and criticiſm, hardly any thing was collected. The papers in his own hand-writing were a parallel between Mr. *Gray's Elegy*, and *Parnell's Night-piece on Death;* ſome detached thoughts on propriety of conduct and behaviour; a Fairy Tale in verſe; and ſeveral letters to the Author of the MIRROR, all of them blotted and unfiniſhed. There was beſides a journal of his occupations for ſeveral weeks, from which, as it affords a picture of his ſituation, I tranſcribe a part.

Thurſday, eleven at night, went to bed: ordered my ſervant to wake me at ſix, reſolving to be buſy all next day.

Friday morning: Waked a quarter before ſix; fell aſleep again, and did not wake till eight.

Till nine, read the firſt act of Voltaire's Mahomet, *as it was too late to begin ſerious buſineſs.*

Ten: Having ſwallowed a ſhort breakfaſt, went out for a moment in my ſlippers—The wind having left the eaſt, am engaged, by the beauty of the day, to continue my walk—Find a ſituation by the river, where the ſound of my flute produced a very ſingular and beautiful echo—made a ſtanza and a half by way of addreſs to it—viſit the ſhepherd lying ill of a low fever—find him ſomewhat better, (Mem. to ſend him ſome wine)—meet the parſon, and cannot avoid aſking him to dinner—returning home, find my reapers at work—ſuperintend them

in the abſence of John, *whom I ſend to inform the houſe of the parſon's viſit—read, in the mean time, part of* Thomſon's Seaſons, *which I had with me—From one to ſix, plagued with the parſon's news and ſtories—take up* Mahomet *to put me in good humour—finiſh it, the time allotted for ſerious ſtudy being elapſed—at eight, applied to for advice by a poor countryman, who had been oppreſſed—cannot ſay as to the law: give him ſome money—walk out at ſun-ſet, to conſider the cauſes of the pleaſure ariſing from it—at nine, ſup, and ſit till eleven, hearing my nephew read, and converſing with my mother, who was remarkably well and cheerful—go to bed.*

Saturday: Some company arrived—to be filled up to-morrow—(for that and the two ſucceeding days, there was no further entry in the journal). *Tueſday, waked at ſeven; but the weather being rainy, and threatening to confine me all day, lay till after nine—Ten, breakfaſted and read the news-papers—very dull and drowſy—Eleven, day clears up, and I reſolve on a ſhort ride to clear my head.*

A few days reſidence with him ſhowed me that his life was in reality, as it is here repreſented, a medley of feeble exertions, indolent pleaſures, ſecret benevolence, and broken reſolutions. Nor did he pretend to conceal from me, that his activity was not now ſo conſtant as it had been; but he inſiſted that he ſtill could,

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when he thought proper, apply with his former vigour, and flattered himself, that these frequent deviations from his plan of employment, which, in reality, were the fruit of indolence and weakness, arose from reason and conviction. *After all*, said he to me one day, when I was endeavouring to undeceive him, *after all, granting what you allege, if I be happy, and I really am so, what more could activity, fame, or preferment, bestow upon me?*——After a stay of some weeks, I departed, convinced that his malady was past a cure, and lamenting, that so much real excellence and ability should be thus, in a great measure, lost to the world, as well as to their possessor, by the attendance of a single fault.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

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N° 51. TUESDAY, *July* 20, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr. MIRROR,

I AM the daughter of a gentleman of easy, though moderate fortune. My mother died a few weeks after I was born; and before I could be sensible of the loss, a sister of her's, the

widow of an *Engliſh* gentleman, carried me to *London*, where ſhe reſided. As my aunt had no children, I became the chief object of her affections; and her favourite amuſement conſiſted in ſuperintending my education. As I grew up, I was attended by the beſt maſters; and every new accompliſhment I acquired, gave freſh pleaſure to my kind benefactreſs. But her own converſation tended more than any thing elſe to form and to improve my mind. Well acquainted herſelf with the beſt authors in the *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Italian* languages, ſhe was careful to put into my hands ſuch books as were beſt calculated to cultivate my underſtanding, and to regulate my taſte.

But, though fond of reading and retirement, my aunt thought it her duty to mingle in ſociety, as much as her rank and condition required. Her houſe was frequented by many perſons of both ſexes, diſtinguiſhed for elegance of manners, and politeneſs of converſation. Her tenderneſs made her deſirous to find out companions for me of my own age; and, far from being diſſatisfied with our youthful ſallies, ſhe ſeemed never better pleaſed than when ſhe could add to our amuſement and happineſs.

In this manner I had paſſed my time, and had entered my ſeventeenth year, when my aunt was ſeized with an indiſpoſition, which alarmed me much, although her phyſicians aſſured me it was by

by no means dangerous. My fears increaſed, on obſerving, that ſhe herſelf thought it ſerious. Her tenderneſs ſeemed, if poſſible, to increaſe; and, though ſhe was deſirous to conceal her apprehenſions, I have ſometimes, when ſhe imagined I did not obſerve it, found her eyes fixed on me with a mixture of ſolicitude and compaſſion, that never failed to overpower me.

One day ſhe called me into her cloſet, and, after embracing me tenderly, " My dear *Harriet*," ſaid ſhe, " it is vain to diſſemble longer: " I feel my ſtrength decay ſo faſt, that I know " we ſoon muſt part. As to myſelf, the approach of death gives me little uneaſineſs; " and I thank Almighty God that I can look " forward to that awful change, without dread, " and without anxiety. But when I think, my " child, of the condition in which I ſhall leave " you, my heart ſwells with anguiſh!——You " know my ſituation; poſſeſſed of no fortune, " the little I have ſaved from my jointure will " be altogether inadequate to ſupport you in that " ſociety in which you have hitherto lived. " When I look back on my conduct towards " you, I am not ſure that it has been altogether " prudent. I thought it impoſſible to beſtow " too much on your education, or to render " you too accompliſhed. I fondly hoped to " live to ſee you happily eſtabliſhed in life, " united to a man who could diſcern your

" merit, who could put a juſt value on all your " acquirements. Theſe hopes are at an end; " all, however, that can now be done, I have " done.——Here are two papers; by the one " you will ſucceed to the little I ſhall leave; " the other is a letter to your father, in which " I have recommended you in the moſt earneſt " manner to his protection, and intreated him " to come to town as ſoon as he hears of my " death, and conduct you to *Scotland*. He is " a man of virtue; and I hope you will live " happily in his family. One only fear I have, " and that proceeds from the extreme ſenſibility " of your mind, and gentleneſs of your diſpo- " ſition; little formed by nature to ſtruggle with " the hardſhips and the difficulties of life, per- " haps the engaging ſoftneſs of your temper " has rather been increaſed by the education " you have received. I truſt, however, that " your good ſenſe will prevent you from being " hurt by any little croſs untoward accidents " you may meet with, and that it will enable " you to make the moſt of that ſituation in " which it may be the will of Heaven to place " you."

To all this I could only anſwer with my tears; and, during the ſhort time that my aunt ſurvived, ſhe engroſſed my attention ſo entirely, that I never once beſtowed a thought on myſelf. As ſoon after her death as I could command my-

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ſelf ſufficiently, I wrote to my father; and, agreeably to my aunt's inſtructions, incloſed her letter for him; in conſequence of which he came to town in a few weeks. Meeting with a father, to whoſe perſon I was a perfect ſtranger, and on whom I was ever after entirely to depend, was to me a moſt intereſting event. My aunt had taught me to entertain for him the higheſt reverence and reſpect; but, though I had been in uſe to write, from time to time, both to him, and to a lady he had married not long after my mother's death, I had never been able to draw either the one or the other into any thing like a regular correſpondence; ſo that I was equally a ſtranger to their ſentiments and diſpoſitions as to their perſons.

On my father's arrival, I could not help feeling, that he did not return my fond careſſes with that warmth with which I had made my account; and, afterwards, it was impoſſible not to remark, that he was altogether deficient in thoſe common attentions which, in polite ſociety, every woman is accuſtomed to receive, even from thoſe with whom ſhe is moſt nearly connected. My aunt had made it a rule to conſider her domeſtics as humble friends, and to treat them as ſuch; but my father addreſſed them with a roughneſs of voice and of manner that diſguſted them, and was extremely unpleaſant to me. I was ſtill more hurt with his minute and anxious

anxious enquiries about the fortune my aunt had died poſſeſſed of; and, when he found how inconſiderable it was, he ſwore a great oath, that, if he had thought ſhe was to breed me a fine lady, and leave me a beggar, I never ſhould have entered her houſe. "But don't "cry, *Harriet*," added he, "it was not your "fault; be a good girl, and you ſhall never want "while I have."

On our journey to *Scotland*, I ſometimes attempted to amuſe my father by engaging him in converſation; but I never was lucky enough to hit on any ſubject on which he wiſhed to talk. After a journey, which many circumſtances concurred to render rather unpleaſant, we arrived at my father's houſe. I had been told that it was ſituated in a remote part of *Scotland*, and thence I concluded the ſcene around it to be of that wild romantic kind, of all others the beſt ſuited to my inclination. But inſtead of the rocks, the woods, the water-falls I had fancied to myſelf, I found an open, bleak, barren moor, covered with heath, except a few patches round the houſe, which my father, by his ſkill in agriculture, had brought to bear graſs and corn.

My mother-in-law, a good-looking woman, about forty, with a countenance that beſpoke frankneſs and good-humour, rather than ſenſibility or delicacy, received me with much kindneſs;

kindneſs; and, after giving me a hearty welcome to ——, preſented me to her two daughters, girls about fourteen or fifteen, with ruddy complexions, and every appearance of health and contentment. We found with them a Mr. *Plowſhare*, a young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who, I afterwards learned, farmed his own eſtate, and was conſidered by my father as the moſt reſpectable man in the county. They immediately got into a diſſertation on farming, and the different modes of agriculture practiſed in the different parts of the country, which continued almoſt without interruption till ſome time after dinner, when my father fell faſt aſleep. But this made no material alteration in the diſcourſe; for Mr. *Plowſhare* and the ladies then entered into a diſcuſſion of the moſt approved methods of feeding poultry and fattening pigs, which laſted till the evening was pretty far advanced. It is now ſome months ſince I arrived at my father's, during all which time I have ſcarcely ever heard any other converſation. You may eaſily conceive, Sir, the figure I make on ſuch occaſions. Though the good-nature of my mother-in-law prevents her from ſaying ſo, I can plainly perceive that ſhe, as well as my ſiſters, conſider me as one who has been extremely ill educated, and as ignorant of every thing that a young woman ought to know.

When

When I came to the Country, I propoſed to paſs great part of my time in my favourite amuſement of reading; but, on enquiry, I found that my father's library conſiſted of a large family Bible, *Dickſon's Agriculture*, and a treatiſe on *Farriery;* and that the only books my mother was poſſeſſed of, were the *Domeſtic Medicine*, and the *Complete Houſewife*.

In ſhort, Sir, in the midſt of a family happy in themſelves, and deſirous to make me ſo, I find myſelf wretched. My mind preys upon itſelf. When I look forward, I can diſcover no proſpect of any period to my ſorrows. At times I am diſpoſed to envy the happineſs of my ſiſters, and to wiſh that I had never acquired thoſe accompliſhments from which I formerly received ſo much pleaſure. Is it vanity that checks this wiſh, and leads me, at other times, to think, that even happineſs may be purchaſed at too dear a rate?

Some time ago I accidentally met with your paper, and at length reſolved to deſcribe my ſituation to you, partly to fill up one of my tedious hours, and partly in hopes of being favoured with your ſentiments on a ſpecies of diſtreſs, which is perhaps more poignant than many other kinds of affliction that figure more in the eyes of mankind.

I am, &c.

E. H. B.

N° 52. SATURDAY, *July* 24, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori. HOR.

SIR,

IT has always been a favourite opinion with me, "that whoever could make two ears "of corn, or two blades of graſs, grow upon "a ſpot of ground where only one grew before, "would deſerve better of mankind, and do "more eſſential ſervice to his country, than "the whole race of politicians put together." Poſſeſſed with this idea, I have long bent my thoughts and ſtudy towards thoſe enquiries which conduce to the melioration of the earth's productions, and to increaſe the fertility of my native country. I ſhall not at preſent tire you with an account of the various projects I have deviſed, the ſundry experiments I have made, and the many miſcarriages I have met with. Suffice it to ſay, that I have now in my brain a ſcheme, the ſucceſs of which, I am confident, can ſcarcely fail. The frequent diſappointments, however, I have formerly experienced, induce

me to consult you about my plan, before I take any farther steps towards carrying it into execution. You are an author, Sir, and must consequently be a man of learning: you informed us you had travelled, and you must of course be a much wiser man than I, who never was an hundred miles from the place where I now write: for these reasons, I am induced to lay my present scheme before you, and to intreat your opinion of it.

In the introduction to the Tales of *Guillaume Vadé*, published by the celebrated *Voltaire*, is the following passage, given as part of the speech of *Vadé* to his cousin *Catharine Vadé*, when she asked him where he would be buried? After censuring the practice of burying in towns and churches, and commending the better custom of the Greeks and Romans, who were interred in the country, "What pleasure," says he, "would it afford to "a good citizen to be sent to fatten, for example, "the barren plain of *Sablons*, and to contri- "bute to raise plentiful harvests there?—By "this prudent establishment, one generation "would be useful to another, towns would be "more wholesome, and the country more fruit- "ful. In truth, I cannot help saying, that we "want police in that matter, on account both of "the living and the dead."

To me, Sir, who now and then join the amusement of reading to the employment of agricul-

agriculture, the above paſſage has always appeared particularly deſerving of attention; and I have, at laſt, formed a ſort of computation of the advantages which would accrue to the country from the general adoption of ſuch a plan as that ſuggeſted by Monſieur *Vadé*. If the managers of the public burying-grounds were, at certain intervals, and for certain valuable conſiderations, to lend their aſſiſtance to the proprietors of the fields and meadows, how many beneficial conſequences would reſult to the public? How many of the honeſt folks, who now lie uſeleſsly mouldering in our church-yards, and never did the ſmalleſt good while alive, would thus be rendered, after death, of the moſt eſſential ſervice to the community? How many who ſeemed brought into the world merely "*fruges* "*conſumere nati*, to conſume the fruits of the "earth," might thus, by a proper and juſt retribution, be employed to produce *fruges* ſimilar to thoſe which they conſumed while in life? What a pleaſant and equitable kind of retaliation would it be for a borough or corporation to obtain, from the bodies of a parcel of fat magiſtrates, ſwelled up with city-feaſts and rich wines, a ſum of money that might, in ſome degree, compenſate for the expence which the capacious bellies of their owners one day coſt the town-revenue?

The

The general effects of this plan, and the particular attention it would neceſſarily produce in the œconomy of ſepulture, would remove the complaints I have often heard made, in various cities, of the want of ſpace and ſize in their burying-grounds. Thoſe young men who die of old age at thirty, and the whole body of the magiſtrates and council of ſome towns, who are in ſuch a ſtate of *corruption* during their lives, might very ſoon be made uſeful after their death. It has been often ſaid, that a living man is more uſeful than a dead one; but I deny it; for it will be found, if ever my propoſal takes place, that one dead man, at leaſt of the ſpecies above mentioned, will be of more uſe than fifty living ones.

I am well aware, that moſt of the fair-ſex, and ſome ſuch odd mortals as your Mr. *Wentworth* or Mr. *Fleetwood*, may poſſibly be ſhocked at this plan, and may cry out, That it would be a great indelicacy done to the remains of our friends. I do not, however, imagine this ought to have much weight, when the good of one's country is concerned. Theſe very people, Mr. MIRROR, would not, I dare ſay, for the world, cut the throat of a ſheep, or pull the neck of a hen off joint; yet when they are at table, they make no ſcruple to eat a bit of mutton, or the wing of a pullet, without allowing a thought of the

the butcher or the cook to have a place at the entertainment. In like manner, when theſe delicate kind of people happen to ſee a very beautiful field of wheat, which is a ſight every way as pleaſant as a leg of good mutton, or a fine fowl, let them never diſtreſs themſelves by inveſtigating, whether the field owes its peculiar excellence to the church-yard or the ſtable. As the ladies, however, are of very great importance in this country, I think it is proper that their good-will be gained over, if poſſible. I would, therefore, humbly propoſe, in compliment to the delicacy of their ſenſations, that their purer aſhes never be employed in the culture of oats, to fill the bellies of vulgar ploughmen and coach-horſes. No! Very far be it from me to entertain any ſuch coarſe idea. Let them be ſet apart, and ſolely appropriated to the uſe of parterres and flower-gardens. A philoſopher in ancient times, I forget who, has defined a lady to be "an animal "that delights in finery;" and other philoſophers have imagined, that the ſoul, after death, takes pleaſure in the ſame purſuits it was fond of while united to the body. What a heavenly gratification, then, will it prove to the ſoul of a toaſt, while "ſhe rides in her cloud, on the "wings of the roaring wind," to look down and view her remains upon earth, of as beautiful a complexion, and as gaily and gaudily decorated, as ever herſelf was while alive?

One of your predeceſſors, *Iſaac Bickerſtaffe*, I think, tells us, that in a bed of fine tulips he found the moſt remarkable flowers named after celebrated heroes and kings. He ſpeaks of the beauty and vivid colouring of the *Black Prince*, and the *Duke of Vendome*, of *Alexander the Great*, the *Emperor of Germany*, the *Duke of Marlborough*, and many others. How much more natural, as well as more proper, would it be, to have our flowers chriſtened after thoſe beautiful females, to whom, in all probability, they really *owed their peculiar beauty?* We might have *Lady Flora*, *Lady Violet*, *Miſs Lily*, and *Miſs Roſe*, and all the beauties of our remembrance renovated to our admiring eyes.

I am much inclined to believe, that the improvement I am here ſuggeſting was known to, and practiſed by, the ancients, particularly by the Greeks and Romans; for we read in their poets of *Narciſſus*, *Cyax*, *Smilax*, and *Crocus*, *Hyacinthus*, *Adonis*, and *Minthe*, being after their deaths metamorphoſed into flowers; and of the ſiſters of *Phaëton*, *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, *Baucis* and *Philemon*, *Daphne*, *Cypariſſus*, and *Myrrha*, and many more, being converted into trees. Now theſe ſtories, Mr. MIRROR, when ſtripped of their poetical ornaments, can, in my opinion, bear no other interpretation than that the aſhes of thoſe people were applied to ſuch uſeful purpoſes as I am now propoſing.

You

You will here obſerve, Mr. MIRROR, that, beſides the great utility of the ſcheme, there will be much room for the imagination to delight itſelf, in tracing out analogies, and refining upon the general hint I have thrown out. Your *Bath Toyman* would have many very ingenious conceits upon the occaſion, and would exerciſe his genius in deviſing fanciful applications of the different manures he would make it his buſineſs to procure. He would have a plot of *rue* and *wormwood* raiſed by old maidens; he would apply the aſhes of martyrs in love to his *pine-trees;* the duſt of aldermen and rich citizens might be uſed in the culture of *plums* and *gooſe-berries;* a ſet of fine gentlemen would be laid aſide for the culture of *cocks-combs*, *none-ſo-prettys*, and *narciſſuſes;* the clergy and church-officers would be manure for the *holly* and *elder;* and the *poſthumous productions* of poets would furniſh *bays* and *laurels* for their ſucceſſors: but I tire you, Mr. MIRROR, with theſe trifling fancies; the utility of my plan is what I value myſelf upon, and deſire your opinion of.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

POSTHUMUS AGRICOLA.

Q

N° 53. TUESDAY, *July* 26, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of the young women mentioned in two letters which you publiſhed in your 12th and 25th Numbers, though I did not know till very lately that our family had been put into print in the MIRROR. Since it is ſo, I think I too may venture to write you a letter, which, if it be not quite ſo well written as my father's (though I am no great admirer of his ſtyle neither), will at leaſt be as true.

Soon after my Lady ———'s viſit at our houſe, of which the laſt of my father's letters informed you, a ſiſter of his, who is married to a man of buſineſs here in Edinburgh, came with her huſband to ſee us in the country; and, though my ſiſter *Mary* and I ſoon diſcovered many vulgar things about them, yet, as they were both very good-humoured ſort of people, and took great pains to make themſelves agreeable, we could not help looking with regret to the time of their departure. When that drew near, they ſurpriſed us, by an invitation to me,

to

to come and ſpend ſome months with my couſins in town, ſaying, that my mother could not miſs my company at home, while ſhe had ſo good a companion and aſſiſtant in the family as her daughter *Mary*.

To me there were not ſo many allurements in this journey as might have been imagined. I had lately been taught to look on *London* as the only capital worth viſiting; beſides that, I did not expect the higheſt ſatisfaction from the ſociety I ſhould meet with at my aunt's, which, I confeſs, I was apt to ſuppoſe none of the moſt genteel. I contrived to keep the matter in ſuſpenſe (for it was left entirely to my own determination), till I ſhould write for the opinion of my friend Lady ——— on the ſubject; for, ever ſince our firſt acquaintance, we had kept up a conſtant and regular correſpondence. In our letters, which were always written in a ſtyle of the warmeſt affection, we were in the way of talking with the greateſt freedom of every body of our acquaintance. It was delightful, as her ladyſhip expreſſed it, "to unfold one's "feelings in the boſom of friendſhip;" and ſhe accordingly was wont to ſend me the moſt natural and lively pictures of the company who reſorted to ——; and I, in return, tranſmitted her many anecdotes of thoſe perſons which chance, or a greater intimacy, gave me an opportunity of learning. To prevent diſcovery,

we correſpond under the ſignatures of *Hortenſia* and *Leonora*; and ſome very particular intelligence her ladyſhip taught me not to commit to ink, but to ſet down in *lemon juice*.—I wander from my ſtory, Mr. MIRROR; "but I "cannot help fondly recalling (as *Emilia* in the "novel ſays) thoſe halcyon days of friendſhip "and felicity."

When her Ladyſhip's anſwer arrived, I found her clearly of opinion that I ought to accept of my aunt's invitation. She was very jocular on the manners which ſhe ſuppoſed I ſhould find in that lady's family; but ſhe ſaid I might take the opportunity of making ſome acquirements, which, though *London* alone could perfect, *Edinburgh* might, in ſome degree, communicate. She concluded her letter with requeſting the continuation of my correſpondence, and a narrative of every thing that was paſſing in town, eſpecially with regard to ſome ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whom ſhe pointed out to my particular obſervation.

To *Edinburgh*, therefore, I accompanied my aunt, and found a family very much diſpoſed to make me happy. In this they might, perhaps, have ſucceeded more completely, had I not acquired, from the inſtructions of Lady ———, and the company I ſaw at her houſe, certain notions of polite life with which I did not find any thing at Mr. ———'s correſpond. It was often,

often, indeed, their good-humour which offended me as coarſe, and their happineſs that ſtruck me as vulgar. There was not ſuch a thing as *hip* or *low ſpirits* among them, a ſort of finery which, at ———, I found a perſon of faſhion could not poſſibly be without.

They were at great pains to ſhew me any *ſights* that were to be ſeen, with ſome of which I was really little pleaſed, and with others I thought it would look like ignorance to ſeem pleaſed. They took me to the *play-houſe*, where there was little company, and very little attention. I was carried to the *concert*, where the caſe was exactly the ſame. I found great fault with both; for though I had not much ſkill, I had got *words* enough for finding fault from my friend Lady ———: upon which they made an apology for our entertainment, by telling me, that the *play-houſe* was, at that time, managed by a *fiddler*, and the *concert* was allowed to manage itſelf.

Our parties at home were agreeable enough. I found Mr. ———'s and my aunt's viſitors very different from what I had been made to expect, and not at all the *cocknies* my Lady ——, and ſome of her humorous gueſts, uſed to deſcribe. They were not, indeed, ſo *polite* as the faſhionable company I had met at her Ladyſhip's; but they were much more *civil*. Among the reſt was my uncle-in-law's partner, a good-

looking young man, who, from the firſt, was ſo particularly attentive to me that my couſins jokingly called him my lover; and even my aunt ſometimes told me ſhe believed he had a ſerious attachment to me; but I took care not to give him any encouragement, as I had always heard my friend Lady ——— talk of the wife of a *bourgeois* as the moſt contemptible creature in the world.

The ſeaſon at laſt arrived, in which, I was told, the town would appear in its gaiety, a great deal of good company being expected at the *Races*. For the Races I looked with anxiety, for another reaſon; my dear Lady ——— was to be here at that period. Of this I was informed by a letter from my ſiſter. From her Ladyſhip I had not heard for a conſiderable time, as ſhe had been engaged in a round of viſits to her acquaintance in the country.

The very morning after her arrival (for I was on the watch to get intelligence of her), I called at her lodgings. When the ſervant appeared, he ſeemed doubtful about letting me in; at laſt he uſhered me into a little darkiſh parlour, where, after waiting about half an hour, he brought me word, that his Lady could not try on the gown I had brought then, but deſired me to fetch it next day at eleven. I now perceived there had been a miſtake as to my perſon; and telling the fellow, ſomewhat angrily, that I was

no

no mantua-maker, desired him to carry to his Lady a slip of paper, on which I wrote with a pencil the well-known name of *Leonora*. On his going up stairs, I heard a loud peal of laughter above, and soon after he returned with a message, that Lady ——— was sorry she was particularly engaged at present, and could not possibly see me. Think, Sir, with what astonishment I heard this message from *Hortensia*. I left the house, I know not whether most ashamed or angry; but afterwards I began to persuade myself, that there might be some particular reasons for Lady ———'s not seeing me at that time, which she might explain at meeting; and I imputed the terms of the message to the rudeness or simplicity of the footman. All that day, and the next, I waited impatiently for some note of explanation or enquiry from her Ladyship, and was a good deal disappointed when I found the second evening arrive, without having received any such token of her remembrance. I went, rather in *low spirits*, to the play. I had not been long in the house, when I saw Lady ——— enter the next box. My heart fluttered at the sight; and I watched her eyes, that I might take the first opportunity of presenting myself to her notice. I saw them, soon after, turned towards me, and immediately curtsied, with a significant smile, to my noble friend, who being short-sighted,

ſighted, it would ſeem, which, however, I had never remarked before, ſtared at me for ſome moments, without taking notice of my ſalute, and at laſt was juſt putting up a glaſs to her eye, to point it at me, when a lady pulled her by the ſleeve, and made her take notice of ſomebedy on the oppoſite ſide of the houſe. She never afterwards happened to look to that quarter where I was ſeated.

Still, however, I was not quite diſcouraged, and, on an accidental change of places in our box, contrived to place myſelf at the end of the bench next her Ladyſhip's, ſo that there was only a piece of thin board between us. At the end of the act, I ventured to aſk her how ſhe did, and to expreſs my happineſs at ſeeing her in town, adding, that I had called the day before, but had found her particularly engaged. "Why, yes," ſaid ſhe, "*Miſs Homeſpun*, I "am always extremely hurried in town, and "have time to receive only a very few viſits; "but I will be glad if you will come ſome "morning and breakfaſt with me—but not to-"morrow, for there is a morning concert; nor "next day, for I have a muſical party at home. "In ſhort, you may come ſome morning next "week, when the hurry will be over, and, if I "am not gone out of town, I will be happy to "ſee you." I don't know what anſwer I ſhould have

have made; but ſhe did not give me an opportunity; for a gentleman in a green uniform coming into the box, ſhe immediately made room for him to ſit between us. He, after a broad ſtare full in my face, turned his back my way, and ſat in that poſture all the reſt of the evening.

I am not ſo ſilly, Mr. MIRROR, but I can underſtand the meaning of all this. My Lady, it ſeems, is contented to have ſome humble friends in the country, whom ſhe does not think worthy of her notice in town; but I am determined to ſhew her, that I have a prouder ſpirit than ſhe imagines, and ſhall not go near her, either in town or country. What is more, my father ſhan't vote for her friend at next election, if I can help it.

What vexes me beyond every thing elſe is, that I had been often telling my aunt and her daughters of the intimate footing I was on with Lady ———, and what a violent friendſhip we had for each other; and ſo, from envy, perhaps, they uſed to nick-name me the *Counteſs*, and *Lady Leonora*. Now that they have got this ſtory of the mantua-maker and the play-houſe (for I was ſo angry I could not conceal it), I am aſhamed to hear the name of a lady of quality mentioned, even if it be only in a book from the *circulating library*. Do write a paper, Sir, againſt pride and haughtineſs, and people forgetting their country

country friends and acquaintance, and you will very much oblige

Yours, &c.

ELIZABETH HOMESPUN.

P. S. My uncle's partner, the young gentleman I mentioned above, takes my part when my couſins joke upon intimates with great folks; I think he is a much genteeler and better bred man than I took him for at firſt.

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N° 54. SATURDAY, *July* 31, 1779.

AMONG the letters of my Correſpondents, I have been favoured with ſeveral containing obſervations on the conduct and ſucceſs of my paper. Of theſe, ſome recommend ſubjects of *criticiſm* as of a kind that has been extremely popular in ſimilar periodical publications, and on which, according to them, I have dwelt too little. Others complain, that the critical papers I have publiſhed were written in a ſtyle and manner too abſtruſe and technical for the bulk of my readers, and deſire me to remember, that in a performance addreſſed to the world, only the language of the world ſhould be uſed.

I was

I was laſt night in a company where a piece of *converſation-criticiſm* took place, which, as the ſpeakers were well-bred perſons of both ſexes, was neceſſarily of the familiar kind. As an endeavour, therefore, to pleaſe both the above-mentioned Correſpondents, I ſhall ſet down, as nearly as I can recollect, the diſcourſe of the company. It turned on the tragedy of *Zara*, at the repreſentation of which all of them had been preſent a few evenings ago.

" It is remarkable," ſaid Mr. ——, " what " an æra of improvement in the French drama " may be marked from the writings of M. de " Voltaire. The cold and tedious declamation " of the former French tragedians he had taſte " enough to ſee was not the language of paſſion, " and genius enough to execute his pieces in a " different manner. He retained the eloquence " of *Corneille*, and the tenderneſs of *Racine;* " but he never ſuffered the firſt to ſwell into " bombaſt, nor the other to ſink into languor. " He accompanied them with the force and " energy of our *Shakeſpeare*, whom he had the " boldneſs to follow;"—" and the meanneſs to " decry," ſaid the lady of the houſe.—" He " has been unjuſt to *Shakeſpeare*, I confeſs," replied Sir H. —— (who had been a conſiderable time abroad, and has brought home ſomewhat more than the language and dreſs of our neighbours); " yet I think I have obſerved our

" partiality

" partiality for that exalted poet carry us as un-
" reaſonable lengths on the other ſide. When
" we aſcribe to *Shakeſpeare* innumerable beau-
" ties, we do him but juſtice; but, when we will
" not allow that he has faults, we give him a
" degree of praiſe to which no writer is entitled,
" and which he, of all men, expected the leaſt.
" It was impoſſible that, writing in the ſitu-
" ation he did, he ſhould have eſcaped inaccu-
" racies; ſuffice it to ſay, they always aroſe
" from the exuberance of fancy, not the ſterility
" of dulneſs."

" There is much truth in what you ſay," an-ſwered Mr. ——; " but *Voltaire* was unjuſt
" when, not ſatisfied with pointing out blemiſhes
" in *Shakeſpeare*, he cenſured a whole nation as
" barbarous for admiring his works. He muſt,
" himſelf, have felt the excellence of a poet,
" whom, in this very tragedy of *Zara*, he has
" not diſdained to imitate, and to imitate very
" cloſely too. The ſpeech of *Oraſmane* (or *Oſman*,
" as the *Engliſh* tranſlation calls him), beginning,

J' aurois d'un oeil ſerene, d'une front inalterable,

" is almoſt a literal copy of the complaint of
" *Othello:*

—— Had it rain'd
All ſorts of curſes on me, &c.

" which is, perhaps, the reaſon why our tranſ-
" lator has omitted it."—" I do not pretend to
" juſtify

" juſtify *Voltaire*," returned Sir H. ——; " yet " it muſt be remembered, in alleviation, that the " *French* have formed a ſort of national taſte " in their theatre, correct, perhaps, almoſt to " coldneſs. In *Britain*, I am afraid, we are " apt to err on the other ſide; to miſtake rhap- " ſody for fire, and to applaud a forced meta- " phor for a bold one. I do not cite *Dryden*, " *Lee*, or the other poets of their age; for that " might be thought unfair; but, even in the " preſent ſtate of the *Engliſh* ſtage, is not my " idea warranted by the practice of poets, and " the applauſe of the audience? A poet of this " country, who, in other paſſages, has often " touched the tender feelings with a maſterly " hand, gives to the hero of one of his lateſt " tragedies, the following ſpeech:

> Had I a voice like Ætna when it roars,
> For in my breaſt is pent as fierce a fire,
> I'd ſpeak in flames.

" That a man, in the fervour and hurry of com- " poſition, ſhould ſet down ſuch an idea, is no- " thing; that it ſhould be pardoned by the au- " dience, is little; but that it ſhould always pro- " duce a *clap*, is ſtrange indeed!"

" And is there nothing like this in *French* " tragedies?" ſaid the lady of the houſe; " for " there is, I think, abundance of it in ſome of " our late imitations of them."—" Nay, in the " tranſlation of *Zayre*, Madam," returned the

Baronet, " *Hill* has ſometimes departed from " the original, to ſubſtitute a ſwelling and elabo- " rate diction. He forgets the plain ſoldierly " character of the Sultan's favourite, *Oraſmin*, " when he makes him ſay,

——— Silent and dark
Th' unbreathing world is huſh'd, as if it heard
And liſten'd to your ſorrows.

" The original is ſimple deſcription;

Tout dort, tout eſt tranquille, et l'ombre de la nuit.——

" And when the ſlave, in the 4th act, brings " the fatal *letter* to the Sultan, and mentions the " circumſtances of its interception, the tranſlator " makes *Oſman* ſtay to utter a ſentiment, which " is always applauded on the *Engliſh* ſtage, but " is certainly, however noble in itſelf, very ill- " placed here:

—— Approach me like a ſubject
That ſerves the *Prince*, yet not forgets the *man*.

" *Oſman* had no breath for *words*: *Voltaire* gives " him but five hurried ones:

Donne—qui la portait?—donne."

" I am quite of your opinion, Sir H——," ſaid Mr. ——; " and I may add, that even " *Voltaire* ſeems to me too profuſe of ſentiments " in *Zara*, which, beautiful as they are, and " though expreſſed with infinite delicacy, are " yet ſomewhat foreign to that native language " which feeling dictates, and by which it is

" moved.

" moved. I weep at a few ſimple words ex-
" preſſive of diſtreſs; I pauſe to admire a ſenti-
" ment, and my pity is forgotten. The ſingle
" line uttered by *Luſignan*, at the cloſe of his
" deſcription of the maſſacre of his wife and
" children,

Helas! et j'etais pere, et je ne pus mourir,

" moves me more than a thouſand ſentiments,
" how juſt or eloquent ſoever."

" If we think of the nobleſt uſe of tragedy," ſaid Mrs. ——, " we ſhall, perhaps, Sir, not " be quite of your opinion. I, who am a mo-
" ther, wiſh my children to learn ſome other
" virtues, beſide compaſſion at a play; it is cer-
" tainly of greater conſequence to improve the
" mind than to melt it."——" I am ſure,
" Mamma," ſaid a young lady, her daughter,
" the ſentiments of tragedy affect me as much as
" the moſt piteous deſcription. When I hear
" an exalted ſentiment, I feel my heart, as it
" were, ſwell in my boſom, and it is always fol-
" lowed by a guſh of tears from my eyes."—
" You tell us the effects of your feelings, child;
" but you don't diſtinguiſh the feelings them-
" ſelves.—I would have, Gentlemen," continued ſhe, " a play to be virtuous in its ſentiments, and
" alſo natural in its events. The want of the
" latter quality, as well as of the former, has a
" bad effect on young perſons; it leads them to

" ſuppoſe, that ſuch a conduct is natural and " allowable in common life, and encourages that " romantic deception which is too apt to grow " up in minds of ſenſibility. Don't you think, " that the ſudden converſion of *Zara* to Chriſti- " anity, unſupported by argument, or conviction " of its truth, is highly unnatural, and may " have ſuch a tendency as I have mentioned?" ——" I confeſs," ſaid Mr. ———, " that has " always appeared to me an exceptionable paſ- " ſage."——" I do not believe, Mamma," ſaid the young lady, " that ſhe was really converted " in opinion; but I don't wonder at her cry- " ing out ſhe was a Chriſtian, after ſuch a ſpeech " as that of her father *Luſignan*. I know my " heart was wrung with the ſcene, that I could, " at that moment, have almoſt become *Maho-* " *metan*, to have comforted the good old man." ——Her mother ſmiled; for this was exactly a confirmation of her remark.

" *Voltaire*," ſaid Sir H———, " has, like " many other authors, introduced a *dark* ſcene " into the laſt act of this tragedy; yet it appears " to me, that ſuch a ſcene goes beyond the power " of ſtage deception, and always hurts the " piece. We cannot poſſibly ſuppoſe, that two " perſons walking upon the ſame board do not " ſee each other, while we, ſitting in a diſtant " part of the houſe, ſee both perfectly well."—— " I do recollect," ſaid the young lady, " at firſt,

" wondering

" wondering how *Zara* could fail to see *Oſman;*
" but I ſoon forgot it."——" Thus it always is,"
replied Mr. M———, " in ſuch a caſe; if a
" poet has eloquence or genius enough to com-
" mand the paſſions, he eaſily gets the better of
" thoſe ſtage improbabilities. In truth, the *ſcenic*
" *deception* is of a very ſingular nature. It is
" impoſſible we ſhould imagine ourſelves ſpecta-
" tors of the real ſcene, of which the ſtage one
" is an imitation; the utmoſt length we are, in
" reality, carried, is to deliver over our minds to
" that ſympathy, which a proper and ſtriking
" repreſentation of grief, rage, or any other paſ-
" ſion, produces. You deſtroy the *deception*, it
" is ſaid, when any thing impertinent or ludi-
" crous happens on the ſtage, or among the au-
" dience; but you will find the very ſame effect,
" if a child blows his three-halfpenny trumpet,
" in the midſt of a ſolo of *Fiſcher*, or a ſong of
" *Rauzzini;* it ſtops the delightful current of
" feeling which was carrying along the ſoul at
" the time, and diſſatisfaction and pain are the
" immediate conſequence; yet in the *ſolo* or the
" *ſong*, no ſuch deception as the theatrical is pre-
" tended."——Mr. ——— delivered this with
the manner of one who had ſtudied the ſubject,
and nobody ventured to anſwer him.

" You were mentioning," ſaid Mrs. ———,
" *Voltaire*'s imitation of *Othello*, in this tragedy;
" I recollect, in the laſt act, a very ſtrong inſtance

" of it, the concluding ſpeech of *Oſman*, before " he ſtabs himſelf, which ſeems to be exactly " taken from that of the *Moor*, in a ſimilar ſitua- " tion."——" I remember both ſpeeches well," ſaid Sir H———, " and I think it may be diſ- " puted, whether either of them be congenial " to the ſituation?"——" You will excuſe me, " Sir H———," ſaid I, " if I hold them both " perfectly in nature. The calmneſs of deſperate " and irremediable grief will give vent to a ſpeech " longer and more methodical than the imme- " diate anguiſh of ſome leſs deep and irretriev- " able calamity. *Shakeſpeare* makes *Othello* refer, " in the inſtant of ſtabbing himſelf, to a ſtory of " his killing a *Turk* in *Aleppo;* the moment of " perturbation, when ſuch a paſſage would have " been unnatural, is paſt; the act of killing him- " ſelf is then a matter of little importance; and " his reference to a ſtory ſeemingly indifferent, " marks, in my opinion, moſt forcibly, and na- " turally, the deep and ſettled horror on *Othello*'s " ſoul. I prefer it to the concluding lines of the " Sultan's ſpeech in *Zara*, which reſt on the ſtory " of his own misfortune:

> Tell 'em, I plung'd my dagger in her breaſt;
> Tell 'em, I ſo ador'd, and thus reveng'd her."

" You have talked a great deal of the author," ſaid the young lady, " but nothing of the actors. " Was not the part of *Zara* excellently per-

" formed ?"——" Admirably, indeed," replied Mr.———; " I know no actreſs who poſſeſſes " the power of ſpeaking poetry beyond Miſs " *Younge.*"——" Nor of feeling it neither, Sir, " I think."——" I did not mean to deny her " that quality; but, in the other, I think ſhe is " unrivalled. She does not reach, perhaps, the " impaſſioned burſt, the electric flaſh of Mrs. " *Barry;* nor has ſhe that deep and thrilling note " of horror with which Mrs. *Yates* benumbs an " audience; but there is a *melting tremble* in her " voice, which, in tender paſſages, is inimitably " beautiful and affecting. Were I poet, I ſhould " prefer her ſpeaking of my lines to that of any " actreſs I ever heard."

" She owes, I believe," ſaid our *Frenchman*, " much of her preſent excellence to her ſtudy " of the *French ſtage.* I mean not to detract " from her merit: I certainly allow her more, " when I ſay, that her excellence is, in great " part, of her own acquirement, than ſome of " her ill-judging admirers, who aſcribe it all to " Nature. Our actors, indeed, are rarely ſen- " ſible how much ſtudy and application is due " to their profeſſion; people may be *ſpouters* " without culture; but laborious education alone " can make perfect actors. Feeling, and the " imitative ſympathy of paſſion, are, undoubt- " edly, derived from Nature; but Art alone can " beſtow that grace, that refined expreſſion, with-

" out which feeling will often be awkward, and " paſſion ridiculous."

Z

N° 55. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 3, 1779.

Decipimur ſpecie recti. HOR.

SINCERITY, by which I mean honeſty in men's dealings with each other, is a virtue praiſed by every one, and the practice of it is, I believe, more common than gloomy moraliſts are willing to allow. The love of truth, and of juſtice, are ſo ſtrongly implanted in our minds, that few men are ſo hardened, or ſo inſenſible, as knowingly and deliberately to commit diſhoneſt actions; and a little obſervation ſoon convinces thoſe who are engaged in a variety of tranſactions, that honeſty is wiſdom, and knavery folly.

But though, according to this acceptation of the phraſe, men are ſeldom inſincere, or literally diſhoneſt, in the ordinary tranſactions of life; yet, I believe, there is another and a higher ſpecies of ſincerity, which is very ſeldom to be met with in any degree of perfection; I mean that ſincerity which leads a man to be

honeſt

honeſt to himſelf, and to his own mind, and which will prevent him from being impoſed upon, or deceived by his own paſſions and inclinations. From that ſecret approbation which our mind leads us to give to what is virtuous and honourable, we cannot eaſily bear the conſciouſneſs of being diſhoneſt. Hence, therefore, when men are deſirous to give way to their evil inclinations and paſſions, they are willing, nay, at times, they are even at pains to deceive themſelves. They look out for ſome ſpecious apology, they ſeek for ſome colour and diſguiſe, by which they may reconcile their conduct to the appearance of right, and may commit wrong, under the belief that they are innocent, nay, ſometimes, that they are acting a praiſe-worthy part. Thus there are men who would abhor the thought of deceiving others, who are conſtantly deceiving themſelves; and, while they believe that they are ſincere, and are really ſo, in the reſtricted ſenſe in which I have uſed this word, are, in all the important actions of their life, under the influence of deceit.

Eubulus is a judge in one of the courts of law. *Eubulus* believes himſelf a very honeſt judge; and it is but doing him juſtice to allow, that he would not, for any conſideration, knowingly, give an unjuſt deciſion; yet *Eubulus* hardly ever gave a fair judgment in any cauſe where he was connected with, or knew any

thing about the parties. If either of them happen to be his friend or relation, or connected with his friends or relations, *Eubulus* is sure always to see the cause in a favourable light for that friend. If, on the other hand, one of the parties happens to be a person whom *Eubulus* has a dislike to, that party is sure to lose his suit. In the one case, he sits down to examine the cause, under all the influence and partiality of friendship; his cool senses are run away with; his judgment is blinded, and he sees nothing but the arguments on the side of his friend, and overlooks every thing stated against him. In the other case, he acts under the impressions of dislike, and his judgment is accordingly so determined. A cause was lately brought before *Eubulus*, where every feeling of humanity and compassion prompted the wish, that one of the parties might be successful; but the right was clearly on the other side. *Eubulus* sat down to examine it with all the tender feelings full in his mind; they guided his judgment, and he determined contrary to justice. During all this, *Eubulus* believes himself honest. In one sense of the word he is so; he does not, knowingly or deliberately, give a dishonest judgment; but, in the higher and more extensive meaning of the word, he is dishonest. He suffers himself to be imposed on by the feelings of friendship and humanity. Nay, far from guarding against it, he aids

aids the impoſition, and becomes the willing dupe to his own inclinations.

Licinius was a man of learning and of fancy: he lived at a time when the factions of this country were at their greateſt height: he entered into all of them with the greateſt warmth, and, in ſome of the principal tranſactions of the time, acted a conſiderable part. With warm attachments, and ungoverned zeal, his opinions were violent, and his prejudices deep-rooted. *Licinius* wrote a hiſtory of his own times: his zeal for the intereſts he had eſpouſed is conſpicuous; the influence of his prejudices is apparent; his opinion of the characters of the men of whom he writes, is almoſt every where dictated by his knowledge of the party to which they belonged; and his belief or diſbelief of the diſputed facts of the time, is directed by the connections they had with his own favourite opinions. *Phidippus* cannot talk with patience of this hiſtory or its author; he never ſpeaks of him but as of a mean lying fellow, who knowingly wrote the tales of a party, and who, to ſerve a faction, wiſhed to deceive the Public. *Phidippus* is miſtaken: *Licinius*, in one ſenſe of the word, was perfectly honeſt; he did not wiſh to deceive; but he was himſelf under the influence of deception. The heat of his fancy, the violence of his zeal, led him away; convinced that he was much in the right, he was deſirous to be ſtill more ſo; he viewed,

viewed, and was at pains to view every thing in one light; all the characters, and all the transactions of the time, were seen under one colour; and, under this deception, he saw, and thought, and wrote. When *Phidippus* accuses *Licinius* of being wilfully dishoneſt, he is miſtaken, and is under the influence of a like deception with that of *Licinius*. *Licinius* wrote unfairly, becauſe he ſaw every thing in one light, and was not at pains to guard againſt ſelf-deception, or to correct erroneous judgment. *Phidippus* judges of *Licinius* unfairly, becauſe he alſo is under the influence of party, becauſe his ſyſtem and opinions are different from thoſe of *Licinius*, and becauſe this leads him to judge harſhly of every one who thinks like *Licinius*.

Lyſander is a young man of elegance and ſentiment; but he has a degree of vanity which makes him wiſh to be poſſeſſed of fortune, not to hoard, but to ſpend it. He has a high opinion of female merit; and would not, for any conſideration, think of marrying a woman for whom he did not believe he felt the moſt ſincere and ardent attachment. In this ſituation of mind he became acquainted with *Leonora*: *Leonora*'s father was dead, and had left her poſſeſſed of a very conſiderable fortune; *Lyſander* had heard of *Leonora*, and knew ſhe was poſſeſſed of a fortune before ever he ſaw her. She is not remarkable either for the beauties of perſon or of mind;

mind; but the very first time *Lysander* saw her, he conceived a prepossession in her favour, and which has now grown into a strong attachment. *Lysander* believes it is her merit only which has produced this; and he would hate himself, if he thought *Leonora*'s being possessed of a fortune had had the least influence upon him. But he is mistaken; he does not know himself, nor that secret power, the desire of wealth has over him. The knowledge of *Leonora*'s being an heiress, made him secretly wish her to be possessed of personal merit before he saw her; when he did see her, he converted his wishes into belief; he desired to be deceived, and he was so. He conceived that she was possessed of every accomplishment of person and of mind; and his imagination being once warmed, he believed and thought that he felt a most violent attachment. Had *Leonora* been without a fortune, she would never have drawn *Lysander*'s attention; he would have never thought more highly of her merit than he did of that of most other women; and he would not have become the dupe of his wishes and desires.

Amanda is a young lady of the most amiable dispositions. With an elegant form, she possesses a most uncommon degree of sensibility. Her parents reside at *Bellfield*, in a sequestered part of the country. Here she has few opportunities of being in society, and her time has chiefly

chiefly been ſpent in reading. Books of ſentiment, novels, and tender poetry, are her greateſt favourites. This kind of reading has increaſed the natural warmth and ſenſibility of her mind: it has given her romantic notions of life, and particularly warm and paſſionate ideas about love. The attachment of lovers, the ſweet union of hearts, and hallowed ſympathy of ſouls, are continually pictured in her mind. *Philemon*, a diſtant relation of *Amanda*'s, happened to pay a viſit to *Bellfield*. *Amanda*'s romantic notions had hitherto been general, and had no object to fix upon. But it is difficult to have warm feelings long, without directing them to ſome object. After a ſhort acquaintance, *Philemon* became very particular in his attentions to her. *Amanda* was not diſpleaſed with them; on the contrary, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw in him all thoſe good qualities which ſhe felt in her own mind. Every look that he gave, and every word that he ſpoke, confirmed her in this. Every thing ſhe wiſhed to be in a lover, every thing her favourite authors told her a lover ought to be poſſeſſed of, ſhe believed to be in *Philemon*. Her parents perceived the ſituation of her mind. In vain did they repreſent to her the danger ſhe run, and that ſhe had not yet acquaintance enough of *Philemon* to know any thing, with certainty, about his character. She aſcribed theſe admonitions to the too great coldneſs and prudence of age, and ſhe diſregarded

disregarded them. Thus did *Amanda* believe herself deeply enamoured with *Philemon;* but it could not be with *Philemon*, for she knew little of him. She was the dupe of her own wishes; and she deceived herself into a belief that she was warmly attached to him, when it was only an ideal being of her own creation that was the object of her passion. *Philemon* may be worthy of the love of *Amanda*, or *Amanda* may be able to preserve the deception she is under even after marriage; but her danger is apparent.

The influence of self-deception is wonderfully powerful. Different as are the above persons, and different as are their situations, all have been under its guidance. As observed above, dishonesty, in our ordinary transactions in the world, is a vice which only the most corrupted and abandoned are in danger of falling into; but that dishonesty with ourselves, which leads us to be our own deceivers, to become the dupes of our own prevailing passions and inclinations, is to be met with more or less in every character. Here we are, as it were, parties to the deceit, and, instead of wishing to guard against it, we become the willing slaves of its influence. By this means, not only are bad men deceived by evil passions into the commission of crimes, but even the worthiest men, by giving too much way to the best and most amiable feelings of the heart,

heart, may be led into fatal errors, and into the moſt prejudicial miſconduct.

Did men, however, endeavour to guard againſt the influence of this ſelf-deceit; did they coolly, and on all intereſting occaſions, examine into the principles and motives of their conduct; did they view themſelves not under the miſt and cover of paſſion, but with the eyes of an impartial ſpectator, much might be done to avoid the dangers I have pointed out.

S

N° 56. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1779.

THE firſt of the two following Letters I received ſome time ago from my friend Mr. *Umphraville;* and I think I need make no apology, either to him or my readers, for giving it a place in this day's MIRROR.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE moment that I found myſelf diſengaged from buſineſs, you know I left the ſmoke and din of your bleſſed city, and hurried away to pure ſkes and quiet at my cottage.

I found

I found my good ſiſter in perfect health, free from flying rheumatic pains, agueiſh complaints, ſlight megrims, and apprehenſions of the tooth-ach, and all the other puny half-pangs that indolence *is heir to*, and that afford a kind of comfort to the idle, by ſupplying them with topics of complaint and converſation.

You muſt have heard that our ſpring was ſingularly pleaſant; but *how* pleaſant it was *you* could not feel in your duſky atmoſphere. My ſiſter remarked, that it had a faint reſemblance of the ſpring in ——. Although I omit the year, you may believe that ſeveral ſeaſons have paſſed away ſince that animating æra recollected by my ſiſter. "Alas! my friend," ſaid I, "ſeaſons return, but it is only to the young and the fortunate." A tear ſtarted in her eye; yet ſhe ſmiled, and reſumed her tranquillity.

We ſauntered through the kitchen-garden, and admired the rapid progreſs of vegetation. "Every thing is very forward," ſaid my ſiſter; "we muſt begin to bottle *gooſeberries* to-mor-"row." "Very forward, indeed," anſwered I. "This reminds me of the young ladies whom "I have ſeen lately; they ſeemed forward "enough, though a little out of ſeaſon too."

It was a poor witticiſm; but it lay in my way, and I took it up. Next morning the gardener came into our breakfaſting-parlour:

—"Madam,"

—"Madam," ſaid he, "all the gooſeberries are "gone."—"Gone! cried my ſiſter; "and *who* "could be ſo audacious? Brother, you are a "juſtice of the peace; do make out a warrant "directly to ſearch for and apprehend. We "have an agreeable neighbourhood indeed; the "inſolence of the rabble of ſervants, of low-"born purſe-proud folks, is not to be endured." ——"The gooſeberries are not away," continued the gardener, "they are all lying in heaps "under the buſhes; laſt night's froſt, and a hail-"ſhower this morning, have made the crop "fail."—"The crop fail!" exclaimed my ſiſter; "and where am I to get gooſeberries for bot-"tling?" Come, come, my dear," ſaid I, "they "tell me that, in Virginia, pork has a peculiar "flavour, from the peaches on which the hogs "feed; you can let in your goſlings to pick up "the gooſeberries; and I warrant you that this "unlooked-for food will give them a reliſh far "beyond that of any green geeſe of our neigh-"bour's at the caſtle."—"Brother," replied ſhe, "you are a philoſopher." I quickly diſcovered that, while endeavouring to turn one misfortune into jeſt, I recalled another to her remembrance; for it ſeems, that, by a ſeries of domeſtic calamities, all her goſlings had periſhed.

A very promiſing family of turkey-chicks has at length conſoled her for the fate of the goſlings; and on her rummaging her ſtore-room, ſhe finds that

that ſhe has more bottled gooſeberries left of laſt year, than will ſuffice for the preſent occaſions of our little family.

What ſhall I ſay of my ſiſter? Her underſtanding is excellent; and ſhe is religious without ſuperſtition. Great have been her misfortunes, poor woman! and I can bear teſtimony to her fortitude and reſignation under them; and yet the verieſt trifles imaginable unhinge her mind.

That people of ſenſe ſhould allow themſelves to be affected by the moſt trivial accidents is abſurd and ridiculous. There are, indeed, ſome things, which, though hardly real evils, cannot fail to vex the wiſeſt, and diſcompoſe the equanimity of the moſt patient; for example, that fulſome court paid by the vulgar to rich upſtarts, and the daily ſlights to which decayed nobility is expoſed.

I hope that your periodical eſſays find favour in the ſight of the idle and frivolous. You may remember I told you long ago, that I would never read any of them. The peruſal of them could not make me eſteem you more than I do already; and it might bring many faſhionable follies to my knowledge, of which I am happily ignorant. I ever am,

Yours affectionately,

EDW° UMPHRAVILLE.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *Edinburgh, July* 23, 1779.

I AM confined, by the occupations of a laborious employment, to a conſtant reſidence in town. During the ſummer and autumn, however, I ſometimes can afford a day, which I wiſh to ſpend in a jaunt to the country. I lived in the country, Sir, in my earlier days; and whenever I hear a wood, a meadow, or the banks of a river mentioned, I always think of peace, of happineſs, and innocence.

This ſeaſon I have had a friend in town, who being an idle man, is a great *maker of parties*. Among others, he contrives to get people together of a *Saturday* or a *Sunday*, to go and dine in the country, which he ſays, in the neighbourhood of *Edinburgh*, affords ſome of the moſt beautiful and romantic ſcenes he ever ſaw. Laſt *Saturday* I was aſked to join in one of his parties of this ſort; to which, being a lover of rural ſcenes, as I mentioned before, I readily conſented.

My friend had the ordering of every thing on our expedition. The carriages he had beſpoke did not arrive at the place of meeting till near an hour after the time appointed; and, when they did come, we had another hour to wait for

our

our conductor, who having ſet up at a *town-party* till five that morning, was not willing to be diſturbed till mid-day.

We arrived at the place of our deſtination betwixt two and three. I immediately propoſed a walk, to enjoy the beauty of the fields, and the purity of the air; but my propoſal was overruled, from the conſideration of the near approach of *dinner;* ſome of the company likewiſe obſerving, that the evening was the propereſt time for walking in this hot weather. Mean time, a *cup* was called for, which, in this ſame hot weather, was pronounced vaſtly pleaſant, and my friend declared was more refreſhing to him than the pureſt air under heaven.

Dinner was ſoon after brought in, which conſiſted of a profuſion of meat, ill dreſſed, and ſerved up in a ſlovenly ſtyle. This, however, was a *country*-dinner, and people were not to be nice in the country. So we ſat, enjoying the pleaſures of the country, amidſt the ſteams of greaſy broth, ruſty ham, and ſtinking mutton: our ears delighted with the jingle of bells, and the hallooing of gueſts in the ſtair-caſe, which were very ineffectually anſwered by the buſtle of an awkward waiter, and a fat hoyden of a chambermaid.

When the table-cloth was removed, our conductor, who ſaid he found himſelf much the better for his dinner, called for the landlord, and deſired him to ſend in a particular ſort of wine,

the flavour of which he highly commended. An old proverbial recipe was cited to him, by a red-faced gentleman at the bottom of the table, which signifies, that a man should drink a bottle to-day, as a cure for the effects of two or three drank yesterday. 'Twas a prescription very much suited to the inclination of my friend, who declared, after having drank a bottle of it, that he never was better in all his life. Nobody mentioned the evening being a proper time for *walking;* so we sat till our carriages were at the door, and till we dispatched four last bottles after their arrival. The post-boys, whose patience needed some cordial to maintain it, were busy in their way below; so that, when at the last we got into the chaises, they were as drunk——as drunk as we were. The carriage in which another gentleman and I were placed was over-turned about a mile from town: I escaped with a sprained ancle; but my friend had his collar-bone broke.

Now, Mr. MIRROR, I incline to think, that a man may find a bad dinner, and get drunk after it, just as well in *town* as in the *country;* and, in the first case, he will have the advantage of saving his bones, the chaise-hire, and the tax upon post-horses.

I am, &c.

CIVIS.

N° 57. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 10, 1779.

NO thinking man will deny, that travelling into foreign countries is, in certain ſituations, attended with many and great advantages. It poliſhes the manners of the courtier, enlarges the views of the ſtateſman, and furniſhes the philoſopher with a more extenſive field of obſervation, and enables him to form more certain concluſions with regard to the nature and character of man. At the ſame time, I have often been diſpoſed to doubt, how far it is an eligible thing for a private gentleman, without talents and inclination for public life, to ſpend much of his time abroad, to acquire a reliſh for foreign manners, and a taſte for the ſociety of a ſet of men, with whom neither his ſtation nor his fortune entitles him to aſſociate in the after-part of his life. The following letter on this ſubject may, perhaps, be acceptable to my readers:

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MOST of your predeceſſors have favoured the public with ſpeculations on travelling; and they have been at pains to point out the abuſes of it that from time to time have prevailed among us. In the *Spectator*, the abſurdity of a fond mother and mother's *own* ſon going together to make the tour of *Europe*, in order to learn men and things, is expoſed in a very maſterly manner. If I have not been miſinformed, that admirable eſſay was the production of a young man, who afterwards, by his great talents and eminent virtues, added dignity to the higheſt office in the law of *England*, which he filled many years with the entire approbation of all good men.

In the *World*, the folly of ſending an ignorant booby to travel, who looked with contempt on the *French* and *Italians*, becauſe they did not ſpeak *Engliſh*, is held up to ridicule in a vein of wit, and with an elegance of expreſſion, that mark the compoſitions of the *Earl of Cheſterfield*.

A correſpondent in your own paper has pointed out the fatal effects of a practice, unknown till within theſe few years, of ſending boys to foreign ſchools

ſchools, or academies, where, according to his account of the matter, they learn nothing but vice and folly.

Although travelling has proved equally fatal to me, my caſe is very different from any of thoſe I have mentioned; I ſhall, therefore, take the liberty to give an account of myſelf, from which you and your readers will be beſt able to judge, whether making what is called the *grand tour*, be an adviſable thing for perſons in my circumſtances and ſituation.

I am the only ſon of a gentleman of fortune and family. My father, who was himſelf a man of letters, wiſhed to give me a liberal education, and was deſirous to unite the ſolidity of the ancient ſyſtem with that eaſe and grace, which, of late, have been cultivated ſo much, and which, by ſome, have been thought the moſt eſſential of all acquirements. Soon after my twentieth year my father died, leaving me poſſeſſed of a family-eſtate of a thouſand pounds a-year, and (I hope I may ſay it without vanity) with as great a ſhare of knowledge as any of my contemporaries could boaſt of. The tour of Europe was the only thing wanting to complete my education. Intimately acquainted with the celebrated characters of antiquity, and an enthuſiaſtic admirer of their virtues, I longed to viſit *Italy*, to ſee the ſpot where *Scipio* triumphed, where *Cæſar* fell, where *Cicero* harangued. Full

of theſe ideas, I ſet out on my travels; and, after paſſing ſome time in *France*, I proceeded to *Rome*. For a while, *antiquity* was my great object, and every remain of *Roman* greatneſs attracted my attention. Afterwards *muſic*, of which I had always been a lover, and *painting*, for which I acquired a taſte in *Italy*, occupied much of my time; but, whilſt engaged in theſe favourite purſuits, I did not neglect any opportunity of mingling in ſociety with the natives, and of obſerving their manners and cuſtoms. I lived too on the moſt intimate footing with the Britiſh at the different courts I viſited; and I doubted not that the friendſhips I then formed with men of the firſt diſtinction in my own country, would be as laſting as they appeared to be warm and ſincere. If the pleaſures in which we indulged, and which, by degrees, came to occupy almoſt the whole of my time, ſometimes bordered on the licentious, they were at leaſt attended with an elegance, which, in ſome meaſure, diſguiſed the deformity of vice.

Various reaſons, which it is needleſs now to mention, at length conſtrained me to return home. As I approached my ſeat in the county of ———, I felt a tender ſatisfaction at the thought of reviſiting thoſe ſcenes where I had ſpent ſo many happy days in the "*early morn* "*of life*," and of ſeeing again the companions of

of my youthful ſports, many of whom I knew had ſettled in the country, and lived on their eſtates in my neighbourhood. My arrival was no ſooner known, than they flocked to welcome me home. The friends of my father, and their ſons, my old companions, were equally ſincere and warm in their compliments; but, though I was pleaſed with their attachment, I could not help being diſguſted with the blunt plainneſs of their manners. Their converſation uſually turned on ſubjects in which I could not poſſibly be intereſted. The *old* got into keen political debate, or diſſertations on farming; and the *young* talked over their laſt fox-chaſe, or recited the particulars of their laſt debauch. If I attempted to give the converſation a different turn, they remained ſilent, and were altogether incapable to talk of thoſe ſubjects on which I had been accuſtomed to think and to ſpeak. If I mentioned the *Gabrielli*, or the *Mignotti*, they were as much at a loſs as I was when they joined in praiſing the notes of *Juno* or of *Jowler:* if the proportions of *Venus of Medicis* were talked of, one would perhaps aſk, what a dead beauty was good for? another would ſwear, that, in his mind, *Polly* ——— was a better-made girl than any heathen goddeſs, dead or alive.

By degrees my neighbours gave me up altogether. They complained that I was a ſtrange fellow,

fellow, who hated company, and had no notion of life. I confeſs I was rather pleaſed with their neglect, and in my own mind preferred ſolitude to ſuch ſociety: but ſolitude at length became irkſome, and I longed again to mingle in ſociety. With that view I went to the *races* at *Edinburgh*, where I was told I ſhould meet with all the polite people of this country. The night I arrived, I accompanied to the *aſſembly* a female relation, almoſt the only acquaintance I had in town. If you, Mr. MIRROR, be a frequenter of public places, I need not tell you how much I was ſtruck on entering the room. Dark, dirty, mean, offenſive to every ſenſe, it ſeemed to reſemble a large barn, rather than a room allotted for the reception of polite company. I had no ſooner entered, than I was hurried along by the crowd to the farther end of the hall, where the firſt thing that caught my eye was an old lady, who, it ſeems, preſided for the night, and was at that inſtant employed in diſtributing tickets, to aſcertain the order in which the ladies were to dance. She was ſurrounded by a cluſter of perſons of both ſexes, all of whom ſpoke at the ſame time, and ſome of them, as I thought, with a voice and geſture rather rough and vehement.

This important part of the ceremonial being at length adjuſted, the dancing began. My conductreſs

duchreſs aſked me, if I did not think the ladies, in general, handſome? I told her (and that without any compliment), that I thought them more than commonly beautiful; "but me-"thinks," added I, "the gentlemen are not, "either in dreſs or appearance, ſuch as I ſhould "have expected."—"O," replied ſhe, "have a "little patience, the men of faſhion are not yet "come in; this being the firſt day of the races, "they are dining with the ſtewards." I had not time to make any obſervation on the propriety of allowing ladies to go unattended to a public place, to wait four hours there in expectation of the gentlemen with whom they were to dance; for, at the inſtant, a loud noiſe at the lower end of the hall attracted my notice. "There they come," ſaid ſhe; and I ſoon perceived a number of young gentlemen ſtaggering up the room, all of them fluſtered, ſome of them perfectly intoxicated. Their behaviour (I forbear to mention the particulars) was ſuch as might be expected.

In a few days I was quite ſatisfied with the amuſements of *Edinburgh*, and with pleaſure retired once more to my ſolitude at ———. There, however, I again fell a ſacrifice to *ennui*: I could contrive no way to fill up my time. After paſſing two or three tedious years, I reſolved to make one effort more, and ſet out for *London*, in hopes of meeting thoſe friends with whom

whom I had lived ſo happily abroad, and in whoſe ſociety I now expected to receive pleaſure without allay.

Upon enquiry, I found that almoſt all my friends were in town, and next morning ſallied forth to wait upon them. But nowhere could I gain admittance. It did not occur to me that thoſe doors, which, at *Rome* or *Naples*, flew open at my approach, could, at *London*, be ſhut againſt me. I therefore concluded I had called at an improper time, and that the hours of *London* (with which I was but little acquainted) differed from thoſe we had been accuſtomed to abroad.

In that belief I went to the Opera in the evening. I had not been there long before Lord —— happened to come into the very box where I was. With Lord —— I had lived in habits of the moſt intimate friendſhip, and, in a leſs public place, I ſhould have embraced him with open arms. Judge then of my aſtoniſhment, when he received my compliments with the coldneſs of the moſt perfect indifference. It is needleſs to run through the mortifying detail. From all my friends I met with much the ſame reception. One talked of the buſineſs of parliament, another of his engagements at the *Sçavoir Vivre*, or the *Coterie*. The Duke of ——, who then filled one of the great offices of ſtate, alone ſeemed to retain his former ſentiments. One day

day he took me into his cloſet, and, after ſome general converſation, ſolicited my intereſt in the county of ———, for Mr. ———. I told him, that my engagements to the other candidate were ſuch, that I could not poſſibly comply with his requeſt. He ſeemed perfectly ſatisfied, and we parted on the beſt terms; but from that day forth, his Grace never happened to be at home when I did myſelf the honour of calling on him.

Chagrined and mortified, I returned to *Scotland.* When I had got within a hundred miles of my own houſe, I obſerved, from the road, a gentleman's ſeat, the beauty and elegance of which ſtruck me ſo much, that I ſtopped the carriage, and aſked the poſt-boy to whom it belonged? "To Mr. *Manly*," ſaid he. "What, "*Charles Manly?*" Before I could receive an anſwer, my friend appeared in a field at a little diſtance. *Manly* and I had been educated at the ſame ſchool, at the ſame univerſity, and had ſet out together to make the tour of *Europe.* But after we had been ſome time in *France* he was called home, by accounts that his father lay dangerouſly ill. From that time a variety of accidents had prevented our meeting. We now met as if we had parted but yeſterday; with the ſame freedom, the ſame warmth, the ſame glow of friendſhip, heightened, if poſſible, by our long ſeparation.

During

During my ſtay at his houſe, I told him all my diſtreſſes, all my diſappointments. When I had done, "To be plain with you, my friend," ſaid he, "I cannot help thinking that moſt of "your diſappointments muſt be imputed to your-"ſelf. Your long reſidence abroad, and your "attachment to foreign manners, has led you to "judge rather haſtily of your countrymen. "Had you been leſs raſh, you might have diſ-"covered virtues in your neighbours that would, "in ſome meaſure, have made up for the want "of that high poliſh and refinement which they "cannot be expected to poſſeſs. From what "you ſaw at *Edinburgh* in the hurry of a *race* "*week*, and from the behaviour of a ſet of men, "who think that faſhionable diſtinction conſiſts "in indulgence in low pleaſures and groſs amuſe-"ments, you have drawn concluſions equally "unfavourable and unjuſt. I know, from ex-"perience, that nowhere are to be found men "of more agreeable converſation, or women "more amiable and reſpectable. Your late diſ-"appointment, in the reception you met with "from your foreign friends, proceeds from a "miſtake not uncommon, from confounding "that companionſhip, ſo apt to produce a tem-"porary union among young men, when en-"gaged in the ſame pleaſures and amuſements, "with real friendſhip, which ſeldom or never

"has

" has been found to subsist between men dif-
" fering much in rank and condition, and whose
" views and objects in life do not in some mea-
" sure coincide."

I am now, Mr. MIRROR, fully convinced of the truth of *Manly*'s observations; and am every day more and more satisfied, that it is a misfortune for a private gentleman, who means to pass his days in his native country, to become attached to foreign manners and foreign customs, in so considerable a degree, as a long residence abroad, in the earlier period of life, seldom fails to produce.

I am, &c.

ALONZO.

N° 58. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 14, 1779.

Veniam damus petimuſque viciſſim. HOR.

THE mutual complaints of Mr. and Mrs. *Gold*, which have been communicated in a former paper, together with ſome complaints of ſimilar family-diſtreſſes, which I have received from other correſpondents, often remind me of the happy effects which my friends *Horatio* and *Emilia* have experienced from an oppoſite temper and conduct.

Horatio, though he obtained a very liberal education, lived till the age of twenty-five almoſt intirely in the country. The ſmall fortune which he inherited from his father being about this time increaſed by his ſucceeding to a diſtant relation, he afterwards ſpent ſome years in this city, in *London*, and in making the uſual tour on the continent.

Soon after his return, he married the young and beautiful *Emilia*, to whom he had become warmly attached, not ſo much on account of her beauty, as from an expreſſion of a ſweet, though lively temper, which marked her countenance—which, when admitted to a more in-

timate acquaintance, he found to be juſtified by her converſation and manners.

Emilia's father was addicted to pleaſure and expence, and her mother, though more accompliſhed, of a ſimilar diſpoſition.—In their family ſhe had been accuſtomed to a life of more than ordinary gaiety.

Though *Horatio* felt, in all its extent, that paſſion which is nowiſe favourable to a juſt eſtimation of character, theſe circumſtances had not eſcaped his notice; and he failed not to obſerve that *Emilia* had acquired a ſtronger attachment to the pleaſures of a town life, than was either right in itſelf, or agreeable to that preference for domeſtic ſociety, and the quiet of a country life, which he had always felt, and which he ſtill wiſhed to gratify.

In place, however, of acquainting *Emilia* with his taſte in theſe particulars, he judged it better to let her enjoy that ſtyle of life to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, not doubting, from the natural good ſenſe and ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, that her own taſte might gradually be corrected, and that as his ſhould from time to time fall under her obſervation, it might contribute to the change.

He took up his reſidence, therefore, in town; and though *Emilia* went into company, and frequented public places more than he could have wiſhed, he complied with her inclination

in theſe particulars, partook of her amuſements when he was not neceſſarily engaged, and, when he did ſo, carefully avoided betraying that indifference or diſguſt which he often felt.

While *Horatio*, however, gave way to the taſte of *Emilia*, he never loſt the inclination, nor neglected the means of reforming it.

Amidſt the gaiety to which ſhe had been accuſtomed, *Emilia* had early formed a taſte for the elegant writers, both of this country and of *France;* and the ſame ſenſibility and delicacy of mind which led her to admire them, made her no leſs ſenſible of the beauties of a poliſhed and refined converſation. It was this which had firſt gained the affections of *Horatio;* it was to this he truſted for effecting the reformation he deſired.

He was at pains, therefore, to cultivate and encourage this literary taſte in *Emilia.*—He frequently took occaſion to turn the converſation to ſubjects of literature, and to dwell on the beauties, or mention the ſtriking paſſages, of this or that author; and would often engage *Emilia* in a fine poem, an affecting tragedy, or an intereſting novel, when, but for that circumſtance, ſhe would have been exhauſting her ſpirits at a ball, or waſting the night at cards.

Nor was he leſs ſtudious in forming her taſte for company than for books. Though he had never

never aimed at an extenſive acquaintance, *Horatio* enjoyed the friendſhip of ſeveral perſons of both ſexes endowed with thoſe elegant manners, and that delicate and cultivated underſtanding, which render converſation at once agreeable and inſtructive.

Of theſe friends he frequently formed parties at his houſe. *Emilia*, who had the ſame diſpoſition to oblige which ſhe on all occaſions experienced from him, was happy to indulge his inclinations in this particular; and, as ſhe was well qualified to bear a part in their converſation, and of a mind highly ſenſible of its charms, theſe parties gradually became more and more agreeable to her.

In this manner, her books, the converſation of ſelect companies, and the care of her children, which ſoon became a moſt endearing office to the tender and feeling heart of *Emilia*, furniſhed her with a variety of domeſtic occupations; and as theſe gradually led her to go leſs into mixed company and public amuſements, ſhe began to loſe her habitual reliſh for them. As ſhe eaſily obſerved how agreeable this change was to the taſte of *Horatio*, that circumſtance gave her mind more and more a domeſtic turn.

The ſame delicacy from which he at firſt gave way to her taſte for company and public amuſements, made *Horatio* avoid ſhewing that

preference which he entertained for a country life.

For ſome time he was entirely ſilent on the ſubject. Though he now and then made excurſions to the country, it was only occaſionally, when his buſineſs rendered it neceſſary; and, though *Emilia* could not but obſerve that the manner in which he paſſed his time there, in adding to the beauties of his place, and in an eaſy intercourſe with a few neighbours, was highly agreeable to him; he never expreſſed an inclination of fixing his general reſidence in the country, or even of her accompanying him in his occaſional viſit to *Roſedale*.

His viſits became, however, gradually more frequent; and as they generally continued for ſome weeks, thoſe little abſences gave a ſort of pain to *Emilia*, to whom no ſociety was now ſo agreeable as that of *Horatio*; ſhe became deſirous of accompanying him to the country.

Their firſt viſits were ſhort, and at conſiderable intervals; but as he omitted no means of rendering them agreeable to her, ſhe ſeldom left it without regret, and was often the firſt to propoſe their return.

At length *Emilia*, who now obſerved that her huſband was no where ſo happy as in the country, and had herſelf come to feel the ſame pre-

predilection for the calm cheerfulness and innocent amusements of a country life, took occasion to acquaint him with this change in her sentiments, and to express the same inclination which, she was persuaded, he entertained, of abandoning a town life, and fixing their constant residence at *Rosedale*.

A proposal so agreeable to *Horatio* was readily complied with; and *Emilia* and he have ever since passed their time in that delightful retreat, occupied with the education of their children, the improvement of their place, and the society of a few friends, equally happy in themselves, and beloved by all around them.

Thus has *Horatio*, the gentleness of whose mind is equal to the strength of his understanding, by a prudent as well as delicate complacency, gradually effected that change which an opposite conduct might have failed of producing, and which, at the same time, would probably have been the source of mutual chagrin, and rendered both him and his wife unhappy.

Nor was the reformation solely on her part. By leading him to partake in company and amusements, *Emilia* was the means of correcting the natural reserve of *Horatio*'s manner; and as the example of his plain though animated conversation led her sometimes to moderate the vivacity and sprightliness of hers, which sometimes approached towards levity; so her vivacity com-

communicated an agreeable gaiety and cheerfulneſs to the diſcourſe of *Horatio*.

If, in the above account, I have pointed out more ſtrongly the effects of complacency in *Horatio* than in *Emilia*, it ought to be remembered, that this virtue is much ſeldomer to be met with in the one ſex than in the other. A certain pride attends the firmneſs of *men*, which makes it generally much more difficult for them to acquire this complacency of temper, which it always requires much diſcipline, and often the rod of adverſity and diſappointment, to ſubdue.

If men truly poſſeſs that ſuperiority of underſtanding over women, which ſome of them ſeem to ſuppoſe, ſurely this uſe of it is equally ungenerous and imprudent. They would, I imagine, ſhew that ſuperiority much more effectually, in endeavouring to imitate the amiable gentleneſs of the female character, and to acquire, from a ſenſe of its propriety, a virtue, for which, it muſt be allowed, that the other ſex is more indebted to their original conſtitution.

If women, as we ſometimes allege, are too apt to connect the idea of pride, and hardneſs of manners, with that of knowledge and ability, and, on that account, often ſhew a preference to more ſuperficial accompliſhments; the men, who value themſelves for knowledge and abilities, ought to look into their own conduct for the cauſe, and, imitating the behaviour of

of *Horatio*, endeavour to ſhew, that a man's feelings need not be the leſs delicate for being under the direction of a ſound judgment; and that he who beſt knows the female character, and will put the higheſt value on its excellence, is alſo the moſt likely to make allowance for a difference of taſte, and to bear with thoſe little weakneſſes with which he knows all human excellence to be often accompanied.

O

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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